

Significant Moments

An historical novel written in quotations

Gary Freedman

In memory of my niece, Meredith Jacobson

There are more things in the world than I could ever dream, and, until the dire event happens to you, you never believe it will happen—but then it happens.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal

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<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Melitzah>

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Significant Moments

Those with an intimate acquaintance of Hebrew texts will recognize immediately that this one is written entirely in *melitzah*, a mosaic of fragments and phrases from the Hebrew Bible as well as from rabbinic literature or the liturgy, fitted together to form a new statement of what the author intends to express at the moment. *Melitzah*, in effect, recalls Walter Benjamin's desire to someday write a work composed entirely of quotations. At any rate, it was a literary device employed widely in medieval Hebrew poetry and prose, then through . . .

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

. . . the movement known as Haskalah, Hebrew for "enlightenment," . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

. . . and even among nineteenth-century writers both modern and traditional.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

What is so special about this particular . . .

Adam Baer, *The Music Language*.

. . . literary device?

Ken Ham, *Where are you, metaphor?*

In *melitzah* the sentences compounded out of quotations mean what they say; but below and beyond the surface they reverberate with associations to the original texts, and this is what makes them psychologically so interesting and valuable. In the transposition of a quotation from the original (in this case canonical) text to a new one, the meaning of the original context may be retained, altered, or subverted. In any case the original context trails along as an invisible interlinear presence, and the readers, like the writer, must be aware of these associations if they are to savor the new text to the full. A partial analogy may be found in Eliot's use of quotations in *The Waste Land*.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

If he is successful in . . .

Donald P. Spence, *Narrative Truth and Historical Truth: Meaning and Interpretation in Psychoanalysis*.

... his use of *melitzah*, ...

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

... the Author ...

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

... will arouse in the reader a particular set of images and associations which will add a certain texture and tone to what is being described—the chordal accompaniment, so to speak, to the melodic line.

Donald P. Spence, *Narrative Truth and Historical Truth: Meaning and Interpretation in Psychoanalysis*.

I have resolved on an enterprise which has no precedent, and which, once complete, will have no imitator. My purpose is to display to my kind a portrait in every way true to nature, and the man I shall portray will be myself. Simply myself.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*.

If I have written much of it in the third person, well, that is because such an obsessive account of ...

Richard Selzer, *Raising the Dead*.

... my intrusion into this valley of suffering ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... forces one, like Dorian Gray, to confront his own "devilish, furtive, ingrown" self-portrait. The pronoun *he* gives a blessed bit of distance between myself and a too fresh ordeal in which the use of *I* would be rather like picking off a scab only to find that the wound had not completely healed.

Richard Selzer, *Raising the Dead*.

In the career of the most unliterary of writers, in the sense that literary ambition had never entered the world of his imagination, the coming into existence of the first book is quite an inexplicable event. In my own case I cannot trace it back to any mental or psychological cause which one could point out and hold to. The greatest of my gifts being a consummate capacity for doing nothing, I cannot even point to boredom as a rational stimulus for taking up a pen.

Joseph Conrad, *A Personal Record*.

What kind of person am I? What is so special about me?

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century* quoting Wagner, Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria.

I am an assimilated Jew, content to be assimilated, relieved to be religiously unobservant. I don't know any Hebrew, or have forgotten the little I once learned.

Wayne Koestenbaum, *Listening to Schwarzkopf: The Reich and the Soprano*.

Speaking personally, I find that the American experience of being an assimilated grandchild of Orthodox immigrants has tended to make me an ill-informed, nonbelieving, non-observant Orthodox Jew, haunted by nostalgia for the peculiar music of the *shul*, for the Judaism I do not practice. And this adds still another puzzling iridescence to my Jewishness and to the tantalizing opportunities of my writer's divided self.

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected*.

... since these pages, if they survive me, may be the last testament of my brief and insignificant passage through the world, let me scrawl out the main facts.

Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*.

"I come from an unbroken line of infidel Jews. My father was a Voltairian. My mother was pious, but one day my father took me out for a walk

...

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable* quoting Sigmund Freud.

... a walk in a little neighboring wood ...

Voltaire, *Candide*.

... I can remember it perfectly, and explained to me that there was no way we could know that there is a God; that it didn't do any good to trouble one's head about such; but to live and do one's duty among one's fellow men"

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable* quoting Sigmund Freud.

I know my own heart and understand my fellow man. But I am made unlike any one I have ever met; I will even venture to say that I am like no one in the whole world. I may be no better, but at least I am different. Whether Nature did well or ill in breaking the mould in which she formed me, is a question which can only be resolved after reading my book.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*.

We writers live in the limbo between expression and communication. And we do not need theology or metaphysics to remind us that as writers we cannot avoid the effort, or the temptation, to serve two masters—ourselves, what is within us, and our reader, our conjectural clients outside.

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected*.

I, on my side, require of every writer, first or last, a simple and sincere account of his own life, and not merely what he has heard of other men's lives; some such account as he would send to his kindred from a distant land; for if he has lived sincerely, it must have been in a distant land to me. Perhaps these pages are more particularly addressed to poor students. As for the rest of my readers, they will accept such portions as apply to them. I trust that none will stretch the seams in putting on the coat, for it may do good service to whom it fits.

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

By an ironic twist in the history of western literature, in this very age of unprecedented temptations to literary populism, an age of the sovereign and increasingly demanding public, there developed a fertile new sense of Personal Conscience. The private consciousness took on a new life and became a wondrous new literary resource. In modern transformation, conscience, an ancient laboratory of theological hairsplitting and a modern arena of ephemeral public taste, became inward, experimental, and biographical.

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected*.

But more. But infinitely more.—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

As prophet and pundit . . .

Daniel J. Boorstin, *The Creators: A History of Heroes of the Imagination*.

. . . as devilish, dangerous, a rebel, and yet also a martyr and sacrifice . . .

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man*.

. . . the writer has become . . .

Ramakant Rath, *Has Literature a Future?*

. . . the bad conscience of our whole era, . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Monday, December 13, 1869).

. . . and in so doing indeed . . .

Henry James, *Confidence*.

. . . he has come perilously close to defining the modern . . .

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man*.

. . . antihero who rejects received tenets of behaviour and stays true to his individuality . . .

Youssef Rakha, *Review of A Sun Which Leaves No Shadows*.

. . . in an always alien society.

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man*.

To think of the writer as conscience of the world is only to recognize that the writer, . . .

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected*.

... as we shall see, ...

Edward R. Tannenbaum, 1900: *The Generation Before the Great War.*

... is inevitably a divided self, condemned at the same time to express and to communicate, to speak for the writer and speak to others.

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected.*

The orator yields to the inspiration of a transient occasion, and speaks to the mob before him, to those who can hear him; but the writer, whose more equable life is his occasion, and who would be distracted by the event and the crowd which inspire the orator, speaks to the intellect and heart of mankind, to all in any age who can understand him.

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden.*

Western literature offers us countless different ways in which authors have dealt with this divided self. I will provide only a sample from some of my favorite writers that may suggest the perils that beset writers who pretend to be the world's arbiters.

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected.*

Like Jean-Jacques Rousseau, ...

Intae Kim and Jin Taek Yoo, *Ectopia and Commodification.*

... Hermann Hesse ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

—one of my favorites—

Christina Olson Spiesel, *The One Who Loved My Work: A Meditation on Art Criticism.*

... embodied those divisions of his age which have left their mark on our culture. ... In a manner unique among writers, he wove his immediate experiences into his books to portray many of the dilemmas and historic crises of his time. ... It was this finely tuned interaction between his psychological conflict and historical events that was to make him a poet of crisis. ...

Hesse's stories—like the dreams he collected in special notebooks—are told from both conscious and unconscious experience and therefore reveal and conceal events, encounters, and feelings from himself, his friends, his public. The way Hesse lived and wrote about his life, constantly aware of his conflicting impulses as part of the tension of his art, made this revelation and concealment permeate all his writings. ...

He made himself into an example for his readers, just as Rousseau, by no means a stranger to the art of disclosure and concealment, had presented himself in his *Confessions*. With its "pole" and "counterpole," Hesse's work became an ongoing act of instruction even as it took the shape of a continuous novel.

Ralph Freedman, *Hermann Hesse: Pilgrim of Crisis*.

The popular literary form . . .

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected*.

—as opposed to the sequestered academic one—is always straining at the inbuilt inertia of a society that always wants to deny change and the pain it necessarily involves. But it is in this effort that the musculature of important work is developed.

Arthur Miller, *Timebends*.

Hesse's literary career was closely interwoven with his personal fortunes as well as with his philosophical interests. His works before his disillusionment in World War I reflect the German literary traditions of romanticism and regionalism.

***Encyclopedia Americana*.**

In this tradition, we are dealing with a line of thought that frames . . .

Ghent Urban Studies Team, *The Urban Condition: Space, Community, and Self in the Contemporary Metropolis*.

. . . clear-cut distinctions between good and evil, prudence and folly, reality and fantasy.

Edward R. Tannenbaum, *1900: The Generation before the Great War*.

At any rate, in . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

. . . accord with his original artistic nature, . . .

Paul Roazen, *Erik H. Erikson: The Power and Limits of a Vision*.

. . . and at a time when . . .

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

. . . in his youth . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

. . . he has not yet seen any of his illusions dissipated, . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

. . . Hesse's . . .

Ralph Freedman, *Hermann Hesse: Pilgrim of Crisis*.

. . . generally lower-middle-class heroes work hard, though rarely successfully, at adjusting to . . .

***Encyclopedia Americana*.**

. . . the technological and social change . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

. . . of urban industrial society.

Edward R. Tannenbaum, *1900: The Generation Before the Great War*.

By the time . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . the Great War ended, however, . . .

W. Thomas White, *Working Life: The Big Strike*.

. . . the world had undergone a complete transformation . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . and the consequences for . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

. . . Hesse . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . himself were far greater than he could ever have foreseen.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

Somehow events in his life were coming to a head, but he felt that he was being lived by them, rather than living them.

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

He became uncertain whether good and bad, right and wrong, had any absolute existence at all. Perhaps the voice of one's own conscience was ultimately the only valid judge, and if that were so, then . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

Each man had only one genuine vocation—to find the way to himself. He might end up as poet or madman, as prophet or criminal—that was not his affair, ultimately it was of no concern. His task was to discover his own destiny—not an arbitrary one—and live it out wholly and resolutely within himself. Everything else was only a would-be existence, an attempt at evasion, a flight back to the ideals of the masses, conformity and fear of one's own inwardness.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

What more need I say?

Mohandas K. Gandhi, *Indian Home Rule*.

Beginning with *Demian* (1919), . . .

***Encyclopedia Americana*.**

—if we may be permitted to anticipate our story . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

. . . his heroes no longer try to conform but . . .

***Encyclopedia Americana*.**

. . . force themselves almost against their own wills to insist, at the price of isolation, on finding an original way of . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

. . . participating in . . .

H.G. Wells, *The World Set Free*.

... a new age of human involvement and commitment.
Encyclopedia Americana.

The basic functions of living organisms are apparently survival and propagation, and their chances for survival are greatly enhanced by improved adjustment. But the genius does not adjust to reality: he is dissatisfied with it, like the rest of mankind and perhaps even more so; and he creates his own, a new reality, instead of adjusting to the one that already exists. (A biological precursor of this performance may be found in the adaptation of organisms through active choice of the most suitable environment . . .).

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

And, among the wide range of possibilities, it seems . . .

David S. Werman, *Effects of Family Constellation and Dynamics on the Form of the Oedipus Complex*.

... there are those organisms . . .

Manfred Davidman, *Creating, Patenting and Marketing of New Forms of Life*.

—namely, viruses—

Phil Jamieson, *Products and Practices Thwart Computer Data Loss*.

... whose adaptation enables . . .

PBS, *Palau, Paradise of the Pacific: Fast Food, the Fish Way*.

... them to stand by . . .

Arthur B. Reeve, *The Silent Bullet*.

... ready to invade cells and impose their own will upon them over and above the supervision of the cell's own genes.

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

—alas, always decidedly at the expense of "the host"!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

A virus particle is a tiny nugget of protein (sometimes with a membrane) that surrounds a core of genetic material, which consists of strands of DNA and RNA, the ribbonlike molecules that carry the master software code that directs the activities of life. A typical virus particle is a thousand times smaller than a cell. If a virus particle were an object about an inch across, a human hair would be a thousand feet across. Viruses use their software code to take over a cell and direct the cell's own machinery to make more virus particles. A virus keeps a cell alive until the cell is full of copies of virus particles, and then the cell explodes and releases hundreds or even thousands of copies of the virus.

Richard Preston, *The Cobra Event: A Novel.*

A variation on this theme . . .

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life.*

. . . is presented by . . .

Eliot Gregory, *The Ways of Men.*

Retroviruses. Today they may be the most well known viral family; certainly they're the most extensively studied. As a group they encompass a huge variety of viruses and a wide range of consequences, from cancerous tumors, to leukemia, to various immune-deficiency diseases, to no apparent effects at all. And, of course, the most notorious retrovirus of all, human immunodeficiency virus, or HIV, . . .

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses.*

A most scurvy monster!

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest.*

. . . is the cause of the most notorious disease of our day, AIDS.

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses.*

After battling viruses for a century, . . .

Yvonne Baskin, *The Gene Doctors: Medical Genetics at the Frontier.*

. . . and meeting with . . .

G.A. Henty, *With Lee in Virginia.*

. . . disappointments, failures, and . . .

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis.*

. . . a few . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species.*

. . . successes . . .

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis.*

. . . along the way,

Jack London, *Burning Daylight.*

. . . some scientists are taking a new tack. Armed with the tools of genetic engineering, they have set out to tame some and put them to work shuttling genes into specific target cells. If the modified beasts prove docile and tractable enough, ironically they may be put to work paying for their previous mischief by helping to treat human genetic diseases.

Yvonne Baskin, *The Gene Doctors: Medical Genetics at the Frontier.*

In a bold but potentially frightening effort to turn one of the world's most virulent killers into a cure, scientists and biotechnology companies are trying to tame the AIDS virus and harness it to treat disease.

The scientists say they have stripped the human immunodeficiency virus of its ability to cause disease, while leaving intact its ability to infect human cells. Such a crippled virus, they say, could be used to deliver genes into human cells for gene therapy.

Several university scientists and biotechnology companies hope to begin clinical trials using the modified H.I.V. viruses to carry genes that they hope can be used to treat diseases such as cancer and hemophilia. At least one attempt will even be made to use the modified H.I.V., the virus that causes AIDS, . . .

Andrew Pollack, *Scientists Enlist H.I.V. To Fight Other Ills.*

. . . at once a deadly peril and a possible miracle . . .

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Zimmermann Telegram.*

. . . to treat AIDS itself.

"It would be ironic to cure AIDS with the AIDS virus," . . .

Andrew Pollack, *Scientists Enlist H.I.V. To Fight Other Ills.*

. . . said one of the . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Island of Doctor Moreau.*

. . . teachers of this science . . .

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein.*

. . . who has pioneered the effort to harness H.I.V. for gene therapy. But he added, "There is a saying that diamond cuts diamond."

Andrew Pollack, *Scientists Enlist H.I.V. To Fight Other Ills.*

Such were the professor's words—

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein.*

I tried to look at the thing in a scientific spirit.

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine.*

. . . and soon my mind was filled with one thought, one conception . . .

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein.*

"Uniting of godly and devilish elements" resounded within me. Here was something for my thoughts to cling to. This idea was familiar to me from conversations with Demian. During the last period of our friendship he had said that we had been given a god to worship who represented only one arbitrarily separated half of the world (it was the official, sanctioned, luminous world), but that we ought to be able to worship the whole world; this meant that we would either have to have a god who was also a devil or institute a cult of the devil alongside the cult of god. And now Abraxas was the god who was both god and devil.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian.*

[Animal viruses] are usually content to remain aloof within the nucleus they invade, using the host cell's machinery to replicate themselves, but seldom mingling with the local DNA.

Retroviruses work backward. They have no DNA. Their genetic instructions are coded in RNA. Like all viruses, they carry none of the other requirements for life—such as manufacturing, processing, or reproductive equipment—just a genetic blueprint sealed in a protective capsule. For the rest they must depend on the cell they infect. But a cell is not set up to process genetic instructions in RNA. The first thing a retrovirus does when it gets inside a cell and takes off its protective coat is make a copy of itself in DNA.

Yvonne Baskin, *The Gene Doctors: Medical Genetics at the Frontier.*

Retroviruses are so-called because they possess a unique cellular enzyme, reverse transcriptase, which uses the viral RNA as a template to make a DNA copy.

Frank Ryan, *Virus X: Tracking the New Killer Plagues — Out of the Present and into the Future.*

The DNA copy of the virus then slices open a host chromosome, inserts itself, . . .

Yvonne Baskin, *The Gene Doctors: Medical Genetics at the Frontier.*

. . . and in . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species.*

. . . a kind of inner colonialization, . . .

In Search of Common Ground: Conversations with Erik H. Erikson and Huey P. Newton.

. . . becomes for all intents and purposes one of the cell's own genes. When the cell begins transcribing this viral DNA sequence into RNA—as it must to get a working copy of any gene for use in protein production—the result is more copies of the RNA virus and the orders for materials needed to make the virus capsules.

Yvonne Baskin, *The Gene Doctors: Medical Genetics at the Frontier.*

To paraphrase Shakespeare, retroviruses are such stuff as nightmares are made of. But they are also the stuff of wonder.

Frank Ryan, *Virus X: Tracking the New Killer Plagues — Out of the Present and into the Future.*

That's most certain.

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest.*

Now part of the cell's chromosome, the virus—that is, all that's left of it, its genes—is in the catbird seat.

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses.*

To take an analogy from history: invading conquerors . . .
Sigmund Freud, *An Outline of Psychoanalysis*.
 . . . let us use . . .
William Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*.
 . . . the French colonialists in Indochina . . .
David Straus, *Vietnam Veterans and American Conceptions*.
 . . . as an example, . . .
Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*.
 . . . set out to govern . . .
Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote*.
 . . . a conquered country, not according to the judicial system which they find in force there, but according to their own.
Sigmund Freud, *An Outline of Psychoanalysis*.
 Like any good DNA, . . .
Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses*.
 . . . the viral genes . . .
The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language.
 . . . may transcribe messenger RNA, which travels back into the cytoplasm, some of it directing the cells' ribosomes to manufacture new viral proteins, some of it becoming enveloped by the emerging viruses to form their new cores of RNA. Or the integrated viral DNA may exert its influence upon the cellular genome and cause the cell to reproduce aberrantly, erratically, uncontrollably, thereby transforming it into a . . .
Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses*.
 . . . malignant . . .
William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.
 . . . cell. Or the viral genes may do nothing at all, may simply lie low—for years, perhaps—safe and undetected within the heart of the cell, until prompted once again to become active and produce more viruses, or a transformed cell, or both. What causes the activation isn't always entirely clear. There are many retroviral mysteries to be unraveled.
Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses*.

He saw all this, the picture of his life, which was horrible, and of his own soul, hideous in its ugliness. Yet a new day had dawned for that life and soul; and he seemed to see Satan bathed in the light of Paradise.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

When I think back on it today, and what . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

. . . impression he made on me . . .

Henry James, *The Figure in the Carpet*.

. . . at that time, I can only say that . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

I felt a certain measure of respect for him:

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . his life had long been . . .

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

. . . penurious and precarious, but it was life; . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

. . . somehow he . . .

Edward Field, Excerpt from *Three Frankenstein Poems*.

. . . managed to exist and endure and, . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

. . . in the end, . . .

Jack London, *An Odyssey of the North*.

. . . to escape, . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . ready to start life all over again.

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

He had nothing on earth to do but lie low.

George A. Birmingham, *Aunt Nell*.

He was one of those men who . . .

Gilbert K. Chesterton, *The Man Who Was Thursday*.

. . . spend years in a passive state. From a young age, they feel they will create a big stamp on the world, but unconsciously they wait for their particular truth to form itself in their minds, until they can make the most impact at the right time.

Tom Butler-Bowdon, *The Literature of Possibility*.

He was a stranger to the district . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

. . . an outsider.

Richard Wright, *The Outsider*.

Nothing was known of his origins and little about how he started in life. He was said to have arrived in the town with very little money, a few hundred francs; and with this scanty capital, applied to the service of an ingenious idea

and fostered with order and shrewdness, he had made a fortune for himself and for the community.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

But he achieved this only after a protracted identity crisis . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

There is no doubt that, if arrested, he would have been sentenced to . . . a decade or more in jail.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

For he had . . .

Jack London, *War*.

. . . broken parole. To climb a wall and steal apples can be a mere escapade if it's a boy, or a minor offence in a grown man; but in the case of a convict on parole it's a crime—breaking and entering and all the rest of it, not just for the magistrates but for trial at the Assizes. And the penalty is not just a few days in gaol, but . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

. . . a decade or more in jail.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Owing to his having escaped the clutches of the law by his flight . . . no formal legal indictment . . . was drawn up against . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . him at the time.

Joseph Conrad, *The Rescue*.

It is consequently only fair to him for us to bear in mind that he had no opportunity to correct, at the time, whatever errors there may have been in the statements of the witnesses of 1849, or even of knowing in detail what they were. Some of the alleged evidence against him would probably not have survived a searching cross-examination.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

He knew . . .

Joseph Conrad, *The Rescue*.

. . . that what he had done had brought him well within the scope of the law, and his one immediate concern was to get to some safe spot as quickly as possible.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

His name, taken from his father . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

. . . was Valjean or Vlajean, the latter being probably a nickname, a contraction of 'voilà Jean'.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

Few people who passed him during the five days he walked on that dusty road . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius.*

. . . from his native town . . .

Thomas Hardy, *A Group of Noble Dames.*

. . . to Montreuil-sur-mer . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables.*

. . . could have regarded him as a figure of much account, yet . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius.*

He became, in his day, a model of notoriety whose name was on everyone's lips and whose reputation extended far beyond the frontiers . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

. . . of France.

Hazel Rowley, *Richard Wright: The Life and Times.*

All too often, someone is not who he appears to be or is taken for.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

He went by . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables.*

. . . a pseudonym . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner.*

. . . the name Pere Madeleine . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables.*

. . . and was careful . . .

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

. . . not to reveal . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

. . . not even to hint at . . .

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

. . . his former identity.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

He was a man of about fifty, reserved in manner but good-hearted, and this was all that could be said about him.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables.*

Somehow he must have hoped to escape into a life of obedience to God which would eventually come to count also as . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther.*

. . . penitence and repentance . . .

Richard Wagner, *Tannhauser.*

... for his past transgressions.

Michael Barrett, *Up In Ardmuirland*.

As did most people in the centuries prior to adequate artificial illumination, ...

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

... Pere Madeleine ...

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

... rose daily at or before dawn. He recited his morning prayers and then had an hour or so to himself—

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

He always took his ...

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

... breakfast ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Saturday, April 6, 1878).

... alone, with a book at his elbow.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

At 8 in the morning ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Friday, September 15, 1882).

... he was in his office, meeting customers ("tiresome people!" he once explained in a letter to [a friend]), balancing accounts, supervising the workers, inspecting merchandise. Frequently he would slip a book of poetry into his pocket, to read in case he had an idle moment.

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

Not that he knew it,

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... *the decree of fate* ...

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book*.**

—that's to say, ...

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

... the former Jean-Valjean's struggles of heart and mind before he denounces himself ...

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book*.**

... that final decree ...

U.S. Supreme Court, *Heckman v. United States*.

... was already sealed.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

He had only to let things take their course.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

It is just as well that ...

Edward Field, Excerpt from *Three Frankenstein Poems*.

... Jean Valjean the felon ...

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

... is unaware—being simple enough to believe only in the present—that ...

Edward Field, Excerpt from *Three Frankenstein Poems*.

... police authorities at work behind the scenes ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... will find ...

Edward Field, Excerpt from *Three Frankenstein Poems*.

... him some day ...

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Agent*.

... and pursue him for the rest of his short unnatural life, until trapped ...

Edward Field, Excerpt from *Three Frankenstein Poems*.

... abandoned and betrayed ...

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 -- The Brown Book.

... he will confess everything, ...

Fergus Hume, *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*.

... in a kind of Dostoyevskian fervor of self-cleansing.

Stephen Greenblatt, *Miracles*.

If, as ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

... Valjean ...

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

... at the last ...

George Steiner, *The Portage to San Cristobal of A.H.*

... came to believe, it was indeed his fate to ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

... be caught and ...

H.G. Wells, *The Stolen Bacillus*.

... hauled before a judge ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... that would be years later.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

But at the present moment ...

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 -- The Brown Book.

... it seemed that he ...

Joseph Conrad, *A Confession*.

... had won a small but decisive battle against the darkness, the emptiness, and the hostile years that lay ahead.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

—but, please, allow me to begin anew:

Thomas Mann, *Dr. Faustus*.

Thanks to the rapid growth of the industry which he so admirably reorganized, Montreuil-sur-mer became a place of some consequence.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

The population seemed to grow by the thousands from one day to the next.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

Large orders came from Spain, which absorbs a great quantity of jet. Sales reached a scale almost rivaling those of London and Berlin, and Pere Madeleine's profits were so great that in the second year he was able to build a new factory consisting of two large workshops, one for men and the other for women.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

And what a tremendous, marvelous place it was! It had huge iron gates leading into it, and a high wall surrounding it, and smoke belching from its chimneys, and strange-whizzing sounds coming from deep inside it.

Roald Dahl, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*.

The needy had only to apply, and they could be sure of finding employment and a living wage.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

He did much to raise the standard of living among his thousands of employees.

Joel Glenn Brenner, *The Emperors of Chocolate: Inside the Secret World of Hershey and Mars*.

In general his coming had been providential for the whole region, once so stagnant, which now pulsed with the vigor of healthy industry.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

But whatever may prompt this unorthodox behavior . . .

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses*.

. . . which is based on . . .

Herman Melville, *Billy Budd*.

. . . the capacity to change the environment . . .

Albert Rothenberg, *Janusian Thinking and Creativity*.

. . . almost everyone agrees that it's a masterful strategy. "It's a particularly bright way of existing . . .

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses*.

. . . not to mention the fact that it carries a bonus . . .

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*.

... because the virus doesn't continually have to find new hosts in which to grow."

This necessity for viruses quickly to find new bodies to infect explains the fact that the most devastating disease epidemics are often short-lived. Influenza is a prime example. Once a new influenza virus arrives on the scene, it methodically makes its way through the susceptible population, and then, with no one left to infect, abruptly fades away. And were it not for the virus's virtuoso ability to mutate into newly infectious forms, that would be the end of that.

Retroviruses, on the other hand, are simply in no rush. They come on in, make themselves at home, and hang around for a while. In fact they become so much a part of the household that while the infected cell may alert the body that there's a virus around, the immune system's virus fighters simply don't do enough about it. And the virus—that is, the viral genes—taking advantage of such generous laissez-faire, becomes a semipermanent guest. It's a particularly ingenious and efficient way to conduct an infection.

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses*.

It is our belief that if the soul were visible to the eye every member of the human species would be seen to correspond to some species of the animal world and a truth scarcely perceived by thinkers would be readily confirmed, namely, that from the oyster to the eagle, from the swine to the tiger, all animals are to be found in men and each of them exists in some man, sometimes several at a time.

Animals are nothing but the portrayal of our virtues and vices made manifest to our eyes, the visible reflections of our souls. God displays them to us to give food for thought. But since they are no more than shadows, He has not made them educable in the full sense of the word — Why should He do so? Our souls, on the other hand, being realities with a purpose proper to themselves, have been endowed with intelligence, that is to say, the power to learn. Well-managed social education can extract from any human spirit, no matter of what kind, such usefulness as it contains.

This, of course, is to confine the matter within the limits of our visible earthly life, without prejudging the deeper question of the anterior and ulterior nature of creatures which are not men. The visible personality affords us no grounds for denying the existence of a latent personality. Having made this reservation, we may proceed. . . .

The traditional local industry of Montreuil-sur-mer was the manufacture of imitation English jet beads and the 'black glass' of Germany. Because of the cost of raw materials the industry had never been prosperous and its workers had been underpaid, but this situation had recently been transformed. Towards the

end of 1815 a newcomer to the town had had the idea of substituting shellac for resin, and had also devised a simpler and less expensive form of clasp for such things as bracelets. These trifling changes amounted to a revolution. They greatly reduced costs, which in the first place enabled the trade to pay higher wages, and thus benefited the district. And they made it possible to reduce prices while increasing the manufacturer's profit. Three beneficial results; and in less than three years the innovator had grown rich, which is good, and had spread the prosperity around him, which is better.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

He did not belong to that species of persons who do things in order to talk about them (like me); he did not like high-sounding words, indeed words. It appeared that in speaking, as in . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . social conduct . . .

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud*.

. . . he had never received lessons; he spoke as no one speaks, saying only the core of things.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

He was a friendly but sad figure. People said of him: 'A rich man who is not proud. A fortunate man who does not look happy.'

He was a man of mystery.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

Night after night, he sat by an oil lamp, reading, studying, remembering. He had . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

. . . not conformed, he was trying to settle his accounts with the past

. . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . and fundamentally, . . .

Robert M. Young, *What is Psychoanalytic Studies?*

—above all,

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

. . . he had a conscience, and he struggled . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . to his dying day, . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

. . . to soothe it.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

His clothes, his general appearance and his speech, when he . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

... arrived in ...

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius.*

... Montreuil-sur-mer, had been those of a laborer. But it seems that on the December evening when he unobtrusively entered the town, . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables.*

... carrying his belongings in a small pack on his back ...

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius.*

... a serious fire had broken out in the Town Hall. Plunging into the flames he had, at the risk of his life, rescued two children whose father, as it turned out, was the Captain of Gendarmerie. So no one had asked to see his identity papers.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables.*

Annie Reich has written on the function of rescue fantasies in psychoanalytic work, and has dealt with the conditions under which they are helpful or cause damage. The rescue fantasy is a highly important psychic structure, on which the socially valuable behavior of many people depends. Yet the fantasy is the outgrowth of ambivalence . . . ; it makes social behavior dependent on the object's being in a critical condition. A person has to be in dire distress before the appropriate social action is initiated, and the positive object relationship is usually discontinued soon after the object's full restoration. The man who is preoccupied by an excessive rescue fantasy seems to say: "If you want me to love you and to win my affection, you must first jump into . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... the water, ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf.*

... the dark moving water ...

Francis Goodrich, Albert Hackett and Frank Capra, *It's a Wonderful Life.*

... of the ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf.*

... lake." It is noteworthy to observe how often subjects in whose lives rescue fantasies occupy a prominent place, are deficient in affectionate behavior toward members of their immediate environment.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

Talent and Genius, published in 1971, is itself a work of extreme eccentricity. It was written in response to another book, published two years earlier, entitled *Brother Animal: The Story of Freud and Tausk*, by Paul Roazen, which implicated Freud in the suicide, at the age of forty, of one of his early disciples, Victor Tausk. Roazen's book is trivial and slight. Its scholarship, like that of many other works of pop history, does not hold up under any sort of close scrutiny. But, unlike most pop historians, whose sins against the spirit of fact go undetected because nobody takes the trouble to check up on them, Roazen had the misfortune to attract the notice of someone who was willing to go to any lengths to catch him out. In *Talent and Genius*, Eissler administers one of the most severe trouncings of one scholar by another in the annals of scholarly quarreling. Like Superman rushing to the aid of a victim of injustice, Eissler hastened to defend Freud against what he believed "may properly be called the most brutal attack ever directed at him"—Roazen's insinuation that Freud was to blame for Tausk's death because, motivated by sexual and professional jealousy, he turned away from him at a crucial moment.

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

The exhibitionistic, narcissistic background of the rescue fantasy is evident: accomplishment in the service of the object leads to a narcissistic elevation of the self. In Tausk's instance it is striking that rescue actions were more often than not combined with a considerable aggression against authority. It is hardly possible to estimate what might have been the stronger motive in Tausk's case: the rescue of a person in danger, or the showing up of abusive authority.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

During World War I, Tausk served on the Austrian front as an army psychiatrist. He acted with genuine heroism in protecting deserters from the Imperial Austrian Army which enlisted peasants who had never understood what conscription meant.

Paul Roazen, *Tausk's Contribution to Psychoanalysis*.

Such command no more respect than men of straw or a lump of dirt. They have the same sort of worth only as horses and dogs.

Henry David Thoreau, *On the Duty of Civil Disobedience*.

Helpless and confused young men found themselves in danger of being shot for their simple primitive desire to creep back to the shelter of their homes. Unlike psychiatrists who behaved sadistically toward all 'malingerers', Tausk went out of his way to save people, using psychiatric diagnoses for humane ends. He intervened, for example, in behalf of a young boy who was to be court-martialed for failure to help shoot a whole group of enemy prisoners . . .

Paul Roazen, *Tausk's Contribution to Psychoanalysis*.

... American and British prisoners of war, who were ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... probably akin to him in spirit, in education, in moral discipline and values.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

Tausk saved his life by testifying that such a boy, reared in the highest standards of civilized life, could not be expected to assist in such an execution.

Paul Roazen, *Tausk's Contribution to Psychoanalysis*.

With some, of course, who had been the recipients of his not infrequent rescue actions, he had a reputation for goodness. But it would be a gross mistake in psychological judgment if one were to equate acts of rescue with the presence of goodness.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

But was it not exactly the right thing to do what he did? Here was a man getting into a conflict with society because his concept of right was of a higher order than that held by society.

K.R. Eissler, *Crusaders*.

I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward. It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do any time what I think right.

Henry David Thoreau, *On the Duty of Civil Disobedience*.

In our culture, it is customary to speak of the absolute value of the individual. We are very much concerned with "being true to ourselves," and if unfortunate circumstances should prevent an individual from achieving "true potential," we regard this as a tragedy and a waste. Thus we consider the discovery and achievement of one's "true" self to be a fundamental project of existence. "You must become who you are!" "You must try to be yourself!" This does not mean that the individual must simply follow an appropriate path in life, but that the individual must live a life that testifies to the unique and unrepeatable character of his or her own existence. Negatively, it is sometimes said that our culture is informed by an extreme individualism, such that any duties that we do have to the community are regarded as necessary evils that ultimately protect our own selfish goals. More positively, however, this means that there is at least a "discourse" of human rights and some concern for individual liberty as the necessary condition for any individual fulfillment.

It is important to remember, though, that not every culture has valued the individual in this way or even distinguished the individual as such from the role or place in life that the individual happens to occupy. Perhaps we are encouraged to think of the value of the individual as if it were an absolute; but it would be more correct to say that concern for the individual has a definite history and appears at a particular period of time. In most "primitive" societies, which are bound by ritual and the recurrent rhythms of nature, an individual's place is effectively marked out in advance . . .

Richard J. White, *Nietzsche and the Problem of Sovereignty*.

. . . and the ending of the journey cannot be averted.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from "Hamlet."

To stand in opposition, or outside of the social order, is literally unthinkable.

Richard J. White, *Nietzsche and the Problem of Sovereignty*.

Most people, despite occasional protestations to the contrary, feel happier in a humdrum sort of existence, one that has relatively small oscillations of excitement; it helps them to fulfill their societal functions with a minimum of upset, and it also provides at least half-way protection against traumatic injury.

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

To the questions:

Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*.

Who is it, that at the beginning of his maturity, feels drawn toward the great adventure (which always contains the possibility of shattering defeat), toward that insatiable search for the truth that may in the end result in involuntary isolation from the community? Who, one may ask in a general way, wants to make full use of his liberty?

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

Listen:

Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*.

Who is willing to become aware of the hypocrisy that is rampant within himself and also at the very basis of society in which he lives, in the Church to which he belongs no less than in his profession?

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

What strange, wicked, questionable questions! That is a long story even now—and yet it seems as if it had scarcely begun. Is it any wonder that we should finally become suspicious, lose patience, and turn away impatiently? that we should finally learn from this Sphinx to ask questions, too? Who is it really that puts questions to us here? What in us really wants "truth"?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Take a closer look!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*.

The problem of the value of truth came before us—or was it we who came before the problem? Who of us is Oedipus here? Who the Sphinx? It is a rendezvous, it seems, of questions and question marks.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

The curtain is still down as I walk to the center of the proscenium and say this.

Abraham Pais, *A Tale of Two Continents: A Physicist's Life in a Turbulent World*.

There is no society in which reality and appearance coincide If Hamlet is obsessed by this discrepancy, this is not due to any psychopathology on his part; it is to be explained by the fact that he is in the unhappy state of knowing the truth, of having unveiled that secret on which the authority of the highest representative of the state basically rests.

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

What is important is that chance has allotted Hamlet the role of judge of his own time and servant of the future.

Boris Pasternak, *I Remember*.

External events have forced him to do what everyone of us has to do if the potential of man's minds is to be used to its fullest: he has discovered the difference between appearance and reality—and the conflict between them. . . .

The problem in question is the necessity of keeping secret the foundation on which the state rests. Who has the courage to face this truth?

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

Now the curtain rises.

Abraham Pais, *A Tale of Two Continents: A Physicist's Life in a Turbulent World*.

I walk out on the stage.

Leaning against a door jamb,

I try to catch in a distant echo . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from “Hamlet.”

. . . the story of that man . . .

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

. . . who, like . . .

Sigmund Freud, *Psychoanalytic Notes Upon An Autobiographical Account of a Case of Paranoia*.

... Hamlet once looked truly into the essence of things, ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

... the very essence of the unknown;

Jack London, *White Fang*.

... *gained knowledge*, and ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

... prepared for all the consequences ...

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

... dared to shatter ...

F. St. Mars, *The Way of the Wild*.

... the veils of illusion:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

Who is the man who has wrought the deed ordained only for the strongest?

Richard Wagner, *Gotterdammerung*.

See him now!

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Marble Faun*.

... and see the breakers of misfortune swallow him!

Sophocles, *Oedipus the King*.

The following sketch, ...

Kate Millett, *Sexual Politics*.

... drawn so clearly and in so much detail ...

Boris Pasternak, *I Remember*.

... for the exclusive use of the highest authorities ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

... is based primarily on background material and current impressions derived from press reports, including newspaper and magazine articles and television interviews. In addition, selected State Department and Federal Bureau of Investigation memoranda have been reviewed. As the data base is fragmentary and there has been no direct clinical evaluation of the subject, this indirect assessment should be considered ...

C.I.A. *Psychological Study in The Watergate Hearings: Break-in and Cover-Up*.

... far from watertight ...

**Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*
quoting Dr. Otto Eiser, Letter to Wagner.**

There is nothing to suggest in the material reviewed that subject suffers from a serious mental disorder in the sense of being psychotic and out of touch with reality. There are suggestions, however, that some of his long-standing personality needs were intensified by psychological pressures of the mid-life period and that this may have contributed significantly to his recent action.

An extremely intelligent and talented individual, subject apparently early made his brilliance evident. It seems likely that there were substantial pressures to succeed and that subject early had instilled in him expectations of success, that he absorbed the impression that he was special and destined for greatness. And indeed he did attain considerable academic success and seemed slated for a brilliant career. There has been a notable zealous intensity about the subject throughout his career. Apparently finding it difficult to tolerate ambiguity and ambivalence, he was either strongly for something or strongly against it. There were suggestions of problems in achieving full success, for although his ideas glittered, he had trouble committing himself in writing.

He had a knack for drawing attention to himself and at early ages had obtained positions of considerable distinction, usually attaching himself as a "bright young man" to an older and experienced man of considerable stature who was attracted by his brilliance and flair.

C.I.A. Psychological Study in The Watergate Hearings: Break-in and Cover-Up.

I have long been reminded of identical or very similar experiences with young men of great intellectual ability.

***Martin Gregor-Dellin, Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*
quoting Wagner, Letter to Dr. Otto Eiser.**

But one can only sustain the role of "bright young man" so long. Most men between the ages of 35 and 45 go through a period of re-evaluation. Realizing that youth is at an end, that many of their golden dreams cannot be achieved, many men transiently drift into despair at this time.

In an attempt to escape from these feelings of despair and to regain a sense of competence and mastery, there is an increased thrust towards new activity at this time. Thus this is a time of career changes, of extramarital affairs and divorce.

It is a time when many men come to doubt their early commitments and are impelled to strike out in new directions.

For the individual who is particularly driven towards the heights of success and prominence, this mid-life period may be a particularly difficult time. The evidence reviewed suggests that this was so for Ellsberg, a man whose career had taken off like a rocket, but who found himself at mid-life not nearly having achieved the prominence and success he expected and desired.

Thus it may well have been an intensified need to achieve significance that impelled him to release the Pentagon Papers.

C.I.A. Psychological Study in The Watergate Hearings: Break-in and Cover-Up.

A brilliant and articulate member of the "military-intellectual complex" that was responsible for American military policy in Southeast Asia, Dr. Daniel

Ellsberg underwent a conversion from cold-blooded hawk to committed dove and released to the . . .

Current Biography 1973—Daniel Ellsberg.

. . . *New York Times* . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . portions of a top secret Pentagon study [the Pentagon Papers] tracing the history of American involvement in the Vietnam war.

Current Biography 1973—Daniel Ellsberg.

Daniel Ellsberg, in whatever incarnation and in any job, was no ordinary man, he was an obsessive man; that which he saw, others must see, that which he believed, others must believe. Thus as he became increasingly disillusioned he also became a force. No one entered an argument with him lightly or left it exactly the same. As he became dovish, he was no ordinary dove; he was extraordinarily well informed, and his dovishness was that of formidable intelligence, of a mind that never stopped. As he reached each increment of doubt, he had to push on to one further level of knowledge and insight.

David Halberstam, *The Powers That Be*.

"I've always believed I could see things other people couldn't. . . ."

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

. . . Ellsberg would muse . . .

Tom Wells, *Wild Man: The Life and Times of Daniel Ellsberg*.

" . . . Elements falling into place. A design. A shape in the chaos of things. I suppose I find these moments precious and reassuring because they take place outside me, outside the silent grid, because they suggest an outer space that works somewhat the way my mind does but without the relentlessness, the predeterminative quality. I feel I'm safe from myself as long as there's an accidental pattern to observe in the physical world."

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

But whereas others might have been content with having come to the core of the rational explanation for the war (to the extent there was a rational explanation for something so irrational) he pressed on. He was a man who saw political events in terms of moral absolutes.

David Halberstam, *The Powers That Be*.

There is no suggestion that subject thought anything treasonous in his act. Rather, he seemed to be responding to what he deemed a higher order of patriotism. Many of subject's own words would confirm the impression that he saw himself as having a special mission, and indeed as bearing a special responsibility . . .

C.I.A. Psychological Study in The Watergate Hearings: Break-in and Cover-Up.

—that is to say, . . .

Sigmund Freud, *Psychoanalytic Notes Upon An Autobiographical Account of a Case of Paranoia*

. . . to show exactly how the minds of . . .

U.S. District Court (Southern District of New York), *U.S. v. One Book Called "Ulysses."*

. . . those in authority . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

. . . had become dehumanized by political conceit.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

He told his psychiatrist about . . .

Thomas Meehan, *My Times With Vartanig G. Vartan & Co.*

. . . his fantasy in which . . .

Wilhelm Stekel, *Twelve Essays on Sex and Psychoanalysis.*

. . . he would publish a newspaper in which he would mercilessly expose everything.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries.

Fantasy becomes reality, . . .

Cheryl Lavin, *Fantasy becomes reality, with real consequences (Chicago Sun-Times).*

. . . in some cases, . . .

William J. Cromie, *Mental Casualties of Vietnam War Persist: Lessons Learned Could Be Applied to Iraq.*

. . . with real consequences.

Cheryl Lavin, *Fantasy becomes reality, with real consequences (Chicago Sun-Times).*

The articles in the *New York Times* made . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

. . . a lot of officials look inept, foolish or worse.

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream.*

Let there be no mistake however:

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright.*

None of . . .

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream.*

. . . those passages of which the Government particularly complains . . .

U.S. District Court (Southern District of New York), *U.S. v. One Book Called "Ulysses."*

. . . compromised American . . .

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream.*

... military operations

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

On several occasions he castigated himself for not releasing the papers earlier, observing that since he first brought them to the attention of . . .

C.I.A. Psychological Study in The Watergate Hearings: Break-in and Cover-Up.

... Members of Congress . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... there had been "two invasions," more than 9,000 American lives lost, and hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese deaths.

C.I.A. Psychological Study in The Watergate Hearings: Break-in and Cover-Up.

"Moreover"—he was not finished—

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I will even go so far as to say, . . .

Emile Zola, *The Debacle*.

... if a nation . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

—if, that is, . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and The Id*.

... one's country . . .

Emile Zola, *The Debacle*.

... is compelled to inflict such terrible destruction for the sake of establishing liberty, then this is indeed an unprecedented national disaster.

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

He said, "I felt as an American citizen, a responsible citizen, I could no longer cooperate in concealing this . . .

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

... cesspool of lies . . .

Henrik Ibsen, *An Enemy of the People*.

... from the American people. I took this action on my own initiative, and I am prepared for all the consequences."

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

This myth of official infallibility must be destroyed.

Henrik Ibsen, *An Enemy of the People*.

What makes that description so significant is that it suggests a man who . . . believes sincerely in the values of his time and his society and is ready as well as able to live up to them. This is someone who has formed his ideals and developed his superego in conformity with the standards of his cultural setting. .

. . . Yet the harmony of his personality has rested on the assumption that the society whose ideals he has integrated has its foundations in an ethical base.

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

As it was, the Crusader felt . . .

Walter Scott, *The Talisman*.

. . . as if he were . . .

Walter Scott, *Ivanhoe*.

. . . here in the situation of the truly religious person who has been leading a spotless life in conformity with the demands of the Sacred Texts. If it were now to be proved that these Sacred Texts are fraudulent or forged or otherwise invalid, such a faithful person would be thrown into a crisis . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

In any case, . . .

Ernest Newman, *Wagner as Man and Artist*.

. . . Dr. E. . . .

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, May 18, 1878)*.**

. . . true to the role of a sleuth . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . had learned too much, . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . while the . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

. . . President of the United States . . .

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries (editors' notes)*.**

. . . lost face and then tried to save it, either . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . by dissembling . . .

William Shakespeare, *King Richard III*.

. . . or by ascribing the disastrous outcome . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . of that dissembling . . .

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*.

. . . to the machinations of . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . the meaner Press—

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . which was ready . . .

Charles Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers*.

... and eager, as always and everywhere, to pull down anything or anyone elevated by nature above it.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

Without ...

Henrik Ibsen, *An Enemy of the People*.

... the ability of a government to keep secrets ...

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

... said the President ...

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

... I should not be able to guide and direct public affairs in the way I consider best serves the common weal.

Henrik Ibsen, *An Enemy of the People*.

But in the end the ...

Jack London, *The Iron Heel*.

... CIA psychiatrists ...

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

... as it turned out—

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... seemed to admire Ellsberg.

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

Some had praise for his courage, ...

K.R. Eissler, *Crusaders*.

... although no one ...

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

... dared to join him publicly or to give him official support.

K.R. Eissler, *Crusaders*.

This reaction made ...

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

... the President ...

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

... furious.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

I can see him now, and hear his ...

H.G. Wells, *Experiment in Autobiography*.

... convoluted rhetoric and almost surrealistic thoughts, ...

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

... not unlike ...

H.G. Wells, *The Diamond Maker*.

... the fantastic narrative of ...

Jane Margaret Jacobs, *Edge of Empire: Postcolonialism and the City*.

... Joyce's *Ulysses*—strains of presidential consciousness.
Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.
 Something had to be done at once.
Joseph Conrad, *The Rescue*.
 But what could ...
Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.
 ... *The President's Men* ...
Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *All The President's Men*.
 ... do? Was not the press outside of the government's control? The ...
 .
Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.
 ... Administration ...
Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.
 ... sought to navigate between the imperatives of its foreign policy
 and those of its domestic policy. What could it do ...
Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.
 ... to appease ...
Emile Gaboriau, *The Honor of the Name*.
 ... those screaming treason?
Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.
 The simple facts of an ...
Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.
 ... intermezzo of the most shameful and insidious kind ...
Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.
 ... are now known to be as follows.
Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.
 Several members ...
Henry Adams, *Democracy: An American Novel*.
 ... of the President's ...
Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*.
 ... staff hit ...
Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote*.
 ... on the idea of ...
Henry Adams, *Democracy: An American Novel*.
 ... sending a message to ...
Wilkie Collins, *A Rogue's Life*.
 ... Mr. Nixon, ...
Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.
 ... representing the profile ...
Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

... as "very superficial" and underscoring their belief that the CIA could do a better job. They wrote: "We will meet tomorrow with the head psychiatrist ... to impress upon him the detail and depth we expect."

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

Thereafter they ...

Jack London, *Created He Them*.

... arranged a meeting ...

Anthony Trollope, *The Prime Minister*.

... with the President.

Jack London, *The Unparalleled Invasion*.

How the ...

L. Frank Baum, *The Emerald City*.

... attorney for ...

Elden LaMar, *The Clothing Workers In Philadelphia: History of Their Struggles for Union and Security*.

... the President ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... would have liked to have a full record of that meeting!

Elden LaMar, *The Clothing Workers In Philadelphia: History of Their Struggles for Union and Security*.

In preparing this

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Translator's Introduction).**

... account of the meeting ...

Ralph Connor, *The Doctor*.

... the editors ...

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

... had to contend with a number of ...

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Translator's Introduction).**

... transcript pages ...

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

... which have been blocked out in ...

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Translator's Introduction).**

... the original manuscript ...

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 — The Brown Book* (editor's introduction).**

... to prevent disclosure of the truth;

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

... presumably.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

The quality of the ink used in these ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Translator's Introduction).

... censorship ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... operations leaves no doubt that they were performed at some later date, but by whom is an unsolved question.

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Translator's Introduction).

Mr. Nixon thoroughly disapproved ...

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

... of proceeding with ...

Charles Dickens, *Dombey and Son*.

... any action, ...

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys in Dixie Land*.

... but his staff ...

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Ambitious Guest*.

... urged him to ...

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

... carry it out.

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys on the Mississippi*.

They then crossed the line into contemplation of criminal activity. "In this connection," they continued, "*we would recommend* that a covert operation be undertaken ..."

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

... in stealthy haste ...

Richard Wagner, *Götterdämmerung*.

... to obtain by theft ...

Nicholas Rescher, *Nonexistents Then and Now*.

By theft!

Richard Wagner, *Das Rheingold*.

... all the medical files still held by Ellsberg's psychiatrist ...

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

—and discover, as far as opportunity allows, whether there is ...

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (Modern English Version).

... something in those files, something that ...

Kristine Williams, *When The Stars Walk Backwards*.

... would serve as a ...

Richard Wagner, *My Life*.

... weapon that

Henrik Ibsen, *An Enemy of the People*.

... might be ...

H.G. Wells, *A Moonlight Fable*.

... good enough to attack him with.

Henrik Ibsen, *An Enemy of the People*.

The President ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... cut off the discussion. "No, no, no," he said, his voice rising.

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

That's private property.

Stanley Kubrick, Peter George and Terry Southern, *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*.

That would make it a straightforward case of burglary. The fact that I had ...

Haruki Murakami, *Scheherazade*.

That's right, sir, you are the only person authorized to ...

Stanley Kubrick, Peter George and Terry Southern, *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*.

But that would be too risky.

Haruki Murakami, *Scheherazade*.

I imagine it would have to be sanitized ...

Harvey v. Woodford Training Centre Inc., Government of Newfoundland and Labrador, IN THE MATTER OF a Complaint Pursuant to section 6 of the Human Rights Code, R.S.N.L. 1990, c.H-14.

"No," he shouted. "No, no, *no*. Do you hear? *No*."

Frank Norris, *McTeague*.

"It would be insanity."

Joseph Hergesheimer, *Happy End*.

In the foregoing ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, February 9, 1883) (editors' emendation).

... the offensive word ...

Anthony Trollope, *The Prime Minister*.

... sanitized ...

***The Oxford English Dictionary*.**

... *has been* ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, February 9, 1883) (editors' emendation).

... inked over ...

Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*.

... with the word ...

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

... insanity.

Jack London, *The People of the Abyss*.

With the help of various chemical processes ...

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Translator's Introduction).**

... the editors ...

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

... succeeded in bringing most of the obliterated passages ...

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Translator's Introduction).**

... in the ...

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

... tapes, transcripts, and notes of ...

Janet Malcolm, *Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession*.

... Nixon's ...

Mark Twain, *Christian Science*.

... six-year ...

Janet Malcolm, *Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession*.

... Presidency ...

***International Psychoanalytic Association Newsletter*.**

... back to light, and they are now included in the text with an identification.

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Translator's Introduction).**

Have you lost your ...

Richard Wagner, *Gotterdammerung*.

[left blank]

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Sunday, February 11, 1883) (editors' emendation).**

... senses?

Richard Wagner, *Gotterdammerung*.

Let us be silent, let us be silent ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century* quoting Wagner, Letter to Judith Gautier.

... said the President, ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... nothing, not a single word of this disastrous business must be made public.

Henrik Ibsen, *An Enemy of the People*.

Leave it unrevealed!—

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

Added at the bottom of the page:

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, February 4, 1883) (editors' emendation).

... the reader might be overwhelmed by the tone and ignore the substantive support for the President's version.

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

From what I can gather, ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... Ellsberg had been psychoanalyzed ...

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

... for several years;

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Mucker*.

... a couple of Government ...

Zane Grey, *The Young Forester*.

... agents had attempted to grill. . .

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

... Mr. Fielding, ...

Horatio Alger, *Cast Upon the Breakers*.

... the psychiatrist, but he had demurred, invoking the sanctity of the doctor-patient relationship.

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.

And there it stood.

John Le Carre, *The Night Manager*.

Let us remember that ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

A physician has ... to possess ... the subtlety of an agent of police or an advocate in comprehending the secrets of the soul without betraying them —

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*.

How much did ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... the President ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... suspect or know?

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

To be honest, I have no idea. I believe the ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Prometheus Deception*.

... full extent of the ...

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

... operation was ...

Henry James, *Confidence*.

... concealed from him

Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*.

Partly to protect the president from knowing too much about wet work and other sordid business, to provide him with plausible deniability . . .

Robert Ludlum, *The Prometheus Deception*.

. . . in the face of . . .

Henry James, *In the Cage*.

. . . the powers and limitations . . .

Oliver Wendell Holmes, *The Guardian Angel*.

. . . inherent in the constitution . . .

Karen Horney, *New Ways in Psychoanalysis*.

. . . that is, . . .

Henry James, *In the Cage*.

. . . the restrictions . . .

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

. . . inherent in the office.

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

That's standard operating procedure in intelligence outfits worldwide. And partly, I'm sure, because the president is considered by the permanent intelligence community to be a mere tenant of the White House. A renter. He moves in for four years, maybe eight if he's lucky, buys new china, redecorates, hires and fires, gives a bunch of speeches, . . .

Robert Ludlum, *The Prometheus Deception*.

. . . and large dinner-parties, . . .

Jane Austen, *Emma*.

. . . and then he's gone. Whereas the spies remain. They're the permanent Washington, the true inheritors."

Robert Ludlum, *The Prometheus Deception*.

It . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id*.

. . . is very difficult for Americans—who are, on the whole, accustomed to open and direct dealing—to give full weight to this . . .

Raymond A. Bauer, Alex Inkeles, & Clyde Kluckhohn, *How the Soviet System Works*.

. . . principle of preservation . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . as I call it.

Anthony Trollope, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*.

Perhaps only those who have had fairly intimate and sustained contact with . . .

Raymond A. Bauer, Alex Inkeles, & Clyde Kluckhohn, *How the Soviet*

System Works.

... the underground ways ...

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book quoting ‘*The Capitulation*’ (sketch for a planned farce).

... of secret intelligence ...

Edith Wharton, *The Reef*.

... have a picture that approaches imaginative reality. The deviousness of behavior, the disposition to “read between the lines” and to interpret the acts of others at several different levels, the whole system of wheels within wheels—all of this is so foreign to American experience and psychology that it is all too easy to laugh it off as “E. Phillips Oppenheim stuff.”

Raymond A. Bauer, Alex Inkeles, & Clyde Kluckhohn, *How the Soviet System Works*.

As for the evidence ...

Wilkie Collins, *The Law and the Lady*.

Well, I say, ...

Jack London, *At the End of the Rainbow*.

... it’s not ...

John Galsworthy, *Beyond*.

... like the overture of an opera in which all the themes are announced.

Janet Malcolm, *Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession*.

Explaining the origin of ...

David Berlinski, *Has Darwin Met His Match?*

... covert operations ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... by an appeal to ...

David Berlinski, *Has Darwin Met His Match?*

... tangible evidence ...

Jack London, *Burning Daylight*.

... is rather like explaining the origin of *Don Quixote* by an appeal to the physical properties of ink and paper.

David Berlinski, *Has Darwin Met His Match?*

The functional importance of the ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id*.

... the presidential office ...

Ronald C. White, Jr., *Lincoln’s Greatest Speech: The Second Inaugural*.

... in this field ...

William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*.

... is manifested in the fact that normally control over ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id*.

... domestic-intelligence-gathering activities by the FBI, the CIA and military intelligence units ...

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

... devolves upon it. Thus in ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id*.

... the President's ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... relation to ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id*.

... covert operations ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... he is ...

Anthony Trollope, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*.

... like a man on horseback, who has to hold in check the superior strength of the horse; with this difference, that the rider tries to do so with his own strength while the ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id*.

... President of the United States ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... uses borrowed forces. The analogy may be carried a little further. Often a rider, if he is not to be parted from his horse, is obliged to guide it where it wants to go; so in the same way ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id*.

... the President ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... is in the habit of transforming the ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id*.

... intelligence community's ...

James Risen, *Probe Faults CIA on 9/11 Terrorist*.

... will into action as if it were ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id*.

... his own.

Anthony Trollope, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*.

But then ...

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

... as the saying goes, ...

H.G. Wells, *The War of the Worlds*.

... the President ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... is not master in ...

Sigmund Freud, *A Difficulty in the Path of Psycho-Analysis*.
 ... his ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id* (editor's note).
 ... own house.

Sigmund Freud, *A Difficulty in the Path of Psycho-Analysis*.
 Chief's orders ...

John Le Carre, *The Night Manager*.
 ... were to ...

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Agent*.
 ... use undercover operatives with no White House ties, ...

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.
 ... to break into ...

Jack London, *The People of the Abyss*.
 ... the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist ...

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.
 ... and tell them ...

William Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.
 ... the job ...

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys on the Flying Rings*.
 ... concerned a traitor who was passing information to the
 Soviet embassy. Except for the fact that the Russians subscribe to the *New York Times*, this was untrue.

William Manchester, *The Glory and the Dream*.
 How much, to repeat, did ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.
 ... the President ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.
 ... know of all this?

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.
 As always—

Henry James, *The Ambassadors*.
 ... the short answer is that we don't know.

***Think Tank: A Few Questions, Mr. Shakespeare*.**
 The President ...

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*.
 ... liked the passage from Nietzsche that ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.
 ... the Secretary of State ...

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Agent*.

... quoted to him: “ ‘I did this,’ says my Memory. ‘I cannot have done this,’ says my Pride and remains inexorable. In the end—memory yields.”

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

As to the moral part of his character, ...

Alexandre Dumas, *Ten Years Later*.

... the President, ...

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*.

... as a matter of routine, ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

... Amalgamated ...

Elden LaMar, *The Clothing Workers In Philadelphia: History of Their Struggles for Union and Security*.

... *Fiction and Truth*.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Fiction and Truth*.

In Nixon the ...

Bruce Mazlish, *In Search of Nixon: A Psychohistorical Inquiry*.

... good reasons ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

... and the ...

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

... real reasons ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

... would embrace ...

H.G. Wells, *A Moonlight Fable*.

... interlace, part and unite; like a dance.

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 — The Brown Book*.**

What possible difference could it make to him, after all, if they were lies or truth, or a complicated patchwork of the two?

Haruki Murakami, *Scheherazade*.

The subject ...

Joe Klein, *The Running Mate*.

... of covert ...

William Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*.

... action had been ...

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

... broached gingerly ...

Joe Klein, *The Running Mate*.

... *darkly*, ...

Richard Wagner, *Gotterdammerung*.

... and almost as a ...

Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*.

... bothersome subplot of the greater drama, the quest to get ...

Joe Klein, *The Running Mate*.

... the President's ...

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*.

... political ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... future squared away.

Joe Klein, *The Running Mate*.

Whatever the ...

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*.

... President knew ...

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

... the order of the acts ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from "Hamlet."

... had been ...

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

... schemed and plotted,

And nothing ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from "Hamlet."

... could ...

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

... avert the final curtain's fall.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from "Hamlet."

In the end, ...

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys Across the Continent*.

... the President ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... would be forced to ...

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

... stand alone ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from "Hamlet."

... on the political stage, ...

Alexandre Dumas, *The Black Tulip*.

... accountable for the ...

Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*.

... deeds of others.

Dante Alighieri, *The Divine Comedy*.

The attorney for ...

Elden LaMar, *The Clothing Workers In Philadelphia: History of Their Struggles for Union and Security.*

... the President ...

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic.*

... later described ...

Booth Tarkington, *Penrod.*

... Nixon as a stage manager ...

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days.*

—nothing more!

John Galsworthy, *The Dark Flower.*

... of a run of rehearsals for a play he had failed to take part in.

John LeCarre, *The Night Manager.*

It is plain that denial and hypocrisy ...

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET.*

... two qualities that are present ...

LuxSonor Semiconductors, Inc., *The LuxSonor LS188.*

... in every individual ...

Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents.*

... are also ...

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species.*

... the very foundations of society

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET.*

To take an analogy from ...

Sigmund Freud, *An Outline of Psychoanalysis.*

... psychoanalysis—

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm.*

We see the ego, Freud wrote, "as a poor thing, which is in threefold dangers: from the external world, from the libido of the id, and from the severity of the superego." Exposed to anxieties corresponding to these dangers, the ego, for Freud, is a beleaguered, far from omnipotent negotiator earnestly trying to mediate among the forces that threaten it and that war with one another. It labors to make the id tractable to the pressures of the world and of the superego, and at the same time tries to persuade the world and the superego to comply with the id's wishes. Since it stands midway between id and reality, the ego is in danger of "succumbing to the temptation of becoming sycophantic, opportunistic, and mendacious, rather like a statesman who, with all his good insights, still wants to keep himself in the favor of public opinion."

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time.*

Be that as it may—

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

I propose that for the moment we should leave all these questions on one side and pursue our way further along one particular path.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

In 1980, I met with Anna Freud and Dr. K. R. Eissler, the head of the Sigmund Freud Archives and Anna Freud's trusted adviser and friend, in London, and Miss Freud agreed to a new edition of the . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

. . . Freud . . .

Frances FitzGerald, *Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam*.

. . . archival collection . . .

Joel Glenn Brenner, *The Emperors of Chocolate: Inside the Secret World of Hershey and Mars*.

—including . . .

Frances FitzGerald, *Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam*.

. . . the unpublished letters between Sigmund Freud and his best, perhaps his only, friend, Wilhelm Fliess.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

It took more than a year of cajoling and persuading to convince . . .

Joel Glenn Brenner, *The Emperors of Chocolate: Inside the Secret World of Hershey and Mars*.

. . . the Freud Archives . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . officials to cooperate with me.

Joel Glenn Brenner, *The Emperors of Chocolate: Inside the Secret World of Hershey and Mars*.

As a result I was given access to this sealed correspondence (the originals are in the Library of Congress), which constitutes our most important source of information concerning the beginnings of psychoanalysis.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

I was editor-in-chief of an elaborate series of translations of Freud's unpublished letters that were to be published by Harvard University Press in the coming years. My daily life consisted in talking to people around the world who would work on these editions, in finding letters still missing (which involved, to my pleasure, a great deal of

travel), in frequent trips to the Library of Congress, almost daily conversations with Kurt Eissler, a large correspondence, and of course my own research.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

And so . . .

Joel Glenn Brenner, *The Emperors of Chocolate: Inside the Secret World of Hershey and Mars*.

. . . the inner circle of psychoanalysis . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . lifted its veil of secrecy ever so slightly, in a rare attempt to justify its actions to the public.

Joel Glenn Brenner, *The Emperors of Chocolate: Inside the Secret World of Hershey and Mars*.

As I was reading through the correspondence and preparing the annotations for the first volume of the series, the Freud-Flieiss letters, I began to notice what appeared to be a pattern in the omissions made by Anna Freud in the original, abridged edition. In the letters written after September 1897 (when Freud was supposed to have given up his "seduction" theory), all the case histories dealing with the sexual seduction of children had been excised. Moreover, every mention of Emma Eckstein, an early patient of Freud's and Flieiss's, who seemed connected in some way with the seduction theory, had been deleted. I was particularly struck by a section of a letter written in December 1897 that brought to light two facts previously unknown: Emma Eckstein was herself seeing patients in analysis (presumably under Freud's supervision); and Freud was inclined to give credence, once again, to the seduction theory.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

All that had been suppressed and edited out reappeared . . .

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

. . . as clear, as transparent as . . .

Alexandre Dumas, *Ten Years Later*.

. . . objective.

Paul Wienpahl, *On Translating Spinoza in Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

I asked Anna Freud why she had deleted this section from the letter. She said that she no longer knew why.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

A masterpiece of evasion.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

It was while she held a photograph . . .

Virginia Woolf, *Night and Day*.

... of Emma Eckstein ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

... in her hands that she exclaimed, impulsively, if incongruously:

Virginia Woolf, *Night and Day*.

It never occurred to me to know more.

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Modern English Version).

When I showed her an unpublished letter from Freud to Emma Eckstein, she said that she could well understand my interest, since Emma Eckstein had indeed been important to the early history of psychoanalysis, but the letter should nevertheless not be published. In subsequent conversations, Miss Freud indicated that since her father had eventually abandoned the seduction theory, it would only prove confusing to readers to be exposed to his early hesitations and doubts. I, on the other hand, felt that these passages not only were of great historical importance but might well represent the truth. Nobody, it seemed to me, had the right to decide for others, by altering the record, what was truth and what was error. Moreover, whatever Freud's ultimate decision, it is my belief that he was haunted by the seduction theory all his life.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

The question ...

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

... of child sexual abuse, ...

Robert A. Phillips, Jr., Introduction to Truddi Chase, *When Rabbit Howls*.

... I was sure ...

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo*.

... continued to trouble him, though he had supposedly, with scientific smugness, settled it.

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

There exists, as far as I know (I looked without success), not a single published account of the devastating effects of incest or childhood sexual abuse before Freud's time. And yet if this was happening to anything like the extent that is true today—and why should it be any different?—then at least one in three women, possibly more, in the general population had been exposed to a forced and unwanted sexual advance during childhood. In other words, sexual abuse of one form or another was the core trauma of many women's lives, yet there was total silence about it.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

In the tradition we are dealing with, ...

Alice Miller, *For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence*.

... one was allowed ...

Nathan Englander, *For the Relief of Unbearable Urges*.

... to perform these acts but not to speak of them.

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

There was no taboo on the commission of incest, only a taboo on speaking about incest.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

As a scientist . . .

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo*.

... Freud . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... had an almost unique opportunity.

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo*.

Here was a man, possibly the first in recorded history, who heard about the sexual abuse of children and recognized what it really meant.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

At that time, had one man put up a fight, it would have had wide repercussions.

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo*.

For Freud to have broken that taboo of silence was, to my mind, one of the great moments of history.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

And yet—

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo*.

Later, in one of the most famous retractions in the history of ideas, Freud . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... contrary to the truth . . .

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

... had recanted.

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo*.

As he put it in 1925 in *An Autobiographical Study*: “I was at last obliged to recognize that the scenes of seduction had never taken place, and that they were only fantasies which my patients had made up.”

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Freud’s earliest insights . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory*.

... about child abuse ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation.*

... would only reemerge much later, provoking a host of other episodes.

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus.*

I showed Miss Freud the 1932 correspondence I found in Freud's desk concerning Ferenczi's last letter, which dealt with this very topic.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory.*

Most of the items brought silence.

Don DeLillo, *The Names.*

Clearly, I thought, it was her father's continued preoccupation with the seduction theory that explained his turning away from Ferenczi.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory.*

After Fliess, Sandor Ferenczi (1873-1933) was for more than twenty years Freud's closest analytic friend (Freud often addressed him as "dear son"). Until the last years of his life, Ferenczi was a loyal pupil, loved by many analysts, a constant source of papers, ideas, encouragement, and inspiration to younger analysts. But in the last few years of his life, Ferenczi began developing in a direction that alarmed Freud. In a series of three papers that uncannily parallel Freud's three 1896 papers, Ferenczi began to believe more and more strongly that the source of neurosis lay in sexual seductions suffered by children at the hands of those closest to them. ...

Ferenczi had returned to Freud's earliest insights, while putting a different interpretation on many later analytic concepts. For example, he maintained (July 24, 1932) that the Oedipus complex could well be "the result of real acts on the part of adults, namely violent passions directed toward the child, who then develops a fixation, not from desire [as Freud maintained], but from fear. 'My mother and father will kill me if I don't love them, and identify with their wishes.'"

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory.*

His aim was a human nature reconciled to itself, that did not depend on illusion.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza.*

The paper he read before the 12th International Psychoanalytic Congress is a somewhat milder distillation of these views. Yet the ideas he expressed in the paper met with the strongest disapproval by every leading analyst of the day. Ferenczi's tenacious insistence on the truth of what his patients told him would cost him the friendship of Freud and almost all his colleagues and leave him in an isolation from which he would never emerge.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory.*

And *now* what kind of truth was I stalking?

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

Miss Freud, who was very fond of Ferenczi, found . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

. . . several papers . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Chance*.

. . . in her father's . . .

Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*.

. . . desk . . .

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*.

. . . concerning . . .

Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*.

. . . Ferenczi's

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

. . . last letter . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Law and the Lady*.

. . . painful reading and asked me not to publish them. But I insisted that the theory was not one that Freud had dismissed lightly as an early and insignificant error, as we had been led to believe.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

I thought the final argument was the coup de grace—the killer point that she couldn't counter. Instead . . .

George Stephanopoulos, *All Too Human: A Political Education*.

She would insist that nothing of significance had been omitted, and when I tried to argue she would become upset.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

No real answers were forthcoming . . .

***The Watergate Hearings: Break-in and Cover-Up*.**

She and I said nothing . . .

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

. . . further . . .

H. Rider Haggard, *Montezuma's Daughter*.

. . . to each other about the

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

. . . issue.

H. Rider Haggard, *Montezuma's Daughter*.

It was coded matter. It was matter we could refer to only within the limits of a practiced look. Even this became too much.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

For a psychoanalyst, she was remarkably closed on many issues that one would expect her to be open to.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I was trying to be perceptive about her . . .

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

. . . but I remember thinking at the time . . .

Stewart Edward White, *Arizona Nights*.

—canny therapist that she is—

Striking Silence. Film Critic James Harvey Explores the Singular Landscape of PARSIFAL.

. . . she will remain . . .

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*.

. . . evasive and distant.

Irvin Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

She hated the feeling that someone knew her mind.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

Central Casting would have made her the librarian of a New England Christian Science reading room. She was a small, fine-featured, quiet, thoughtfully intelligent, generous . . .

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

. . . lady with . . .

Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*.

. . . a purity of purpose, a holiness to her devotion that gave off a whiff of religious piety. I did not find it attractive, but it was genuine, and I was impressed. I don't think she invented this trait, either. I am sure she got it from her father, who of course was entirely consumed with holy zeal for the cause. Her father's legacy lay heavy on her shoulders . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Woe to any truth-seeker who endangered it.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

Of course, she was curious about his actions and correspondence. But . . .

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

Her unquestioning loyalty made it impossible to deal with events on their basic, real level, he thought. Her stubbornness was difficult to contend with. At times he imagined her as the heroine of a movie, the devoted daughter defending her embattled, innocent father.

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days*.

For her . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

... her father ...

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

... had died only yesterday. And, by Jove! the impression was so powerful that for me, too, he seemed to have died only yesterday—nay, this very minute. I saw her and him in the same instant of time—his death and her sorrow—I saw her sorrow in the very moment of his death. Do you understand? I saw them together—I heard them together.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

Here in this house ...

H. Rider Haggard, *Montezuma's Daughter*.

... in London, ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

... Between one June and another September ...

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from *Marina*.

... Freud lived out the year he still had to live ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

... extremely ill; ...

Henry James, *The Chaperon*.

... an exile, ...

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Excerpt from *Evangeline*.

... alone in an alien culture.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight To Italy*. *Diary and Selected Letters* (Explanatory Note by T.J. Reed).

What images return

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from *Marina*.

June

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight To Italy*. *Diary and Selected Letters*.

crossing the Channel

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

through the fog

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from *Marina*.

by the night boat

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

the last outposts of France, sleeping under the stars

Alan Furst, *The World at Night* quoting Arthur Koestler (1940).

water lapping the bow

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from *Marina*.

the still night

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.

Then, land!—then England!

Elizabeth Barret Browning, *Aurora Leigh*.

reaching the other shore

Commentary on the Diamond Sutra.

the first eight weeks of freedom

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight To Italy. Diary and Selected Letters* (editor's note).

June, May . . . April . . . February . . . November

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

September

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight To Italy. Diary and Selected Letters* (editor's note).

this long disease

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

his daughter Anna,

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

Freud, Living and Dying

Max Schur, *Freud, Living and Dying*.

—his death and her sorrow—

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

the final summons

James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*.

‘What is it—what?’

Robert Frost, Excerpt from *Home Burial*.

My daughter.

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from *Marina*.

“—and the doctor.”

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

his loyal and loving physician

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

the morphine

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

Freud's end as a stoic suicide

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

syringes and needles

Alan Dershowitz, *Reversal of Fortune: Inside the von Bulow Case*.

the portal where they came

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

this last of meeting places

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from *The Hollow Men*.

The pulse in the arm, less strong and

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from *Marina*.

his last words

Wilkie Collins, *The Law and the Lady*.

the words of bliss, the sentence,

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

This form, this face, this life

Living to live in a world of time beyond me; let me

Resign my life for this life, my speech for that unspoken,

The awakened, lips parted, the hope

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from *Marina*.

My hope

Henry James, *The Aspern Papers*.

My daughter.

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from *Marina*.

And now, in this house, . . .

Agatha Christie, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*.

Anna Freud—

Robert Coles, *Anna Freud: The Dream of Psychoanalysis*.

. . . who was . . .

Alice Sokoloff, *Cosima Wagner: Extraordinary Daughter of Franz Liszt*.

. . . inordinately proud of being her father's daughter . . .

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo*.

. . . listened in stony silence while I painted a marvelous mural of all the hidden truths coming to light; doors being unlocked, things falling into place.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

She seemed staggered by my confrontation and retreated by sinking into her body.

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

I told myself that the road ahead would be hard.

Peter Gay, *My German Question: Growing Up in Nazi Berlin*.

The end of man is knowledge, but there is one thing he can't know. He can't know whether knowledge will save him or kill him. He will be killed all right, but he can't know whether he is killed because of the knowledge which he has got or the knowledge which he hasn't got and which if he had it, would save him. There's the cold in your stomach, but you open the envelope, you have to open the envelope for the end of man is to know.

Robert Penn Warren, *All The King's Men*.

But there is more than this.

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

There was . . .

David Evanier, *The Man Who Refused to Watch the Academy Awards*.

. . . I now began to see . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . the chance to be an actor in a drama of historical importance.

K.R. Eissler, *Crusaders*.

I found myself, after years of comparatively unproductive labor, on the threshold of what might prove to be a magnificent discovery.

Howard Carter and A.C. Mace, *The Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen*.

It is hard for me to convey the excitement . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . the fever of suspense, the almost overmastering impulse, born of curiosity, to break down seals and lift the lids of boxes, the thought—pure joy to the investigator—that you are about to add a page to history, the strained expectancy—why not confess it?—of the treasure-seeker.

Howard Carter and A.C. Mace, *The Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen*.

There were puzzles everywhere, and not unimportant ones. Why did Freud keep a whole packet of Ferenczi material, all connected with Ferenczi's views about childhood seduction, in the top middle drawer of his desk? Why was it so important to him? Or had somebody else put it there? Who?

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

The cache of letters had lain unnoticed in a locked drawer of a battered wooden box that . . .

Gina Kolata, *When Bioterror First Struck the U.S. Capital*.

. . . looked . . .

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

. . . like the slanted top of a lectern.

Gina Kolata, *When Bioterror First Struck the U.S. Capital*.

A puzzlement.

Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, *The King and I*.

How did they end up in that wooden box, which apparently . . .

Gina Kolata, *When Bioterror First Struck the U.S. Capital*.

. . . dated . . .

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

... from around 1900?

Gina Kolata, *When Bioterror First Struck the U.S. Capital.*

I, of course, kept my reverie to myself.

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner.*

At times ...

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days.*

I asked myself what I was doing there, with a sensation of panic in my heart as though I had blundered into a place of cruel and absurd mysteries, not fit for a human being to behold.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness.*

One day Anna Freud ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

... motioned me to a chair. We sat down.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness.*

It had become very still—

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor from Warsaw.*

I laid the packet ...

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness.*

... of material ...

Jack London, *Grit of Women.*

... I had found ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf.*

... gently on the little table, and she put her hand over it ...

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness.*

And then, as he was silent, she ...

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence.*

... said something in German ...

Don DeLillo, *White Noise.*

... in tones so clear and evenly-pitched that each separate syllable tapped like a little hammer on his brain:

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence.*

“Herr Doktor, ...

Don DeLillo, *White Noise.*

Um Gott, was klagest du mich an? War ich es, die dir Leid gebracht?

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin.*

Dr. Masson take note!

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation.*

... Mein Vater ...

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

(Whenever she used that phrase "my father" I would shudder a bit at its historic magic—knowing, too, that in just a few years, nobody else would ever be able to say that again . . .)

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . my father . . .

Anna Freud, *On Losing and Being Lost*.

. . . based his rejection of these women's memories on clinical material. He recanted because he was wrong the first time."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

" . . . I am proud to know I understood him better than anyone on earth—he told me so himself. . . ."

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

"Is that not plain enough for you, Dr. Masson?"

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Anna Freud urged me to . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

. . . begin anew, make a new start . . .

Langenscheidt's *German-English/English-German Dictionary*.

But over all else . . .

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

Anna Freud urged me to direct my interests elsewhere.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

She was a very smart woman. She got it intellectually. But her experience gave her no context for understanding.

Chris Knopf, *Cries of the Lost*.

I wanted to get inside her, see myself through her, learn the things she knew.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

That, of course, was futile.

Zane Grey, *The Gold Desert*.

She spoke faster, more expressively. Blood vessels flared in her eyes and face. I began to detect a cadence, a measured beat. She . . .

Don DeLillo, *White Noise*.

. . . held out as firmly as ever . . .

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

. . . in defense of her . . .

Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*.

... dear father

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

At the same time, she started to make gestures as if she were bored, gave evidence of some restlessness, and looked repeatedly at her watch.

Otto Kernberg, *Borderline Conditions and Pathological Narcissism*.

I began to suspect that there were a lot of secrets I was not to know about.

Gottfried Wagner, *Twilight of the Wagners: The Unveiling of a Family's Legacy*.

The uneasy thought came to him that perhaps ...

W. Somerset Maugham, *A Man with a Conscience*.

... somewhere ...

Emile Zola, *The Debacle*.

... contained in those papers ...

Foster W. Cline, *An Essay on Dreaming*.

... somewhere, there's something nobody knows about.

Alfred Hitchcock and Thornton Wilder, *Shadow of a Doubt*.

He tried to persuade himself that what was done was done and that he had really not been a free agent, but he could not quite still the prickings of his conscience.

W. Somerset Maugham, *A Man with a Conscience*.

I decided that the best step would be for me to get an outside opinion ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

But ...

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

Where should he go? Whom could he ask?

Emile Zola, *The Debacle*.

In conversations with other analysts close to the Freud family, I was given to understand that I had stumbled upon something that was better left alone.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

Some added—

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

"... Everything is treated like a secret over there. Everything."

Joel Glenn Brenner, *The Emperors of Chocolate: Inside the Secret World of Hershey and Mars*.

I knew I was taking a risk.

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

(This was made even more apparent when my connections with the Freud Archives were suddenly terminated).

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

Our curiosity drives our efforts toward discovery, and it is the constant tension between the satisfaction of a search ended and the seductive lure of the unknown promising more discoveries that keeps the explorer exploring.

Linda C. Mayes, *Exploring Internal and External Worlds: Reflections on Being Curious*.

The explorer must be prepared for contradiction and complexity.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

On the one hand, to be curious is often portrayed as naively foolish at the least and aggressively intentioned at the worst. On the other hand, curiosity is an inevitable fate that at least a few individuals must accept in order to advance knowledge.

Linda C. Mayes, *Exploring Internal and External Worlds: Reflections on Being Curious*.

My curiosity, I trust, needs no explanation.

Matthew Gurewitsch, *Bayreuth, Like Wagner, Survives the Critics*.

That I feel no curiosity at all about reviews of my books, especially in newspapers, should be forgiven me. My friends and my publishers know this and do not speak to me about such things. In one particular case I once did get to see all the sins that had been committed against one of my books—it was . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

. . . *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory* . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . published in 1984—a truly Orwellian irony.

Giles Hugo, *Can You Grok Cyberia?*

The *Assault* was . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . a book whose principal aim was to revive Freud's seduction theory,

John Forrester, *Dispatches from The Freud Wars: Psychoanalysis and Its Passions*.

. . . which ascribed . . .

Herman Melville, *Typee: A Romance*.

. . . neurosis in . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, 'Assault on Truth' — Letter to the Editor, *N.Y. Review of Books* (August 16, 1984).

... adults to ...

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *A Princess to Mars*.

... seductions in childhood ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, 'Assault on Truth' — Letter to the Editor, *N.Y. Review of Books* (August 16, 1984).

... by reasserting the truth—that is, the absolute trustworthiness—of Freud's early patients. Masson accused Freud of scientific cowardice, in that he claimed Freud rejected his own evidence that his patients had been abused in childhood ...

John Forrester, *Dispatches from The Freud Wars: Psychoanalysis and Its Passions*.

... evidence that amounted to no more than ...

Supreme Court of Canada, *Her Majesty the Queen v. Alexander Nikolovski*.

... narratives really ...

Leonhard Schmitz, *The Classical Museum*.

... narratives, moreover, ...

Lawrence Warner, *Genesis the Giant: The City, the Wanderer, and the Sodomite in Late-Medieval Narrative*.

... that 'bristled with ambiguities,' ...

U.S. Supreme Court, *Masson v. New Yorker Magazine, Inc., et al*.

... in favor of the view that his patients, and therefore the analyst, had no sure way of knowing whether the events they remembered had actually taken place or not.

John Forrester, *Dispatches from The Freud Wars: Psychoanalysis and Its Passions*.

I could make a pretty report about ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

... some of the reviews.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Would you believe it?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

According to one reviewer, "Masson the promising psychoanalytic scholar emerges gradually, as a grandiose egotist—

U.S. Supreme Court, *Masson v. New Yorker Magazine, Inc., et al* quoting Robert Coles, M.D., *Freudianism Confronts Its Malcontents* (*Boston Globe*).

"a man swollen with vanity and presumption"

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner* quoting a correspondent from the *Berlin Nationalzeitung*.

—mean-spirited, self-serving, full of braggadocio, impossibly arrogant and, in the end, a self-destructive fool. ..."

U.S. Supreme Court, *Masson v. New Yorker Magazine, Inc., et al* quoting Robert Coles, M.D., *Freudianism Confronts Its Malcontents* (*Boston Globe*).

So this is what comes from the lying newspaper reports!

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, June 18, 1877).

Having a talent is not enough: one requires your permission for it—right, my friends?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Believe't, . . .

William Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*.

. . . one writing . . .

Amy Lowell, *Men, Women and Ghosts*.

. . . was full of the most . . .

Edith Nesbit, *The Story of the Treasure Seekers*.

. . . unconscionable breaches of basic rules of quoting, culminating at least once in

...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud* (1971).

. . . the author . . .

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Devil in Manuscript*.

. . . "quoting" the very opposite of what . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud* (1971).

. . . the subject . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

. . . had actually said . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud* (1971).

. . . so as to give the impression that I had said some such thing, . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, July 9, 1874).

—I know not what—

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Don Juan*.

. . . thereby offending . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, July 9, 1874).

. . . the whole psychoanalytic establishment

Janet Malcolm, *In The Freud Archives*.

Very pitiful stuff—

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, July 9, 1874).

In general, quotation marks around a passage indicate to the reader that the passage reproduced the speaker's words verbatim. They inform the reader that he or she is reading the statement of the speaker, not a paraphrase or other indirect interpretation by an author. By providing this information, quotations add authority to the statement and credibility to the author's work . . .

U.S. Supreme Court, *Masson v. New Yorker Magazine, Inc., et al.* (1991).

... by means of ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

... what I would like to call "the charisma of the quotation mark."

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud* (1971).

I can see now how impossible it is for a person to remain decent when he happens to be a journalist.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, September 30, 1869).

There is honor even among thieves, as a man from whom I had expected a particularly dastardly transgression assured me. The reader who is not expert is at the mercy of ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud* (1971).

... the Reviewer ...

Charles Darwin, *The Origin of Species*.

... when the latter puts a sentence into quotation marks. Honor requires a maximal scrupulousness: once the reader cannot rely on quotations, the whole transaction is bound to go into bankruptcy.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud* (1971).

I ask you:

Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*.

What crime of doubt could be greater than that which would rob you of credence?

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

His reputation had ...

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

... been shattered by ...

Henry Miller, *Man In The Zoo: George Grosz' Ecce Homo*.

... psychoanalytic character assassination.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

He was ...

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

... demeaned in public and private, in plain words and in jargon, in professional and lay circles ...

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

... and his opinions were ...

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

... received with ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

... contempt, ridicule or obloquy.

U.S. Supreme Court, *Masson v. New Yorker Magazine, Inc., et al.* (1991).

What did I have to say to that?

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

"I'll tell you this. . . ."

Merle Miller, *Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman*.

Put bluntly, . . .

Douglas R. Hofstadter and Daniel C. Dennett, *The Mind's I: Fantasies and Reflections on Self and Soul*.

"They can all go to Hell."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory* quoting Sigmund Freud, Letter to Wilhelm Fliess.

Period. End quote.

U.S. House of Representatives, *Hearings of the Committee on Veterans' Affairs*.

With these words, he . . .

Charles Dickens, *The Schoolboy's Story*.

... expressed what is essential in his story.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

He had conceived his . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

... *Assault* ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... in defiance, written it in defiance, and published it in defiance. This was the stance he thought proper to a discoverer at odds all his life with the "compact majority."

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

One day my name will be associated with the memory of something tremendous—a crisis without equal on earth, the most profound collision of conscience, a decision that was conjured against everything that had been believed, demanded, hallowed so far. I am no man, I am dynamite.—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

"... a great scholar, a major analyst—"

U.S. Supreme Court, *Masson v. New Yorker Magazine, Inc., et al.* (1991) quoting Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

Oh yes!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

... a great scholar . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*.

But note . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

In the end, to be sure—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

"It's got nothing to do with me. It's got to do with the things I discovered."

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

I was the first to discover the truth by being the first to experience lies as lies—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

. . . carefully constructed lies, . . .

George Orwell, *1984*.

. . . smelling them out.—My genius is in my nostrils.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

I found the temptation of making my withheld knowledge accessible to the world irresistible . . .

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

But my truth is terrible; for so far one has called lies truth.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

In the meantime Ellsberg continued reading his documents and thinking about the "lessons of Vietnam," and concluded that the lies and deception were systematic, not just the aberrations of particular Presidents or the result of errors of judgment. The intelligence estimates, he concluded, despite his earlier feelings about inaccurate reporting from the field were "remarkably accurate." He had become privy to a new secret.

That ultimate secret seemed to have something to do with the nature of secrecy itself. He could verge on the rhapsodic when he spoke about what the possession of secrets could do to the possessor, about the safes within safes, the clearances above Top Secret, the secrets within secrets that he had discovered in the inner chambers of the Pentagon. People in Washington derived kicks from having access to information from those inner chambers, achieved a kind of euphoria from knowing things that were not known by others. He would later say that his own fascination with them might have some relation to a parallel fascination with pornography. For years he had collected pornography, and his apartment was full of the stuff. Now he also possessed the hardcore information about the war, the pornography of Vietnam. Was the language suggestive: disclosure, revelation, protection, penetration?

Peter Schrag, *Test of Loyalty*.

The Book of Genesis warned against exposing the myths that bound society, and against setting up a purely human morality. If men knew the truth, and saw themselves

as they were, and made their own values, they would be like the gods. The gods would then become unemployed, there would be revolutions, societies would perish. The secret must be kept, . . .

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

. . . the nature of the secret . . .

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

. . . was that it had to be kept . . .

Cyber Sarge, *Questions on Vietnam War*.

. . . so that the past might be preserved.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

In 1968 . . .

Peter Schrag, *Test of Loyalty*.

. . . Daniel Ellsberg . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Emperor's Embrace: Reflections on Animal Families and Fatherhood*.

. . . had warned . . .

Peter Schrag, *Test of Loyalty*.

. . . Secretary of State . . .

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Agent*.

. . . Henry Kissinger (he would later testify) not to be seduced by secret data, which constitutes "a magic potion that turns ordinary human beings into arrogant, contemptuous, menaces to democracy," but two years later, when he saw Kissinger again, he concluded that Kissinger was "eating the secret honeydew."

Peter Schrag, *Test of Loyalty*.

In Scripture, the conflict between curiosity and the prohibition against it appears as early as the story of Adam and Eve in the garden. When God prohibits Adam from eating from the tree of knowledge, presumably He was not thinking of prohibiting Adam from learning the multiplication tables (at least not literally). The prohibited knowledge related to matters of instinctual interest, of identity and destiny. The consequences of eating the forbidden fruit is that Adam and Eve became aware of the distinction between good and evil and also of the need to cover their genitals. They became mortal and were exiled from their infantile or perhaps prenatal paradise into the world of reality, of pain and hard work, of thorns and thistles, and of the grave.

Mortimer Ostow, *Ultimate Intimacy: The Psychodynamics of Jewish Mysticism*.

What is involved is not Fall but a wounding estrangement, an expulsion from home, from a garden where Yahweh, who is both mother and father, likes to walk about while enjoying the cool breezes of the evening.

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

At this particular point in Scripture, Creation seems to have come to a standstill. God speaks of *Ketz kol bassar*: He mentions the end, the mystical end. The term He uses is neither *Sof* nor *Siyum* (which also means the end), but *Ketz*: a brutal termination, a breakdown of all systems—the closing of a spectacle that has barely opened . . . to poor notices, one might say. . . .

It seems that Creation has broken away from its Creator. No wonder He was disappointed. It's understandable. He had hoped to produce something unique: a work of purity and ecstasy, a colossal project with grandiose possibilities.

Elie Wiesel, *Sages and Dreamers*.

. . . a most majestic vision . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

And then came the letdown. He had been mistaken, misled, deceived.

Deceived by His favorite and most privileged creature—betrayed by man, who appeared unworthy of His trust and kindness. Their relationship could have been so gratifying: it wasn't. Why? Because man, in his foolishness, his pettiness, his selfishness, perverted and destroyed all.

God therefore decided, Better put an end to it right then and there. Curtain, please. The author is dissatisfied with the performance. He chooses to work on another draft. And start all over. From the beginning.

Elie Wiesel, *Sages and Dreamers*.

God said that Adam would have to die on the day he ate of the Tree of Knowledge. According to God, the instantaneous result of eating of the Tree of Knowledge would be death; according to the serpent (at least it can be understood so), it would be equality with God. Both were wrong in similar ways. Men did not die, but became mortal; they did not become like God, but received the indisputable capacity to become so. Both were right in similar ways. Man did not die, but the paradisiacal man did; men did not become God, but divine knowledge.

Franz Kafka, *Paradise*.

But since they are to die, the chain of reproduction is initiated so that life may continue, and so Adam "knew" his wife, Eve. The myth tells us that a paradisiac existence is incompatible with a sense of reality, with self-consciousness, and with values. Curiosity is vital for the human but nevertheless its price is the forgoing of immortality.

Mortimer Ostow, *Ultimate Intimacy: The Psychodynamics of Jewish Mysticism*.

Once and for all, there is a great deal I do not want to know.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*.

and—I would add—

Marianne Krull, *Freud and His Father*.

I have even . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . learned some things I wish I didn't know.

Jack Thomas, *Tales from Cooking Class. Learning to Cook Rabbit Is One Thing; Eating It, Another*.

— Wisdom sets bounds even to knowledge.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*.

By the end of 1877, . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, His Music*.

. . . the shrewd old master . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II).

. . . Richard Wagner and . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . his disciple and assistant, . . .

Peter Salm, *Introduction to Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust.**

. . . Nietzsche, . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . had become . . .

Peter Schrag, *Test of Loyalty*.

. . . estranged by an almost incredible incident. In October Wagner took it upon himself to suggest to Nietzsche's doctor that the young man was essentially suffering the effects of excessive masturbation and recommended a water cure!

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, His Music*.

This seems surprising; it comes close to seeming fantastic.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

To anticipate the denouement of the sorry affair, somebody talked. Nietzsche found out about the correspondence . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . between Wagner and . . .

Alex Ross, *The Unforgiven: Wagner and Hitler*.

. . . Nietzsche's . . .

Jack London, *Martin Eden*.

. . . doctor, though . . .

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Monster Men*.

. . . when and from whom remains uncertain.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Wagner had to dominate and was incapable of a relationship on equal terms. He had only disciples, no true friend.

Anthony Storr, *Feet of Clay—Saints, Sinners, and Madmen: A Study of Gurus.*

Dr. Eiser, who revered Wagner and Nietzsche in equal measure, . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

. . . had been sent to chat with the disciple, by the old master—who was a frantic traditionalist, and could not help knowing, by now, how iconoclastic were the views of his brilliant disciple.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza.*

Whatever the truth, rumors were rife at the latest during . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

. . . Wagner's opera . . .

Anthony Storr, *Solitude: A Return to the Self.*

. . . festival of 1882, when Nietzsche's sister Elisabeth and Lou von Salome found Bayreuth's hotels and private houses buzzing with gossip.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

This seemingly preposterous scenario . . .

Curt Suplee, *'Big Chill' Theory Starts to Snowball.*

. . . had . . .

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic.*

. . . leaked out—no one, as usual, knew where from—

John LeCarre, *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold.*

Nietzsche, upon hearing of this meddling, naturally became enraged.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, His Music.*

The Professor . . .

Charlotte Bronte, *The Professor.*

. . . was so furious as to be hardly intelligible.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial.*

" . . . May you be damned! I took you for an outstanding man, for a genius, I loved you, but you turned out a madman" . . .

Anton Chekov, *The Black Monk.*

. . . a madman who . . .

Feodor Dostoevsky, *The Insulted and Injured.*

. . . drives one yet faster into the abyss.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner.*

What made this emotion so overpowering was—how shall I define it?—the moral shock I received, as if something altogether monstrous, intolerable to thought and odious to the soul, had been thrust upon me unexpectedly.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness.*

Although some might see . . .

Senator John Ashcroft, *Statement Concerning Impeachment of President William Jefferson Clinton* (February 12, 1999).

. . . loving concern in Wagner's opening the subject; others might perceive a fearsome destructiveness.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, His Music*.

But both the diabolic love and the unearthly hate of the mysteries it had penetrated fought for the possession of that soul . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

. . . that mystery called Wagner . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, His Music*.

. . . satiated with primitive emotions, avid of lying fame, of sham distinction, of all the appearances of success and power.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

This graceless . . .

Jeffrey Toobin, *A Vast Conspiracy: The Real Story of the Sex Scandal that Nearly Brought Down a President*.

. . . ambivalence . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . suggested to me . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

. . . a metaphor for a larger lesson of the case—

Jeffrey Toobin, *A Vast Conspiracy: The Real Story of the Sex Scandal that Nearly Brought Down a President*.

I daresay . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process he does not become a monster. And when you look long into an abyss, the abyss also looks into you.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Did you ever hear of such a thing?

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Sharer*.

"Wagner is rich in malicious ideas, but what do you say to his having exchanged letters on the subject (even with my doctors) to voice his *belief* that my altered way of thinking was a consequence of unnatural excesses, with hints at pederasty?"

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century* quoting Nietzsche.

Preposterous, isn't it?

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Sharer*.

The most dangerous physicians . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*.

. . . Nietzsche later wrote, . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner, His Life, His Mind, His Music*.

. . . are those who, as born actors, employ a perfect art of deception to imitate the born physician.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*.

“What happened?”

Truddi Chase, *When Rabbit Howls*.

“Do you want to know?”

Michael Chabon, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh: A Novel*.

It’s not a story I like telling very much even now. I’ll make it as short as I can.

Somerset Maugham, *Straight Flush*.

Plagued by his own physical deterioration and embarking on the composition of his final music drama, . . .

Marc A. Weiner, *Richard Wagner and the Anti-Semitic Imagination*.

. . . *Parsifal*, . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

. . . Wagner turned . . .

Marc A. Weiner, *Richard Wagner and the Anti-Semitic Imagination*.

. . . day by day . . .

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

. . . to the scornful examination of an increasingly undevoted friend, and especially of his sexuality, in an effort to preserve the integrity of the Self.

Marc A. Weiner, *Richard Wagner and the Anti-Semitic Imagination*.

He was filled with a virtuoso collection of wounds and angers . . .

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

His ancient, emaciated body looked as though it were already attacked by the corruption of death.

Somerset Maugham, *Straight Flush*.

Tuesday, October 23 R. again had a wretched night; abdominal troubles—he reads . . .

Cosima Wagner’s Diaries (Tuesday, October 23, 1877).

. . . into the small hours, . . .

Somerset Maugham, *Straight Flush*.

. . . feels cold.

Cosima Wagner’s Diaries (Tuesday, October 23, 1877).

He cackled softly.

Ellen Glasgow, *Jordan’s End*.

‘What’s the good of going to bed when you can’t sleep?’

Somerset Maugham, *Straight Flush*.

In the afternoon he writes a long letter to Dr. Eiser in Frankfurt, who wrote a detailed report about our friend Nietzsche's state of health. R. says, "He . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, October 23, 1877).

. . . Professor N. . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . is more likely to listen to the friendly advice of a medical man than to the medical advice of a friend."

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, October 23, 1877).

A smile flickered across his cunning little face and behind his thick glasses his rheumy eyes twinkled with ironic glee. He looked incredibly astute and malicious.

Somerset Maugham, *Straight Flush*.

Wednesday, October 24

Cosima Wagner's Diaries.

Night, midnight.

Charles Dickens, *The Chimes*.

. . . a bad night, I come up on him reading . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, October 24, 1877).

I approached him . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . slowly: then . . .

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

. . . looked at him inquiringly.

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

After a short silence, he . . .

Charles Dickens, *The Chimes*.

. . . gave the thin, high-pitched cackle of an old man amused and answered with a single word . . .

Somerset Maugham, *Straight Flush*.

. . . Darwin!

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, October 24, 1877).

It is well known that Wagner was an avid reader of the works of Charles Darwin, and a connection may be drawn between his preoccupation with a regression in one's physiological condition owing to sensual stimulation and the very text he was reading before he wrote his letter to Eiser: Darwin's *The Descent of Man* (1871). In this work Darwin discusses "reversion" as a natural phenomenon "in which a long-lost structure is called back into existence" and argues that the Greeks "retrograded" "from extreme sensuality; for they did not succumb until 'they were enervated and corrupt to the very core.'" Because the concept of debilitation was central to the . . . diagnosis of Nietzsche,

it may even account in part for Wagner's fascination with and repeated study of Darwin's theories at the time. . . . Darwin also wrote of the homologies man "presents with the lower animals—the rudiments which he retains—and the reversion to which he is liable"; with sexuality and degeneration as shared themes, Darwin's text allows for the reconstruction of a series of associations in Wagner's imagination that would have linked masturbation to physiologically inferior, virtually beastly humans.

Marc A. Weiner, *Richard Wagner and the Anti-Semitic Imagination*.

Of interest in this connection is the fact that in Wagner's Bayreuth library there are no fewer than five books by Charles Darwin (1809-82): The Origin of Species (in German and French), The Descent of Man, The Variation of Animals and Plants, and The Expression of Emotion in Man and Animals.

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

I could tell innumerable other stories, and they would all be true: all literally true.
Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

Nothing in this book has been invented.

Barbara Tuchman, *The Zimmermann Telegram*.

Instead, I will tell just one more story, . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . the most secret . . .

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Zimmermann Telegram*.

. . . and I will tell it with the humility and restraint of him who knows from the start that his theme is desperate, his means feeble, and the trade of clothing facts in words is bound by its very nature to fail.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

It seemed fair enough to assume, in Darwin's time, that . . .

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

. . . every living creature . . .

***Genesis*.**

. . . was . . .

Richard Wilbur, Excerpt from *Lamarck Elaborated*.

. . . built up out of a relatively few building blocks that all species had in common. The completed organisms might be as infinitely various as the completed musical compositions that have been and can be written; but, like the latter, the infinite variety is built upon the arrangement and rearrangement of a relatively small number of notes.

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

The Greeks were . . .

Richard Wilbur, Excerpt from *Lamarck Elaborated*.

... the first ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

—did you know—

Guy de Maupassant, *Fascination*.

... who said ...

Richard Wilbur, Excerpt from *Lamarck Elaborated*.

... that all bodies are composed of indivisible and unchangeable

atoms.

Will Durant, *The Life of Greece*.

Chemically, all life is one.

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

That life is chemistry is true but boring, like saying that football is physics. Life, to a rough approximation, consists of the chemistry of three atoms, hydrogen, carbon and oxygen, which between them make up ninety-eight per cent of all atoms in living beings. But it is the emergent properties of life—such as heritability—not the constituent parts that are interesting.

Matt Ridley, *Genome: The Autobiography of a Species in 23 Chapters*.

"Once upon a time, very long ago, ...

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

... in the dark backward and abysm of time ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... perhaps two and a half billion years ago, under a deadly sun, in an ammoniated ocean topped by a poisonous atmosphere, in the midst of a soup of organic molecules, a nucleic acid molecule came accidentally into being that could somehow bring about the existence of another like itself—"

And from that all else would follow!

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

That ...

Richard Wilbur, Excerpt from *Lamarck Elaborated*.

... impossible matter ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... bloomed in vibrant atmosphere, as music conjured Ileum from the

ground ...

Richard Wilbur, Excerpt from *Lamarck Elaborated*.

... and ...

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

... raised the wall, and houses too ...

Richard Wilbur, Excerpt from *Lamarck Elaborated*.

... permitting ...

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

... the ordered life ...

Toni Morrison, *Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination*.

... within ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... to exist in the larger world.

Toni Morrison, *Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination*.

It is written: "In the beginning was the Word!"

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

The word proselytized ...

Matt Ridley, *Genome: The Autobiography of a Species in 23 Chapters*.

... the wild waters in ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... the sea with its message, copying itself unceasingly and forever. The word discovered how to rearrange chemicals so as to create little eddies in the stream of entropy and make them live. The word transformed the land surface of the planet from a dusty hell to a verdant paradise. The word eventually blossomed and became sufficiently ingenious to build a porridgy contraption called a human brain that could discover and be aware of the word itself.

My porridgy contraption boggles every time I think this thought. In four thousand million years of earth history, I am lucky enough to be alive today. In five million species, I was fortunate enough to be born a conscious human being. Among six thousand million people on the planet, I was privileged enough to be born in the country where the word was discovered. In all of the earth's history, biology and geography, I was born just five years after the moment when, and just two hundred miles from the place where, two members of my own species discovered the structure of DNA and hence uncovered the greatest, simplest and most surprising secret in the universe.

Matt Ridley, *Genome: The Autobiography of a Species in 23 Chapters*.

There are in any ordinary object some extraordinary tales. It is then only necessary to look closely at the object, contemplate, scrutinize it long enough to discover its secret and the marvelous tales it contains.

Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*.

In 1953, ...

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

... with ingenuity, endless patience, and sparks of inspired guessing, ...

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Zimmermann Telegram*.

... two biochemists at Cambridge University, F. H. C. Crick and J. D.

Watson, ...

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

... rapt in secret studies—

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... like a ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... crack team of ...

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Zimmermann Telegram* (editor's note).

... military ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... decoders ...

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Zimmermann Telegram* (editor's note).

... deduced that molecules of nucleic acids in viruses (and presumably elsewhere) consisted not of one, but of two nucleotide strands. This double strand was arranged in a helix about a common axis; that is in the form of two interlocking, spiral staircases about the same central post. The two strands were so arranged that the purines and pyrimidines of one faced the purines and pyrimidines of the other, each purine (or pyrimidine) ...

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

... a step on the staircase ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

... being attached to the purine (or pyrimidine) opposite by a type of weak link called a *hydrogen bond*.

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

The hydrogen bonding requirement meant that adenine would always pair with thymine, while guanine could pair only with cytosine. Chargaff's rules [adenine equals thymine, guanine equals cytosine] then suddenly stood out as a consequence of a double helical structure for DNA. Even more exciting, this type of double helix suggested a replication scheme much more satisfactory than my briefly considered like-with-like pairing. Always pairing adenine with thymine and guanine with cytosine meant that the base sequences of the two intertwined chains were complementary to each other. Given the base sequence of one chain, that of its partner was automatically determined ...

James D. Watson, *The Double Helix*.

... according to some prearranged pattern.

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Zimmermann Telegram*.

Conceptually, it was thus very easy to visualize how a single chain could be the template for the synthesis of a chain with the complementary sequence.

James D. Watson, *The Double Helix*.

The structure of the one strand determines the structure of the other; they fit together like a plug and a socket or one jigsaw piece and its neighbor ...

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

... not independent of one another, but soldered together in pairs.

Sigmund Freud, *Notes Upon a Case of Obsessional Neurosis*.

The discovery of DNA by James D. Watson and Francis Crick in 1952 revealed that a living creature is an organization of matter orchestrated by a ...

David Berlinski, *The Deniable Darwin*.

... genetic code ...

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

... a genetic text.

Ronald Earl Clapper, *The development of Walden: a genetic text*.

Within the bacterial cell, for example, the book of life ...

David Berlinski, *The Deniable Darwin*.

... the code book ...

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Zimmermann Telegram*.

... is written in a distinctive language. The book is read aloud, its message specifying the construction of the cell's constituents, and then the book is copied, passed faithfully into the future.

David Berlinski, *The Deniable Darwin*.

The idea of the genome as a book is not, strictly speaking, even a metaphor. It is literally true. A book is a piece of digital information, written in linear, one-dimensional and one-directional form and defined by a code that transliterates a small alphabet of signs into a large lexicon of meanings through the order of their groupings. So is a genome.

Matt Ridley, *Genome: The Autobiography of a Species in 23 Chapters*.

How ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... much could be "written" using the DNA molecules from just one sperm ...

Francis Crick, *Of Molecules and Men*.

... cell?

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

This comes to about five hundred large ...

Francis Crick, *Of Molecules and Men*.

... books, ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... all different—a fair-sized private library.

Francis Crick, *Of Molecules and Men*.

"In the beginning was the Word!"

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

Words, words, words, words . . .

***Candide* (Excerpt from “*Words, Words, Words*,” lyrics by Leonard Bernstein).**

. . . words; words as live things to be loved.

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

The small boy lived in a world of books, the books which overflowed his . . .

T.Z. Lavine, *From Socrates to Sartre: The Philosophic Quest*.

. . . father’s . . .

Richard Wagner, *Siegfried*.

. . . study, the lending-library books of his grandmother, . . .

T.Z. Lavine, *From Socrates to Sartre: The Philosophic Quest*.

. . . the French Countess Marie d’Agoult, . . .

***Cosima Wagner’s Diaries* (translator’s introduction).**

. . . the books from which . . .

T.Z. Lavine, *From Socrates to Sartre: The Philosophic Quest*.

. . . Mama . . .

***Cosima Wagner’s Diaries* (translator’s introduction).**

. . . read him stories. “I began my life,” . . .

T.Z. Lavine, *From Socrates to Sartre: The Philosophic Quest* quoting Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Words*.

. . . he said, . . .

Jacques Pepin, *The Apprentice: My Life in the Kitchen*.

. . . “as I shall no doubt end it: amidst books.” The words in these books became the world which he longed to possess and manipulate, . . .

T.Z. Lavine, *From Socrates to Sartre: The Philosophic Quest* quoting Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Words*.

. . . but which now assumed the garb of . . .

Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

. . . tantalizing fruit . . .

Jacques Pepin, *The Apprentice: My Life in the Kitchen*.

. . . forbidden fruit that . . .

Coningsby Dawson, *Christmas Outside of Eden*.

. . . dangled well out of reach.

Jacques Pepin, *The Apprentice: My Life in the Kitchen*.

His father did his utmost to beget in the son as great a love of words as he had himself. He never permitted the child to use an incorrect word or to utter a slipshod sentence. After their walks together, the boy and his father would talk over the whole experience, . . .

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

... his father ...

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*.

... insisting that every description, every idea be expressed completely in perfect English. As soon as the boy learned to read, they played by the hour the game of "synonyms," taking turns holding the dictionary.

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

What I liked best about him was his universality; he would pay scant attention to his own affairs or his family's, but, instead, his passionate interest would be aroused by some piece of literature or a remote item in an encyclopedia.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

The son loved the teaching ...

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

(... as if it came from Prospero himself.)

J.D. Salinger, *SEYMOUR—An Introduction*.

Synonyms became his favorite game. He began to love words as much as his father loved them.

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

Now ... now I go back thirty-five years. No, I don't go back ... I come back.

Claude Lanzmann, *Shoah*.

... back to a time when reality itself is little more than a playground for the imagination, the realm of the storyteller's once-upon-a time.

Gilbert Rose, *William Faulkner's Light in August: The Orchestration of Time in the Psychology of Artistic Style*.

Recently, ...

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

... I stumbled upon [a] childhood memory of my father, when I was a boy of five,

...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... or perhaps ...

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

... six or seven.

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

My father kept ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... a fair-sized private library ...

Francis Crick, *Of Molecules and Men*.

... a library temptingly rich in ...

Will & Ariel Durant, *A Dual Autobiography*.

... the stuff of wonder.

Frank Ryan, *Virus X: Tracking the New Killer Plagues — Out of the Present and Into the Future*.

Leather-bound books reached from floor to ceiling.

John LeCarre, *The Night Manager*.

It was irresistible!

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... glorious!

Sigmund Freud, *Notes Upon a Case of Obsessional Neurosis*.

At that stage, I must confess, ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... my father's ...

Richard Wagner, *Siegfried*.

... *holy of holies* ...

John LeCarre, *The Night Manager*.

... the room in which he ...

Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*.

... had assembled everything of consequence from his
three-score-years-and-ten —

Joachim Kohler, *Nietzsche and Wagner: A Lesson in Subjugation*.

... that room was ...

Charles Dickens, *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*.

... *out of bounds*, ...

John LeCarre, *The Night Manager*.

... the most sacred of the relics ...

Joachim Kohler, *Nietzsche and Wagner: A Lesson in Subjugation*.

... now displayed in glass cases ...

Frank Rich, *Conversations with Sondheim*.

... for posterity ...

Sigmund Freud, *An Autobiographical Study*.

... stood there ...

H.G. Wells, *A Moonlight Fable*.

... once upon a time ...

K.R. Eissler, *Goethe: A Psychoanalytic Study 1775-1786*.

... as ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... mysteries which were hidden from me.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*.

But then, ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

—why not confess it?—

Howard Carter and A.C. Mace, *The Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen*.

I prowled hungrily among those treasures, ...

Will & Ariel Durant, *A Dual Autobiography*.

—assembled there once and for all ...

Joachim Kohler, *Nietzsche and Wagner: A Lesson in Subjugation*.

... hidden from all ...

Richard Wagner, *Das Rheingold*.

... in the inner chambers of ...

Peter Schrag, *Test of Loyalty*.

... father's personal library, ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... secure on their shelves or in their cabinets,

A.F. Robertson, *Life Like Dolls: The Collector Doll Phenomenon and the Lives of the Women who Love Them*.

... like an ancient tablet locked in a vault.

Richard Lipkin, *A Look into Life's Chemical Past: A Computer Model of Gene Regulation Yields Some Evolutionary Clues*.

It is astonishing—I find so many years later—what a clear picture I have of these early days.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

I remember ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Thoughtless, shallow-brained Fool!

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

I remember once, ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I said—

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

I dashed to ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... father, looked at the library, and said, "This will one day belong to me, when I am big, you will be dead then."

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday-Monday, February 10-16, 1874).

... silly boy now, what would his Papa say?

John LeCarre, *The Night Manager*.

His father ...

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

... scolded him and said, ...

Genesis. *A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell*.

"What do you mean by that?"

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

Since I am old you should accord me some honor.

Richard Wagner, *Siegfried*.

... but his father kept thinking about this for a long time afterward.

Genesis. *A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell*.

He was just eight then.

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

I loved, and could not get enough of, the discoveries I was making there. ...

The house was like a gigantic treasure chest.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

One other thing I just thought of. One time, ...

J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*.

One evening before going to sleep I disregarded the rules ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... and entered the ...

Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*.

... book-lined room ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*, Excerpt from *A Dream*.

... the close, twilight room ...

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

... intensely curious about what was inside ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

And saw that I was not the only guest. An old man stood before that grand array of tomes.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*, Excerpt from *A*

Dream.

I imagined . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . for a moment . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . I was seeing a ghost;

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, June 6, 1869).

But no—

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

The older man (clearly my father . . .)

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . was . . .

Richard Wilbur, Excerpt from *Lamarck Elaborated*.

. . . occupied with the task of arranging his library.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, July 2, 1874).

I am unpacking my library. Yes, I am. The books are not yet on the shelves, not yet touched by the mild boredom of order. I cannot march up and down their ranks to pass them in review before a friendly audience. You need not fear any of that. Instead, I must ask you to join me in the disorder of crates that have been wrenched open, the air saturated with the dust of wood, the floor covered with torn paper, to join me among the piles of volumes . . .

Walter Benjamin, *Unpacking My Library*.

. . . volumes by . . .

James Joyce, *A Painful Case*.

. . . Goethe, Rousseau, Dickens . . .

Geoffrey Skelton, *Wieland Wagner: The Positive Sceptic*.

. . . six-hundred-odd volumes . . .

Guido Suchtelen, *The Spinoza Houses at Rijnsburg and The Hague in Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

. . . that are seeing daylight again after two years of darkness, so that you may be ready to share with me a bit of the mood. It is certainly not an elegiac mood but, rather, one of anticipation—which these books arouse in a genuine collector.

Walter Benjamin, *Unpacking My Library*.

Here was the inner meaning, here the key,

To poetry, to wisdom, and to science.

Magic and erudition in alliance

Opened the door to every mystery.

These books provided pledges of all power

To him who came here at this magic hour.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*, Excerpt from “A Dream.”

And yet, . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

. . . more and more . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . the Old Man . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . had to bid farewell to the dream, the feeling and the pleasure of infinite possibilities, of a multiplicity of futures. Instead of the dream of unending progress, of the sum of all wisdom, [a timid youth who approached him with worshipful curiosity] stood by, a small, near, demanding reality, an intruder and nuisance, but no longer to be rebuffed or evaded. For the boy represented, after all, the only way into the real future, the one most important duty, the one narrow path along which [his] life and acts, principles, thoughts, and glimmerings could be saved from death and continue their life in a small new bud.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

A little while elapsed.

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

The study is lighted now, by a greenshaded reading lamp sitting upon the desk.

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

The old man . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

. . . took off his cravat, put on his dressing gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down . . .

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*.

. . . at his desk . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . to compose a tranquil letter . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

. . . in the pool of light from the shaded lamp.

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

Somebody had been writing to him about me.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

(or so I fully believed)

Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*.

And memory knows this; twenty years later memory is still to believe *On this day*

. . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

. . . he resolved to write

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (February 1883, final entry).

... a personal note.

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

—a letter I still have in my possession.

Arthur Rubinstein, My Young Years.

I was fascinated.

Joseph Conrad, Heart of Darkness.

Hidden in the shadows ...

William Faulkner, Light in August.

... as noiseless as a ghost, ...

Joseph Conrad, The Secret Sharer.

I saw that he was earnestly intent

Upon some task, and I could not resist

A strange conviction that I had to know

The manner of his work, and what it meant.

Hermann Hesse, Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game, Excerpt from “A Dream.”

After my father's death I opened it myself, thinking there might be, for anything I knew, some ...

Charles Dickens, Little Dorrit.

... deletions and corrections in the text ...

Hermann Hesse, Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.

... something surprisingly new.

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

That evening, however, ...

Edgar B.P. Darlington, The Circus Boys on the Plains.

... silent and motionless at the side, ...

Richard Wagner, Parsifal.

... I watched the old man, ...

Hermann Hesse, Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game, Excerpt from “A Dream.”

... as if quite dumbfounded.

Richard Wagner, Parsifal.

I was not a little afraid, I must confess, to have to face the dreaded Papa alone.

Arthur Rubinstein, My Young Years.

He took up his pen several times and laid it down again because he could not make up his mind what he ought to write.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Elective Affinities.

At last he had a fortunate idea, and when it fell into his brain it lit up his whole head ...

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

"Ha!" muttered the old man, "yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!"

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*.

One gets sometimes such a flash of inspiration, you know.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

Papa was speaking

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (February 1883, final entry).

Almost whispering, he read some lines to himself:

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

Gracious, Exalted Friend

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

In days gone by . . .

***Selected Letters of Richard Wagner* quoting Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria.**

. . . so his thoughts ran . . .

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*.

. . . I would simply discard anything which might have served as a memento of me . . . Then one morning I called out all over the house, 'I have a son!' All of a sudden the whole world looked different! The happy mother realized immediately that my whole past and future had acquired a completely new meaning . . . From then on every relic was preserved: letters, manuscripts, books which I once used, every line I had ever written, were tracked down and collected; my life was recorded in ever greater detail, pictures of all the places and houses I had lived in were accumulated.

***Selected Letters of Richard Wagner* quoting Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria.**

. . . the text concluded by saying, . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

I do not remember ever having . . .

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*.

. . . broken out of the ring of what I have already done and cannot ever undo . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

. . . but before I . . .

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

. . . abandon myself to my fatal destiny, let me turn for a moment to the prospect that . . .

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*.

. . . at least . . .

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

My son, for all his tender years, shall on reaching maturity, know exactly who his father was.

***Selected Letters of Richard Wagner* quoting Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria.**

a letter to the King

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

If only *I* could have seen it lying finished before me!

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

I listened. There was nothing more.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness.*

With these words, and with a hasty gesture . . .

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit.*

. . . he laid down his pen, . . .

Fergus Hume, *Mystery of a Hansom Cab.*

. . . and came to a full stop at last.

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit.*

Then it happened.

William Faulkner, *Light in August.*

The next moment . . .

George Orwell, *1984.*

. . . the old man . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August.*

. . . became sensible of confused noises in the air;

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol.*

He can feel the other looking at him . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August.*

—and with a half-unconscious action, . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis.*

. . . fidgets with coins in his pocket.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams.*

'How now!'

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol.*

Who's there?

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet.*

Is it you, boy?

Richard Wagner, *Siegfried.*

'What do you want with me?'

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol.*

It was quite still then.

William Faulkner, *Light in August.*

The little eight-year-old . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner.*

... Not so much in obedience, as in surprise and fear ...
Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*.
 ... stepped out ...
Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*.
 ... from the shadows ...
Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.
 ... knelt down at once beside his father ...
Franz Kafka, *The Judgment*.
 ... and, by an impulse, ...
Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*.
 ... begged a lucky coin from him
Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.
 In the old man's weary face ...
Franz Kafka, *The Judgment*.
 ... the boy, undressed for bed and in his shirt, ...
William Faulkner, *Light in August*.
 ... saw the pupils, over-large, fixedly looking at him from the corners of
 the eyes.
Franz Kafka, *The Judgment*.
 The boy still knelt. He did not move at all.
William Faulkner, *Light in August*.
 His father said pityingly, in an offhand manner:
Franz Kafka, *The Judgment*.
Poor boy.
William Faulkner, *Light in August*.
 'My time is nearly gone.'
Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*.
 "I am old enough that any new day may be my deathday. . . ."
Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.
 "Here," he said. He opened his purse and took a coin from it.
William Faulkner, *Light in August*.
 But be patient!
Richard Wagner, *Das Rheingold*.
 "You will soon be getting other things from me, dear child."
Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.
 The boy was off like a shot ...
Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*.
 ... carrying the coin ...
Emma C. Dowd, *Polly of the Hospital Staff*.
 ... clutched hot and small in his palm as a child might.

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

Not another word. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*.

He was just eight then. It was years later that memory knew what he was remembering; years after that night when . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

. . . that moment in the library . . .

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

. . . came back to him.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

We may say that . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . inheritance is the soundest way of acquiring a collection. For a collector's attitude toward his possessions stems from an owner's feeling of responsibility toward his property. Thus it is, in the highest sense, the attitude of an heir, and the most distinguished trait of a collection will always be its transmissibility.

Walter Benjamin, *Unpacking My Library*.

An hour passed.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

Or perhaps . . .

John LeCarre, *The Night Manager*.

. . . perhaps it is an hour later, perhaps three.

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

The old man . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

—quite alone now—

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

. . . fumbled for his watch . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

. . . that had slipped out of his pocket while he was . . .

Joachim Kohler, *Nietzsche and Wagner: A Lesson in Subjugation*.

. . . playing with his watch chain.

Franz Kafka, *The Judgment*.

"My watch!" he ejaculated.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

He took up the watch and closed it and returned it to his pocket, looping the chain again through his suspender.

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

He had forgotten to wind it so the watch was dead . . .

Gilbert Rose, *William Faulkner's Light in August: The Orchestration of*

Time in the Psychology of Artistic Style.

Now it was ticking again.

Joachim Kohler, *Nietzsche and Wagner: A Lesson in Subjugation.*

But he knew it was late without having to look at the watch.

Gilbert Rose, *William Faulkner's Light in August: The Orchestration of Time in the Psychology of Artistic Style.*

In this world, a second is a second is a second. Time paces forward with exquisite regularity, at precisely the same velocity in every corner of space.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams.*

And yet, not exactly!

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine.*

No doubt a . . .

Anthony Trollope, *The Prime Minister.*

. . . detailed examination of the question . . .

Albert Einstein, *Relativity: The Special and General Theory.*

. . . would show that . . .

Henry James, *Washington Square.*

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

William Shakespeare, *Othello.*

For a moment I suspected that my intellect had tricked me. Then I noted the clock.

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine.*

. . . the clock in the corner.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams.*

A moment before, as it seemed, it had stood at a minute or so past ten; now it was .

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine.*

. . . midnight.

William Shakespeare, *Othello.*

Time!

George Gordon, Lord Byron, Excerpt from "To Time."

The clock indicates the moment—but what does eternity indicate?

Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself.*

He then became lost in his own thoughts, without really knowing what he was thinking about.

Buket Uzuner, *An Unbearable Passion.*

The past rose before his eyes . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha.*

. . . undone after all and played backward in memory and forward in hope . . .

Gilbert Rose, *William Faulkner's Light in August: The Orchestration of*

Time in the Psychology of Artistic Style.

Now I am on the last half-emptied case . . .

Walter Benjamin, *Unpacking My Library*.

. . . of worm-eaten books thickly laden with dust . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . and it is way past midnight. Other thoughts fill me than the ones I am talking about—not thoughts but images, memories. Memories of the cities in which I found so many things: Riga, Naples, Munich, Danzig, Moscow, Florence, Basel . . .

Walter Benjamin, *Unpacking My Library*.

Day dawn.—

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

I am rather depressed.

Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

I go to the basement and open . . .

Anthony Swofford, *Jarhead: A Marine's Chronicle of the Gulf War and Other Battles*.

. . . my trunk.

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys on the Flying Rings*.

The basement is in . . .

Anthony Swofford, *Jarhead: A Marine's Chronicle of the Gulf War and Other Battles*.

. . . my mountain home . . .

Joseph A. Altsheler, *The Guns of Bull Run*.

. . . after a long, harsh winter, and deep in . . .

Anthony Swofford, *Jarhead: A Marine's Chronicle of the Gulf War and Other Battles*.

. . . the trunk . . .

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys on the Flying Rings*.

. . . when I reach for . . .

Anthony Swofford, *Jarhead: A Marine's Chronicle of the Gulf War and Other Battles*.

. . . Mementos of past pains and pleasures . . .

Charlotte Bronte, Excerpt from "*Mementos*."

. . . I still feel the cold of February.

Anthony Swofford, *Jarhead: A Marine's Chronicle of the Gulf War and Other Battles*.

The past is a quiet place where change occurs in increments of glacial slowness; it is a perpetually verdant landscape. You can go there and find that nothing much has happened since your last visit.

Luc Sante, *The Factory of Facts*.

In probing my childhood (which is the next best to probing one's eternity) I see the awakening of consciousness as a series of spaced flashes, with the intervals between them gradually diminishing until bright blocks of perception are formed, affording memory a slippery hold.

Vladimir Nabakov, *Speak, Memory: An Autobiography Revisited*.

But what is the past? Could it be, the firmness of the past is just illusion?

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

[I]s there any reason to trust a man in his late fifties, who speaks of his "child's memory" as if it existed, unintruded upon by intervening experience, like an old movie reel, waiting only for a projector?

Philip Gourevitch, *The Memory Thief*.

Nobody can really say for sure, because nobody really knows . . .

Charles M. Kozierok, *Risks of Overclocking the Processor*.

Speaking personally, I find that . . .

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected*.

My early childhood memories are planted, first and foremost, in exact snapshots of my photographic memory and in the feelings imprinted in them, and the physical sensations. Then comes memory of being able to hear, and things I heard, then things I thought, and last of all, memory of things I said.

Benjamin Wilkomirski, *Fragments: Memories of a Wartime Childhood*.

Images and symbolic constructs of the past are imprinted . . .

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

. . . in me, . . .

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

almost in the manner of genetic information . . .

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

. . . to become galvanized into . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . what will later be . . .

Havelock Ellis, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*.

. . . a cinematic re-presentation

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

The first pictures surface one by one, like upbeats, flashes of light, with no discernible connection, but sharp and clear. Just pictures, almost no thoughts attached:

It must have been Riga, in winter. The city moat was frozen over. I'm sitting all bundled up with someone on a sled, and we're running smoothly over the ice as if we're on a street. Other sleds overtake us, and people on skates. Everyone's laughing, looking happy. On both sides tree branches are bright and heavy with snow. They bend over the ice; we travel through and under them like through a silver tunnel.

Benjamin Wilkomirski, *Fragments: Memories of a Wartime Childhood*.

I remember going in one end and coming out the other.

Anthony Swofford, *Jarhead: A Marine's Chronicle of the Gulf War and*

Other Battles.

I think I'm floating. I'm happy.

But this picture is quickly scared off by other ones, dark and suffocating, which push into my brain and won't let go. They're like a wall of solid black between me and the sparkling and the sun.

Benjamin Wilkomirski, *Fragments: Memories of a Wartime Childhood.*

I fight against my depression.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, January 5, 1869).

I am not well, but I am not mad. I'm after something. Memory, yes. A reel. More than just time.

Anthony Swofford, *Jarhead: A Marine's Chronicle of the Gulf War and Other Battles.*

I summon up remembrance of things past

William Shakespeare, *Sonnet No. XXX.*

But more than just time.

Anthony Swofford, *Jarhead: A Marine's Chronicle of the Gulf War and Other Battles.*

Mid-day.

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal.*

A walk in the bright sunshine . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, January 5, 1869).

. . . at noon . . .

Anthony Swofford, *Jarhead: A Marine's Chronicle of the Gulf War and Other Battles.*

. . . was a great help to me; from the top of the hill I was enraptured by the ring of snow-capped mountains, which suggested to me a mysterious, unmoving dance. Absorbed long in watching the picture, my spirit heard the music which higher beings reproduce for us in sounds. — The transience of all individual existence, the eternity of the whole, was reflected to me in the blue mirror of the lake.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, January 5, 1869).

"When one has passed through a narrow gorge and has suddenly arrived at a summit, after which the ways part and the richest prospect opens in different directions, one may linger for a moment and consider which way one should turn first"

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

My deep inner strength restored, I summoned the Friend from his work and together we wandered up the hill; the magnificent . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, January 5, 1869).

. . . view of mountains . . .

Frances FitzGerald, *Fire in the Lake: The Americans and the Vietnamese in Vietnam.*

... looked like a spectral shadow.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, January 5, 1869).

Fresh snow had fallen, and this partly concealed the crevasses, so that we could not make out the most dangerous places. Here my guide had to take the lead and reconnoiter the paths. At last we reached the opening of the pass leading out to ...

Richard Wagner, *My Life.*

... the shallow valley ...

Anthony Swofford, *Jarhead: A Marine's Chronicle of the Gulf War and Other Battles.*

... to which a precipitous slope of ice and snow had led us.

Richard Wagner, *My Life.*

We stand among dark boulders, taller than we, that came to rest here 20,000 years ago when the glacier melted and retreated north.

Lance Morrow, *A View from the Shore.*

That which has driven me to the steep summit,
now holds me spellbound at the abyss's edge:

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book, Excerpt from 'Above the abyss I stand'

I now felt that strange and mysterious sensation which is awakened in the mind when looking down from lofty hilltops, and now I was able to do so without any feeling of nervousness, having fortunately hardened myself to that kind of sublime contemplation.

I wholly forgot who I was, and where I was.

Jules Verne, *A Journey to the Center of the Earth.*

"I can't remember. It may come back to me. At the moment I just can't remember, really I can't. It's no good chasing it."

John LeCarre, *The Spy Who Came In From the Cold.*

It must have been Riga, in winter.

Benjamin Wilkomirski, *Fragments: Memories of a Wartime Childhood.*

He paused and corrected himself.

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Sharer.*

No, no!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust.*

For a moment the close observer's mind refused to engage. Then he remembered a night at ...

John LeCarre, *The Night Manager*.

("Where?")

Jules Verne, *A Journey to the Center of the Earth*.

"But of course! . . ."

John LeCarre, *The Night Manager*.

. . . Leipzig!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

"Ye-e-es," he muttered . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

There, there . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*.

. . . in Leipzig . . .

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

. . . Wagner first . . .

George Bernard Shaw, *The Perfect Wagnerite: A Commentary on the Nibelung's Ring*.

. . . met young Nietzsche, who was enchanted by . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . the older man's . . .

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

. . . wit, awed by his greatness and overjoyed to hear him discuss his debt to Schopenhauer. The brilliant boy, less than a year older than Ludwig of Bavaria—Nietzsche's dead father and Wagner had been born in the same year—in turn made an extraordinary impression on the composer, who encouraged him to visit Tribschen . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

—Tribschen, a villa standing just outside Lucerne on a wooded tongue of land projecting into the Vierwaldstaetter Lake—

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (translator's introduction).**

. . . to continue their discussion of music and philosophy.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

Nietzsche later observed, . . .

Tom Tyler, *Snakes, Skins and the Sphinx: Nietzsche's Ecdysis*.

I knew that the idea of somebody saying "Tell me everything" and meaning it was an unbearably exciting, heady thing for me. That somebody would first allow me to say everything that was in my mind, and then would understand it, promised a kind of intellectual and emotional utopia. It was the connection with another human soul that I was after.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

[N]o clouds shaded those early bewitching and refreshing days at the lake, where Nietzsche, submissively lost in adoration, passed golden hours stolen from his . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*
. . . professorial . . .

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams.*
. . . duties at Basel.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*
For the rest of his life he would remember . . .

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude.*
. . . one summer morning . . .

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams.*
. . . on the lake.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities.*

The sky was cloudless and azure colored, and on the far side of the lake the mountains . . . glowed in bright sunlight.

Russell Banks, *The Reserve.*

They were seated in the boat, . . .

Ernest Hemingway, *Indian Camp.*

. . . facing each other like two mirrors, . . .

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude.*
. . . Nietzsche . . .

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams.*
. . . in the stern, . . .

Ernest Hemingway, *Indian Camp.*
. . . Wagner . . .

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams.*

. . . rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped, making a circle in the water.

Ernest Hemingway, *Indian Camp.*

Nietzsche . . .

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams.*

. . . trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning.

In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with . . .

Ernest Hemingway, *Indian Camp.*

. . . his mentor . . .

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude.*

. . . rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

Ernest Hemingway, *Indian Camp.*

Years after his break with Wagner, he observed, "I pass over my other relationships lightly; but at no price would I have my life bereft of those days at Tribschen, days of confidence, of serenity, of sublime flashes, of profound moments."

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

(I had no idea at the time how large this house would loom in my subsequent life)

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Wagner liked him enormously. But completely disinterested friendship was a luxury he permitted himself infrequently. He sensed Nietzsche's abilities as a writer and wished to yoke them to his cause.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

Certainly he was impressed by the professor's eminently articulate style.

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time For Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations*.

The relationship between the two men grew increasingly close, and during the war year of 1870—the high tide of their intimacy—each labored at a work reflecting this happiest time of their friendship, a brief period Richard Strauss considered one of the century's most significant moments.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

Nietzsche . . .

W.D. Williams, *Nietzsche and the French*.

. . . painted an idyllic picture . . .

Deborah E. Lipstadt, *The Eichmann Trial*.

. . . of his free time at the house by the lake, listening to the Master, conversing with him and Cosima about the Greeks, about music, about the great task of cultivating the genius. Both Christmas 1869 and 1870 were spent at Tribschen, and Nietzsche took charge of the proof-correcting of Wagner's autobiography, which was about to appear.

W.D. Williams, *Nietzsche and the French*.

Wagner's home was . . .

Houston Stewart Chamberlain, *Richard Wagner*.

(figuratively speaking)

Charles Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

. . . a staircase of enchantment.

Elizabeth W. Champney, *Romance of Roman Villas*.

For me they were steps, . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*.

. . . steps in the process of . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . self enlightenment and self emancipation—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All-Too-Human*.

I have climbed up upon them — therefore I had to pass over them. But they thought I wanted to settle down on them . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*.

Well, they were wrong then, weren't they?

Mel Brooks and Gene Wilder, *Young Frankenstein*.

Humanly speaking, . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Wagner and Nietzsche

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, *Wagner and Nietzsche*.

. . . were worlds apart. On the one hand, an ebullient artist and man of the theatrical world who would gladly—health and wealth permitting—have been an epicurian, a go-getter whose life flowed past like a dream, a sensualist involved in the everlasting drama of existence, laughing and weeping as his emotions dictated. On the other, a brilliant but austere pedant who procured experiences and exaggerated what life had not granted him—a capacity for fun and enjoyment.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Opposites attract—partly by complementing each other.

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.

It is in just this way that truly meaningful friendships can arise among human beings: for antithetical qualities make possible a closer and more intimate union.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

In many ways it was an unexpected friendship. Eissler was much older, and seemed to be everything I was not: conservative in dress, brusque and apparently unfriendly in manner, spare in speech. But what Eissler and I experienced together was, while completely nonsexual, nonetheless romantic in some important sense of the word. For one, it was shot through with fantasy. For another, we both behaved as if we were somehow infatuated, both intellectually and emotionally.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Let us say that . . .

Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*.

... we were slowly to form such a true friendship that it seemed a thing of destiny.

Miguel Serrano, *Jung & Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships*.

In this he was deceived: but who, in his place, wouldn't have deceived himself about that?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

I liked visiting Eissler in his home in New York. His office was a delight to me; completely buried in papers, articles, and books. What mattered most for me and seemingly for Eissler during my visits was that we got to sit in his office and talk psychoanalytic history.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

As a psychoanalyst, I...

Yvonne M. Agazarian, *Systems-Centered Therapy for Groups*.

— there was no other way to put it —

Richard Bradley, *Lawrence of Absurdia*.

... I was enthralled:

James Thomas Harris, *Oscar Wilde, His Life and Confessions*.

I felt as if I had...

Janet Malcolm, *Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession*.

... intruded upon the holy of holies

Jack London, *Martin Eden*.

It is hard for me now, from this distance, and with all that has happened in between to recapture the mood it put me in, but there is no doubt that I was completely absorbed.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

From the moment they were...

Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*.

... alone together side by side...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

—from that moment there sprang up a conversation that was contrary to all the laws of logic, contrary because entirely different subjects were talked of at the same time. This simultaneous discussion of many topics, far from hindering a clear understanding, was the surest indication that they fully understood each other.

Just as in a dream when everything is unreal, meaningless, and contradictory except the feeling that governs the dream, so in this communion of

thoughts, contrary to all laws of reason, the words themselves were not clear and consecutive, but only the feeling that prompted them.

Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*.

I felt, rightly, that I had a great deal to learn from Eissler, and I was a good and willing pupil.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

For the moment the great gulf that separated them was bridged.

Jack London, *Martin Eden*.

It was no longer a relationship of dependence, but one of equality and reciprocity. He could be the guest of this superior mind without humiliation, since the other man had given recognition to the creative power in him.

Hermann Hesse, *Narcissus and Goldmund*.

It is dozens of years since . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . I became interested in the origins of psychoanalysis and in Sigmund Freud's relationship with Wilhelm Fliess, the nose and throat physician who was his closest friend during the years Freud was formulating his new theories.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Freud and the Seduction Theory*.

The friendship between the two was an unusual one.

Hermann Hesse, *Beneath the Wheel*.

Two years younger than Freud, Fliess became his confidant in the mid-1890s. Freud's letters to him, . . .

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

. . . which constitute . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . the basic document as it were, the wellspring of psychoanalysis . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . combine passion with intellectual virtuosity.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

Freud and Fliess, as thinkers, . . .

Paul A. Robinson, *Freud and His Critics*.

. . . challenged each other's theories and philosophies—

Buddy Martin, *Urban's Way: Urban Meyer, the Florida Gators, and His Plan to Win*.

The two served each other best by challenging assumptions at every turn; it was a mutual admonition society.

Alex Ross, *The Naysayers: Walter Benjamin, Theodor Adorno, and the critique of pop culture*.

The last term in my last year of college . . .

Michael Chabon, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh: A Novel*.

. . . I wrote an eager . . .

Mark Twain, *Christian Science*.

. . . paper on Freud's letters to Wilhelm Fliess . . .

Michael Chabon, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh: A Novel*.

. . . though I was interested in . . .

Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*.

. . . all the permutations of male relationships that are a little skewed: father-son relationships between two men who aren't really father and son, this loving relationship between two men who aren't lovers, unlabelable male relationships.

Dave Weich, *Michael Chabon's Amazing Adventures*.

It may be stretching the term beyond its legitimate province, but in important ways, Freud imposed on Fliess a role akin to that of psychoanalyst. Freud's prolonged failure, his virtual refusal, to appraise his intimate friend realistically hints that he was caught in a severe transference relationship: Freud idealized Fliess beyond measure [and] even wanted to name a son after Fliess, only to be frustrated, in 1893 and 1895, by the birth of daughters, Sophie and Anna. He poured out his innermost secrets to his Other in Berlin on paper and, during their carefully prearranged, eagerly anticipated "congresses," in person.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

I got your last letter to me and thank you very much for it.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

Recently, . . .

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

William,

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

. . . the *Meistersinger* afforded me a strange pleasure. A parallel between [my friend and protector Josef] Breuer and H. Sachs is forced upon me by the circumstance that he too was in the theater. I was sympathetically moved by the "morning dream interpretation melody . . ."

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

. . . which bears out what . . .

Richard Ellmann, Preface to James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

. . . I myself . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . have said more abstractly.

Richard Ellmann, Preface to James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

Moreover, as in no other opera, real ideas are set to music, with the tones of feeling attached to it lingering on as one reflects upon them.

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

—Ah, listen to this for God' sake, . . .

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

WALTHER:

I had a wonderfully beautiful dream.

SACHS:

That bodes well! Tell it to me!

WALTHER:

I scarcely dare even to think of it:

I fear to see it vanish from me.

SACHS:

My friend, it is precisely the poet's task
to interpret and record his dreamings.

Believe me, man's truest madness
is disclosed to him in dreams:

all poetry and versification
is nothing but true dream interpretation.

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

This is . . .

Carl Gustav Jung, *The Relations Between the Ego and the Unconscious*.

. . . my dream theory . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The History of the Psychoanalytic Movement*.

. . . in unadorned, primitive concreteness of vision.

Carl Gustav Jung, *The Relations Between the Ego and the Unconscious*.

Odd, don't you think?

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

There is of course no need to return . . .

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

. . . the galleypage . . .

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

. . . I am sending to you. Since you did not take exception to anything in Chapter 1 . . .

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

. . . of my dream book . . .

Lucy Maud Montgomery, *The Story Girl: A Compound Letter*.

. . . I can unhesitatingly sign off to . . .

Edward Jay Epstein, *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*.

. . . the first batch of quirefolded papers.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

Nothing else has yet been set in type. You shall receive the proofs as soon as they arrive and the new parts will be marked in them. — I have inserted a large number of new dreams, which I hope you will not delete.

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

Have you got that?

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

The whole thing is planned on the model of an imaginary walk. At the beginning, the dark forest of authors (who do not see the trees), hopelessly lost on wrong tracks. Then a concealed pass through which I lead the reader—my specimen dream with its peculiarities, details, indiscretions, bad jokes—and then suddenly the high ground and the view and the question: which way do you wish to go now?

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

What do you think?

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

Forgive me if I seem to boast.

Robert Frost, Excerpt from *An Unstamped Letter in Our Rural Letter Box*.

Today, on a superb Sunday marred only by leaden tiredness, . . .

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

. . . the necessity of repose, obviating movement:

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

I am very sedentary.

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

Proof fever.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

But on the next rainy day I shall tramp on foot to my beloved Salzburg, where I actually unearthed a few Egyptian antiquities last time. These things put me in a good mood and speak of distant times and countries . . .

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

. . . of Isis and Osiris, of Horus and Ammon Ra.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

With the most cordial greetings and thanks for your cooperation in . . .

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

. . . what I jocularly call . . .

Edward Milton Yoder, *Telling Others What to Think: Recollections of a Pundit*.

. . . the Egyptian dream book

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

You have now read about thirty pages and you're becoming caught up in the story. At a certain point you remark: "This sentence sounds somehow familiar. In fact, this whole passage reads like something I've read before." Of course:

Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler*.

The tale has been told and retold so many times that it has taken on the strains of a fable.

Marcia Bartusiak, *Einstein's Unfinished Symphony: Listening to the Sounds of Space-Time*.

The full flavor of a . . .

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Uses of Enchantment*.

. . . fable . . .

Marcia Bartusiak, *Einstein's Unfinished Symphony: Listening to the Sounds of Space-Time*.

. . . can best be gained by not only retelling it or by hearing it many times—then some detail at first overlooked becomes ever more meaningful, or is seen in a new light—but also through becoming acquainted with the same motif in several variations.

In all variations of this tale, . . .

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Uses of Enchantment*.

. . . this one . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . the only one that concerns us here:

G.H. Valins, *The Pattern of English*.

An eager student bent on storming heights
Has delved in archives and in libraries,
But adds the touch of genius when he writes
A first book full of deepest subtleties.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*, Excerpt from "Soap Bubbles."

Arrival of Prof. Nietzsche's book.

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Wednesday, January 3, 1872).

I looked at it . . .

Jules Verne, *A Journey to the Center of the Earth*.

. . . turned over idly pages of . . .

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

... it with curiosity ...

Jules Verne, *A Journey to the Center of the Earth*.

It was eloquent, vibrating with eloquence, but too high-strung, I think.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

What of it, though?

Robert Frost, Excerpt from "*Lucretius Versus the Lake Poets*."

On January 2, 1872, Nietzsche sent Wagner an ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... uncut ...

Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler*.

... advance copy of his book, now entitled *The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music*, as a "token of goodwill and friendship." Many of the ideas to which Wagner had undoubtedly given livelier expression in conversation [with Nietzsche] than in his essays on art ... recurred in an intensified and spiritualized form in Nietzsche's sublime prose.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Let's see how it begins.

Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler*.

I suppose ... I could paraphrase

Gilbert K. Chesterton, *The Innocence of Father Brown*.

No, no; wait!

Henry James, *The Turn of the Screw*.

"He ..."

Douglas R. Hofstadter and Daniel C. Dennett, *The Mind's I: Fantasies and Reflections on Self and Soul*.

... can say in his own words, much better, what I as his ambassador in my enthusiasm might only hint at:

Siegfried Hessing, *Prologue with Sinozana—Parallels via East and West in Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

It was in dreams, says Lucretius, that the glorious divine figures first appeared to the souls of men; in dreams the great shaper beheld the splendid bodies of superhuman beings; and the Hellenic poet, if questioned about the mysteries of poetic inspiration, would likewise have suggested dreams and he might have given an explanation like that of Hans Sachs in the *Meistersinger* ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

"This is the book I have been longing for," says R.—

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Saturday, January 6, 1872)*.

Opening a path for yourself, ...

Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler*.

... with a paper-knife ...

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*.

... in the barrier of ...

Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler*.

... strange pages of ...

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

... virgin manuscript ...

E. Phillips Oppenheim, *The Master Mummer*.

... becomes linked with the thoughts of how much the word contains and conceals: you cut your way through your reading as if through a dense forest.

Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler*.

Where now?

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

Drove into town, home with R., ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, January 4, 1872).

... through ...

Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler*.

... fog, darkness, and snow, ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, January 4, 1872).

We both felt ...

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*.

... dazed, contemplating that whiteness ...

Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler*.

... as if each of us were hypnotized ...

R.D. Laing, *The Politics of the Family*.

... looking fixedly at ...

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*.

... blank manuscript pages ...

Patrick Kavanaugh, *The Spiritual Lives of the Great Composers*.

... (themselves a rustling woods)

James Richardson, Excerpt from "Essay On Wood."

I at last ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, June 3, 1869).

... a blanket to my chin ...

Robert Frost, Excerpt from "An Unstamped Letter in Our Rural Letter Box."

... thought of the times when I lived here against all the rules like a dream figure, and when this landscape seemed so appropriate.

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, January 4, 1872).

Not till we are lost, in other words not till we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are and the infinite extent of our relations.

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost, Excerpt from “*Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening*.”

What does it mean? Why this:

Morris Bishop, *Petrarch*.

In the middle of the journey . . .

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

. . . in long winter nights . . .

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

. . . we find ourselves in dark woods where the right path seems lost.
But even so melancholy a poet saw for a prophetic moment that at the end of the confusion . . .

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

. . . in the rosy light of morning . . .

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

. . . there is sometimes a clearing in whose sunlight things appear more distinct and precious than ever before.

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

Can you conceive what new and vital power I draw from living in the wilderness?

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

Returning home . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Wednesday, March 6, 1872).

. . . I felt as if I had come out of a bleak, harsh woods into a cozy lair.

Janet Malcolm, *Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession*.

—In the evening read more of Nietzsche's book, which gives R. ever-increasing satisfaction, but we wonder where the public for it will be found.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, January 4, 1872).

On my way upstairs to bed I stopped to . . .

Josh Short, *The Workers All Call Daddy Cap'n*.

. . . sit on my spiral staircase and reflect, reflect, until the mildness of my thoughts lulls and calms me; and then from downstairs I hear music:

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, September 30, 1879).

I was lost, so to speak, in the milky way.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

Only within. Inside the brain

Robert Frost, Excerpt from "*An Unstamped Letter in Our Rural Letter Box*."

An indescribable impression—

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, July 8, 1879).

All my senses now want to sink into slumber.

Hermann Hesse, Excerpt from "*Going to Sleep*" (Poem set to music by Richard Strauss).

Winter's revenant invites you into it, and there you lie while the bleached sheet . . .

V. Penelope Pelizzon, *Human Field*.

. . . of snow accumulating . . .

Kelly and Rich Willis, *Glass Ceiling: trekkers battle frostbite, storms and exhaustion in their quest to reach the peak of Mount Kilimanjaro*.

. . . just beyond the window pane . . .

Angel Xuan Chang, *A Ghost Outside My Window*.

. . . translates you to an angel in a solitary bed.

V. Penelope Pelizzon, *Human Field*.

In the meantime Richard comes up and shows me . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, January 20, 1869).

. . . a really beautiful letter, a poem in itself, . . .

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

. . . which he has written to . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, October 27, 1876).

. . . the professor . . .

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

. . . telling him what he thinks of the book and its author.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, January 18, 1872).

Yes. This. Here.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

... in your rural letter box I leave this note without a stamp to tell you .

Robert Frost, Excerpt from “*An Unstamped Letter In Our Rural Letter Box.*”

My friend!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Never have I read anything more beautiful than your book!

Selected Letters of Richard Wagner, Letter to Friedrich Nietzsche.

You thought it out excellently!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

How splendid it all is!

Selected Letters of Richard Wagner, Letter to Friedrich Nietzsche.

... an amazing *tour de force* ...

U.S. District Court (Southern District of New York), *U.S. v. One Book Called “Ulysses.”*

No rule seemed to fit it, and yet there was no fault in it.—

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Whether or not one enjoys such a technique as ...

U.S. District Court (Southern District of New York), *U.S. v. One Book Called “Ulysses.”*

... you have achieved ...

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

... is a matter of taste on which disagreement or argument is futile, but to subject that technique to the standards of some other technique seems to me to be little short of absurd.

U.S. District Court (Southern District of New York), *U.S. v. One Book Called “Ulysses.”*

I am writing to you quickly now because reading it has left me so inordinately excited that I must first await the return of reason before reading it properly.

Selected Letters of Richard Wagner, Letter to Friedrich Nietzsche.

And it is partly to compel

Myself, *in forma pauperis*,

To say as much I write you this.

Robert Frost, Excerpt from “*An Unstamped Letter in Our Rural Letter Box.*”

Every life ...

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

—Friedrich!

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

... is many days, day after day. We walk through ourselves,
meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-
in-law, but always meeting ourselves.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

You're ...

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

... a giant of a man, ...

Franz Kafka, *The Judgment*.

... and our ...

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*.

... meeting calls to mind ...

Malham M. Wakin, *Fighting Right*.

... an Allegory of ...

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*.

... two stars' having coalesced ...

Robert Frost, Excerpt from "*An Unstamped Letter in Our Rural Letter Box*."

... a couple of stars which came together in constellation ...

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

... as never before, ...

Jack London, *A Hyperborean Brew*.

... while the other stars all look'd on ...

Walt Whitman, Excerpt from "*When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*."

... in amazement, and did not know what next.

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

What more remains?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

We were born one for another and are certain to do fine things together . .

Correspondence Between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

—There's nothing more I can say.

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

Be thanked.

Hermann von Gilm, Excerpt from "*Dedication*" (Poem set to music by Richard Strauss).

I now depart a debtor.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.

Nietzsche's first book was ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

... a vivid visual poem, a creative condensation of life, death, and immortality.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank.*

Nietzsche had, in fact, become ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

... a second Joseph: ...

Marianne Krull, *Freud and His Father.*

... a man famous in the Bible as an interpreter of dreams.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

Joseph ...

Sigmund Freud and William Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study.*

... who was becoming daily more conscious of his own powers, more convinced of his mission ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner.*

... pieced [Pharaoh's] dreams together exactly as they had visited Pharaoh in the night, and the king was greatly amazed. Joseph was able to accomplish this feat, because he had dreamed the same dream as Pharaoh, at the same time as he.

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews.*

Pharaoh was, of course, the ...

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation.*

... Master who stood for a great deal that the younger man ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner.*

... longing to do immortal work ...

Sigmund Freud and William Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study* quoting Wilson.

... was beginning to envisage as his own special world

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner.*

The reader, at this point, will have realized for some time now that this is not a chemical treatise: my presumption does not reach so far—"*ma voix est foible, et meme un peu profane.*" Nor is it an autobiography, save in the partial and symbolic limits in which every piece of writing is autobiographical, indeed every human work; but it is in some fashion a ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table.*

... poetic endeavor ...

Kirsten Wille, *Poetic License.*

... whose aim it is to elucidate ...

Irvin Goldman, *Abductory Inference, Communication Theory and Subjective Science*.

... the mysterious chemistry of the mind and ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... of human woes, passions and felicities.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius*.

Now our interest is in this human content.

Sigmund Freud, *The Theme of the Three Caskets*.

And yet, do not those very endeavors speak for the fact that ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Moses of Michelangelo*.

... it happens also in chemistry as in ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... the man-world that ...

Jack London, *The Valley of the Moon*.

... attraction and relatedness ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

... play their ...

Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle*.

... fateful roles

Bruno Bettelheim, *Freud and Man's Soul*.

Permit me to clarify the situation by a metaphor.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

Now the molecules of inorganic matter ...

Carole Angier, *The Double Bond: Primo Levi, A Biography*.

... as I have learned, ...

Anthony Trollope, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*.

... attach to each other at one point only, making long but stable chains. Organic molecules, by contrast, have a double bond: they attach to each other at two or even more points, making possible richer but also less stable combinations.

Carole Angier, *The Double Bond: Primo Levi, A Biography*.

To continue:

Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*.

The hydrogen bond is only a twentieth as strong as the bonds that usually hold atoms together within a molecule. It is strong enough, even so, to hold the two strands ...

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

... of DNA code ...

Richard Preston, *The Cobra Event: A Novel*.

... in place. Yet it is also weak enough to break and allow the two chains to separate on occasion . . .

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

At present I should have to put you off with dreadful technical terms which would still give you no idea of what is happening. One has to have these entities before one's eyes, and see how, although they appear to be lifeless, they are in fact perpetually ready to spring into activity; . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

... but if . . .

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*.

... to comprehend is the same as forming an image, we will never form an image of a happening whose scale is a millionth of a millimeter, whose rhythm is a millionth of a second, and whose protagonists are in their essence invisible. Every verbal description must be inadequate, and one will be as good as the next, so let us settle for the following description.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

Atoms attract one another, atoms repel one another.

Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*.

It needs little imagination . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

... to see reflected in . . .

Anna Katherine Green, *The Woman in the Alcove*.

... the record of the friendship of Wagner and Nietzsche . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... a metaphor from which we may extract . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

... a lesson that . . .

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*.

... is neither remote nor metaphysical:

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

So long as each seemed to the other to be just a factor in his own egoistic . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... development, a . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

... chemical alter ego . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... their mutual attraction was stronger than their repulsion. But from the moment that this . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... anarchy of atoms, ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

... this always unstable equilibrium became still more unstable by reason of Nietzsche's gradual realisation of what he was in himself, and his own illimitable self-esteem, his sense of his mission, his lust for power, his inability to suffer contradiction clashed with a similar complex of forces in Wagner, a breach between the two men was inevitable.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

To be a good philosopher, one must be dry, clear, without illusion. A banker who has made a fortune has one character trait that is needed for making discoveries in philosophy, that is to say, for seeing clearly into what is.

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire* quoting Stendhal, as attributed by Nietzsche.

With his *Human, All too Human* ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

... his second book ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Mixed Opinions and Maxims*.

... Nietzsche purged himself of everything alien to his new attitude .

..

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

... an attitude of ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

... sharp repudiation

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

In preceding years he had been haunted by the thought that he had not yet found his true task in life;

Joel Lawrence, *Bonhoeffer: A Guide for the Perplexed*.

Perhaps my life has only been a dream Dreamt through me by the minds of others.

T.S. Eliot, *The Family Reunion*.

... now his new calling gave him the opportunity he longed for.

Joel Lawrence, *Bonhoeffer: A Guide for the Perplexed*.

He wanted only a life free of other people's dreams, open to the sensations of a greater world.

Rich Cohen, *Lake Effect*.

With this book ...

Walter Kaufmann, Translator's Introduction to Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

... which proved to be ...

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys on the Flying Rings*.

... the first open skirmish in what was to become his holy war against Wagnerism ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

... Nietzsche came into his own.

Walter Kaufmann, Translator's Introduction to Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

Not until then did he become fully conscious of weaknesses in Richard Wagner, ...

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

... the spiritual bankruptcy ...

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

... he had previously overlooked in his idealization of the older man.

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

Though he could have no doubt by now that his way and Wagner's must henceforth diverge, he still loved the older man and respected his idealism and his towering genius too much to be discourteous to him. He parted from him, indeed, with a great deal of regret at its being inevitable, for his own conscience' sake, that he should have to alienate him by his scientific freethinking.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

He explained that his "new Self" was ...

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

... gradually groping for new roles and a new identity. There was the public scramble for acceptance, but there may also have been the less conscious striving for a new identity to replace the old identity as ...

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.

... one of Wagner's literary lackeys

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

In *Human, All-Too-Human* (1878) Wagner's name does not appear—

Walter Kaufmann, Translator's Introduction to Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

... though covertly ...

Anne Bronte, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*.

... Wagner and Cosima ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... were the target of many an aphorism ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

—but the chapter on the soul of artists and writers contains observations and reflections . . .

Walter Kaufmann, Translator's Introduction to Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

. . . very ironical in tone . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, March 3, 1872).

. . . conceived in . . .

Abraham Lincoln, *Gettysburg Address*.

. . . satirical counterpoint . . .

The American Tradition in Literature.

. . . to all things . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

. . . Wagnerian.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Attempt at Self-Criticism*.

So the . . .

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

. . . arrogant and rhapsodic book . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Attempt at Self-Criticism*.

. . . was not impenetrable by . . .

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

. . . initiates . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Attempt at Self-Criticism*.

. . . who possessed . . .

Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*.

. . . the power granted by insight.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

Of course . . .

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

. . . Richard and Cosima . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . would know they . . .

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

. . . were the object of such an unintermitting, general, and relentless . . .

Walter Scott, *Ivanhoe*.

. . . satire;

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

. . . he should have realized that; his own . . .

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

... graphic diction ...

Anthony Trollope, *Dr. Thorne*.
 ... and ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.
 ... subtle allusion ...

Henry James, *The Aspern Papers*.
 ... would bring ...

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.
 ... it about.

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.
 After dispatching two copies to ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.
 ... Wagner—and Cosima, ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.
 ... fellow-rhapsodizers and ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Attempt at Self-Criticism*.
 ... fair-weather friends ...

Howard Pyle, *Twilight Land*.
 ... Nietzsche ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Nietzsche contra Wagner*.
 ... awaited news that Wagner would permit a friend to differ.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

—Question:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.
 “What happened next?”

Joseph Conrad, *The Arrow of Gold*.
 —the chemist ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.
 ... among us ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Attempt at Self-Criticism*.
 ... replies:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.
 ... a misfortune! What a misfortune!

Jules Verne, *The Mysterious Island*.
 Wagner, ...

Joachim Kohler, *Nietzsche and Wagner: A Lesson in Subjugation*.
 ... confident of his greatness and rightness ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... and ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

... infuriated by disloyalty, real or imagined ...

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

... sacrificed a relationship ...

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

... treating his one-time disciple from now on as a traitor to

his cause.

Joachim Kohler, *Nietzsche and Wagner: A Lesson in Subjugation*.

To put it vividly:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Genealogy of Morals*.

Wagner ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

... in the ironic guise of a man betrayed ...

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

... declared that the young Nietzsche had budded and bloomed, but now only the bulb was left—"a really disgusting object."

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

'Fool!' I tell myself.

Richard Wagner, *Letter to King Ludwig II*.

"The man is a fool!"

E. Phillips Oppenheim, *The Tempting of Tavernake*.

Fool! Imbecile! Traitor! Lackey!—I wouldn't be caught dead reading those books ...

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

... of his.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, *The Guardian Angel*.

Nietzsche!

**Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*
quoting Cosima Wagner, Letter to Richard Strauss.**

Yes, I did sometimes pity him.

George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*.

I remember when ...

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

... he ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, June 3, 1869).

... stood in this room, ...

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

... on his first visit, ...

Jack London, *Burning Daylight*.

... darkly dressed to colour up ...

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

... *his* ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, June 3, 1869).

... melancholy, and I had ...

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

... *him* ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, June 3, 1869).

... read a little Eliot to me. Do you remember?

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

Cosima, ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, June 3, 1869).

... You must remember—

George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*.

Little did we know that a long time away, far into the future, we would be worrying and fretting together about ...

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

... how the boy had ...

Bret Harte, *The Three Partners*.

... *lost his head completely* ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, June 3, 1869).

... the conceited wretch.

Bret Harte, *The Man of No Account*.

Our beginnings never know our ends. They're always so sad, so sad.

Simon Gray, *Butley*

Accused of default in his duties as ...

John W. Freeman, *The Language of Longing: Parsifal's Theme of Yearning*.

... disciple ...

Joachim Kohler, *Nietzsche and Wagner: A Lesson in Subjugation*.

... Nietzsche had to break with Wagner.

Walter Kaufmann, Introduction to *The Case of Wagner*.

He went the way that go he must ...

Thomas Mann, *Tonio Kroger*.

It was ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

... a fatal end. And yet a liberation—

Thomas Mann, *Mario and The Magician*.

If I were a moralist, who knows what I might call it? Perhaps a self-overcoming.—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

Nietzsche saw himself as . . .

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

. . . undergoing a radical solution to a monumental personal crisis . . .

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

I wanted only to try to live in accord with the promptings which came from my true self. Why was that so very difficult?

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

Human, All-Too-Human is the monument of a crisis.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

It is the work of a philosopher . . .

Frederick Charles Copleston, *History of Philosophy: Fichte to Nietzsche*.

. . . who seems to have suddenly attained some new, simple truth after miles of struggle.

Misha Amory, *Beethoven Quartet opus 135*.

It is subtitled "A Book for Free Spirits"; almost every sentence marks some victory—here I liberated myself from what in my nature did not belong to me. Idealism, for example; the title means: "where you see ideal things, I see what is—human, alas, all-too-human!"—I know man better.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

But today . . .

Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*.

Oh, today, today!

Henry James, *The Aspern Papers*.

Today, I should think . . .

E. Phillips Oppenheim, *The Malefactor*.

. . . it an impossible book: I consider it badly written, ponderous, embarrassing, image-mad and image-confused, sentimental, in places saccharine to the point of effeminacy, uneven in tempo, without the will to logical cleanliness, very convinced and therefore disdainful of proof, mistrustful even of the *propriety* of proof . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Attempt at Self-Criticism*.

But . . .

Patrick Carnegie, *The Paris Version of Tannhauser*.

. . . I realize how . . .

H.P. Lovecraft, *Beyond the Wall of Sleep*.

. . . *All Too Human* . . .

George Stephanopoulos, *All Too Human: A Political Education*.

... is about a human personality conflict so fundamental that we may perhaps see the artistic fault as congruent with ...

Patrick Carnegy, *The Paris Version of Tannhauser*.

... the book's ...

Mark Twain, *Christian Science*.

... central theme.

Patrick Carnegy, *The Paris Version of Tannhauser*.

Discontinuity is both the theme and the form, deflation the theme and the .

George and Portia Kernodle, *Invitation to the Theatre*.

... creative ...

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

... method.

George and Portia Kernodle, *Invitation to the Theatre*.

To this extent ...

Patrick Carnegy, *The Paris Version of Tannhauser*.

... *All Too Human* ...

George Stephanopoulos, *All Too Human: A Political Education*.

... is about itself and supplies its own critique.

Patrick Carnegy, *The Paris Version of Tannhauser*.

No matter how intense the intellectual effort that absorbed him beforehand, the moment of vision seemed to require an almost blind surrender to something other than himself.

Maria Shradý, *Moments of Insight*.

Be it a daemon or a genius that often rules us in hours of crisis—enough:

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner* quoting Wagner, Letter to Arrigo Boito.

High noon ...

Robert Lowell's *Poems: A Selection* by J. Raban, Excerpt from "Fourth of July in Maine."

... one Saturday ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... in a small chestnut grove, high above the lake ...

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner*.

... I fell into a kind of somnolent state, in which ...

Richard Wagner, *My Life*.

... overcast by a strange melancholy ...

Amos Elon, *The Israelis: Founders and Sons*.

... there came to me the promptings ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner* quoting Wagner, Letter to

Arrigo Boito.

... from my true self.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

One can guess at the precise spot ...

Paul Ferris, *Dr. Freud: A Life*.

... where I ...

Richard Wagner, *My Life*.

... succumbed to the persistent and irresistible desire ...

Zane Grey, *The Light of Western Stars*.

... to dream,—

Anthony Trollope, *The Prime Minister*.

... but it hardly matters any more. Air, branches and a bird or two .

Paul Ferris, *Dr. Freud: A Life*.

... now ...

Amos Elon, *The Israelis: Founders and Sons*.

... fill the space

Paul Ferris, *Dr. Freud: A Life*.

I stretched myself, dead tired, ...

Richard Wagner, *My Life*.

... atop the ...

Amos Elon, *The Israelis: Founders and Sons*.

... hilly country, ...

Richard Wagner, *My Life*.

... where ...

Theodor Herzl, *The Jewish State: An Attempt at a Modern Solution of the Jewish Question*.

... on a good day it is possible to see mountaintops fifty miles away, swimming in the distant heat on pillows of pellucid air. This was such a day.

Amos Elon, *The Israelis: Founders and Sons*.

From the heights the sound of sheep-bells is heard. On a rocky eminence a young shepherd is reclining, turned towards the valley, playing on his pipe.

Richard Wagner, *Tannhauser*.

The hilltops and ...

Amos Elon, *The Israelis: Founders and Sons*.

... valley stretching ...

Richard Wagner, *Tannhauser*.

... around the mountain city were not yet parched by the summer sun, but freshened by the green of a brief spring.

Amos Elon, *The Israelis: Founders and Sons*.

In his fantasy he raised himself above the realities of his existence and scaled dizzy heights of wish-fulfillment only to be hurled down . . .

Isaac Deutscher, *Marc Chagall and the Jewish Imagination*.

. . . from this plateau of insight to more conflict and suffering in the depths; but the heights were there to be scaled again.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

In a dream of which he could afterwards recall only a few fragments, he saw a door that looked like the . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner*.

. . . mysterious, dark, and inviting . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . entrance to a theater. On it a large poster with huge lettering (this was undecided) either . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner*.

Tannhauser

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

. . . or "Wagner." He entered.

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner*.

Turning right, . . .

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938*.

. . . *he* . . .

Norman H. Finkelstein, *Theodor Herzl: Architect of a Nation* quoting Theodor Herzl.

. . . walked up a massive, wide staircase which . . .

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938*.

. . . was light and brilliant, an immense affair of white marble overlaid with agates and alabasters, and swept up to a magnificent foyer, a long golden corridor with high doors that opened into the auditorium.

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

Then, . . .

Charles Baudelaire, *Richard Wagner and Tannhauser in Paris*.

. . . as if in a trance . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

"I," . . . —that is, . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

... the dreamer himself ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... penetrated ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... a wonderful place arranged like a theatre, where, in a gilded gallery ...

Henry James, *An International Episode*.

... I evoked the delectable state of a man possessed by .

Charles Baudelaire, *Richard Wagner and Tannhauser in Paris*.

... fantastic notions—

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Celestial Railroad*.

... notions of return to the “womb” of history, ...

Amos Elon, *The Israelis: Founders and Sons*.

... by a profound reverie in total solitude with *vast horizons* and *bathed in a diffused light*; immensity without other décor than itself. Soon I became aware of a heightened *brightness*, of a *light growing in intensity* so quickly that the shades of meaning provided by a dictionary would not suffice to express this *constant increase of burning whiteness*. Then I achieved a full apprehension of a soul floating in light, of an ecstasy compounded of *joy and insight*, hovering above and far removed from the natural world.

Charles Baudelaire, *Richard Wagner and Tannhauser in Paris*.

It was felt as a wonderful experience.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

But—Oh!

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Don Juan*.

... an experience that ...

Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*.

... was linked with the terrifying feeling that ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... it seemed somehow ...

Henry James, *The Ambassadors*.

—I can use no other phrase—

Henry James, *The Turn of the Screw*.

It seemed ...

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

Too much! Too much!

Richard Wagner, *Tannhauser*.

Waking from this deep sleep, he saw with astonishment the trees above him.

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner*.

“How changed it all is!” cried Friedrich. “There’s been a miracle here.”

Theodor Herzl, *Old-New Land*.

He was stiff lying on the hard ground, but refreshed. With a faint note of dreadfulness, the dream reverberated within him.

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner*.

But that beautiful dream . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Burrow*.

. . . of mingled delight and dread . . .

Joseph Conrad, *The Mirror of the Sea*.

. . . is past and I must set to work

Franz Kafka, *The Burrow*.

I knew what I had to do. Nothing else mattered.

Amos Elon, *The Israelis: Founders and Sons* quoting an early Zionist pioneer.

“If you will it, . . .

Norman H. Finkelstein, *Theodor Herzl: Architect of a Nation* quoting Theodor Herzl.

I thought

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . it is no dream.”

Norman H. Finkelstein, *Theodor Herzl: Architect of a Nation* quoting Theodor Herzl.

And indeed I started on a morning in spring. Everything was starting to bud. Beautiful weather.

John Lahr, *Making Willy Loman* quoting Arthur Miller.

May, May had come!

Richard Wagner, *Tannhauser*.

Life was springing from her nourishing flank, buds were bursting into green leaves, . . .

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

. . . *fresh green leaves* . . .

Richard Wagner, *Tannhauser*

. . . fields were trembling . . .

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

. . . there . . .

Theodor Herzl, *The Jewish State: An Attempt at a Modern Solution of the Jewish Question*.

... under the push of the grass. On all sides seeds were swelling and stretching, thrusting through the plain in search of warmth and light.

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

A breeze came up and blew from the maples a shower of spermatozoic soft-headed green buds.

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime*.

And soon this germination ...

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

... a splendid, manifold, junglelike growth and upward striving, a kind of *tropical tempo* in the competition to grow, ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

... would sunder the earth.

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

And then once more ...

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Don Juan*.

... the dream ...

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner*.

... a dream in iridescent colors, ...

Shimon Peres, *The Imaginary Voyage with Theodor Herzl in Israel*.

... reverberated within him.

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner*.

What strange, naive, and African games of the imagination! he thought, smiling for a moment as the door with its invitation to enter the "Wagner" theater returned to his memory. What an idea, to represent his relationship with Wagner in this way. The spirit of the dream was coarse, but brilliant. It hit the nail on the head. The theater called "Wagner"—was that not himself, was it not an invitation to enter into his own interior being, into the foreign land of his true self? For Wagner was himself—Wagner was the murderer and the hunted man within him, but Wagner was also the composer, the artist, the genius, the seducer, lover of life and the senses, luxury—Wagner was the collective name for everything repressed, buried, scanted in the life of Friedrich ...

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner*.

I quickly understood the very essence of my own nature: the stream of life was not to flow to me from without, but from within.

Richard Wagner, *My Life*.

During the next two or three weeks, ...

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

... Nietzsche ...

Desmond Stewart, *Theodor Herzl: Artist and Politician. A Biography of the Father of Modern Israel*.

... neglected his job and closeted himself in his hotel room. ...

He wrote day and night, standing, sitting at his desk, walking along the street, at dinner, in bed, strolling in the park. For hours he tramped about. ...

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

... Basel ...

Walter Benjamin, *Unpacking My Library*.

... "to dispel the pangs of new trains of thought." The hot June air inflamed his body. His days passed in a state of feverish exaltation. At night the idea crept into his sleepy consciousness, and he would awake with a start, unable to fall asleep again.

For inspiration and to dispel occasional doubts, ...

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

... he ...

Norman H. Finkelstein, *Theodor Herzl: Architect of a Nation* quoting Theodor Herzl.

... turned to Wagnerian music. He was enraptured by the music of ...

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

... Tannhauser:

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... an allegory of a modern society impoverished by precisely those Christian values it claims to represent.

***The Penguin Opera Guide*.**

I've been a man who's been waking up, ...

Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Words*.

... he wrote, ...

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

... cured of a long, bitter-sweet madness.

Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Words*.

How I thought about myself at this time (1876), with what tremendous sureness I got hold of my task and its world-historical aspect—the whole book bears witness to that. ... Only, with my intuitive cunning, I avoided the little word "I" once again and bathed in world-historical glory ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

It sort of unveiled itself. I was the stenographer.

John Lahr, *Making Willy Loman* quoting Arthur Miller.

I suppose ...

Luc Sante, *The Factory of Facts*.

I, the authorial voice,

Richard Selzer, *Raising the Dead*.

. . . suppose I am never completely present in any given moment, since different aspects of myself are contained in different rooms of language Given desire and purpose, I could make my home in any of them. I don't have a house, only this succession of rented rooms.

Luc Sante, *The Factory of Facts*.

So, he was less than somebody in any category; he was more nobody than at any other time. And in the anonymous period immediately ahead of him he found decided happiness—for a while.

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

What was certain, although he did not realize it, was that he was no longer the same man. Everything in him was changed.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

He had undergone a complete evolution.

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

"One book of my life is ending. A new one is beginning. Of what kind?"

Norman H. Finkelstein, *Theodor Herzl: Architect of a Nation* quoting *The Complete Diaries of Theodor Herzl*.

Thoreau required of any writer a simple and sincere account of his life, and no doubt if . . .

Stephen A. Black, *Eugene O'Neill: Beyond Mourning and Tragedy*.

Nietzsche

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Nietzsche contra Wagner*.

. . . had been able to write straightforwardly of . . .

Stephen A. Black, *Eugene O'Neill: Beyond Mourning and Tragedy*.

. . . the ugly growths and parasitic creepers infecting the dense Wagner-Nietzsche forest, . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

All Too Human

George Stephanopoulos, *All Too Human: A Political Education*.

. . . would not have been written or would have been very different.

Stephen A. Black, *Eugene O'Neill: Beyond Mourning and Tragedy*.

I should not forget that during my last winter at the pond there was . . .

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

. . . a serious but . . .

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*.

... welcome visitor, ...

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

... a gentle, perceptive soul who would have been an ideal companion in the woods, ...

William O. Douglas, *Go East Young Man: The Early Years—The Autobiography of William O. Douglas*.

... a young man named Nietzsche ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... who at one time came through the village, through snow and rain and darkness, till he saw my lamp through the trees, and shared with me some long winter evenings. One of the last of the philosophers,—

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

... one of my ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

... Waldensian friends.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

At that time ...

Thomas Hardy, *Far From The Madding Crowd*.

I lived alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond ...

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

Now I conserve pathologically precise memories of my encounters in that by now remote world: well, ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

I had last seen him a weedy youth, timid and deferential, much given to clicking of heels and bowing. Now in stalked a wiry, tough man with a masterful air whose first act was to deposit on the table a ...

Ernest Jones, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*.

... draft copy of a ...

Colleen Conway, *Lakes Region Conservation Trust Has Big Plans for Red Hill*.

... book with the marks of a great destiny, ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

... a collection of aphorisms that bears the title *Human, All-Too-Human*.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Genealogy of Morals*.

I asked him if he ...

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

... would like me ...

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*.

... to contribute to this book. If he would, he should tell me a story and, if he would allow me to make a suggestion, it should be our kind of story, in which you thrash about in the dark for a week or a month, it seems that it will be dark forever, and you feel like throwing it all up and changing your trade; then in the dark you espy a glimmer, proceed groping in that direction, and the light grows, and finally order follows chaos.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

The young man stood in silence . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

He would never reply.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

I wish I could say that I had . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... supplied him with ideas as much as with support.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

All that was futile. . . .

We can understand one another; but each of us is able to interpret himself to himself alone.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

He embraced me then. "Good luck, good luck." I never saw him again.

Claude Lanzmann, *Shoah*.

There was nothing we could do but part, because neither of us had anything to give the other and neither of us could be fair to the other.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

He never said . . .

Anthony Trollope, *The Prime Minister*.

... just how he went about creating a new personality, but it was a difficult process.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

Today I know that it is a hopeless task to try to dress a man in words, make him live again on the printed page, especially a man like . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... my dear young friend.

Bram Stoker, *Dracula*.

He was not the sort of person you can tell stories about, nor to whom one erects monuments—he who laughed at all monuments: he lived completely in his deeds, . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

—which were nothing less than . . .
Thomas Hardy, *The Woodlanders*.
. . . the adventures of an . . .
Kate Douglas Wiggin, *A Summer in a Canyon*.
. . . unworldly young recluse . . .
Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.
. . . and when they were over nothing of him remains—nothing but words,
precisely.
Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.
I kept . . .
Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.
. . . Prof. Nietzsche's book . . .
Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Wednesday, January 3, 1872)*.
. . . on my table through the summer, though I looked at . . .
Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.
. . . a page or two . . .
Oliver Wendell Holmes, *The Guardian Angel*.
. . . only now and then.
Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.
One thing more, which I might later forget:
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.
I finally left . . .
Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.
. . . the distant solitude of the wood, where I was living quietly and
peacefully
Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.
At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again.
Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

It is time to pause and reflect.

Sigmund Freud, *The Moses of Michelangelo*.

Whatever may be at the bottom of this questionable book, it must have been an exceptionally significant and fascinating question, and deeply personal at that:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Attempt at Self-Criticism*.

As far as I can recall, I have always held that the function of the writer is to remember, not to forget, to preserve the transient in words, to conjure up the past by evocation and loving portrayal. True, a trace of the old idealist tradition of the writer as teacher or prophet and preacher has clung to me. But I have always taken this less in the sense of instruction and education than in the sense of a summons to instill soul and spirit into life.

Hermann Hesse, *Reflections*.

And as such any philosophical legitimation was of no great importance to me at all. By nature untalented for philosophy, I have made a virtue of necessity and prepared myself to work out, as much as possible, unspoiled, unprejudiced and unprepared, the facts which unveiled themselves as new to me. In the endeavor to understand a philosopher, I thought it would be unavoidable to imbue oneself with his ideas and to undergo his guidance during one's work.

Siegfried Hessing, *Freud's Relation with Spinoza* quoting Sigmund Freud in *Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

Nietzsche, [a] philosopher whose guesses and intuitions often agree in the most astonishing way with the laborious findings of psychoanalysis, was for a long time avoided by me on that very account; I was less concerned with the question of priority than with keeping my mind unembarrassed.

Sigmund Freud, *An Autobiographical Study*.

But oddly enough . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

I had on one occasion . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . read Nietzsche's *Also Sprach Zarathustra* . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

—and above all . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . I was impressed by the beauty of his prose—

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

Frankly, I had no desire to penetrate more deeply at this point . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

But I—

Thomas Mann, *Felix Krull*.

I can remember how impressed I was when I read . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... the following lines:—

Charles W. Chesnutt, *The House Behind the Cedars*.

"'Now I die and vanish,' you would say, 'and all at once I am nothing. The soul is as mortal as the body. But the knot of causes in which I am entangled recurs and will create me again. I myself belong to the causes of the eternal recurrence. I come again, with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent—not to a new life or a better life or a similar life: I come back eternally to this same, selfsame life, in what is greatest as in what is smallest, to teach again the eternal recurrence of all things, to speak again the word of the great noon of earth and man, to proclaim the overman again to men. I spoke my word, I break of my word: thus my eternal lot wants it; as a proclaimer I perish. The hour has now come when he who goes under should bless himself. Thus ends Zarathustra's going under.'"

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.

Now, years later, I . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... got hold of, something frightful and dangerous, a problem with horns but not necessarily a bull, in any case a new problem—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Attempt at Self-Criticism*.

I, the teacher of the eternal recurrence . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*.

... had envisioned a literary undertaking in which a person experiences the great epochs of human history in several reincarnations, a type of biography that could be both individual and archetypal.

Joseph Mileck, *Hermann Hesse: Life and Art*.

To a man in such a mood . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

... reincarnation could be a means whereby he might also give apt expression to the stable in life's flux: to the continuity of tradition and particularly of man's spiritual and intellectual life.

Joseph Mileck, *Hermann Hesse: Life and Art*.

It is clear what task I first dared to touch with this book?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *An Attempt at Self-Criticism*.

In a word, . . .

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

... my project . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... would consist of . . .

Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*.

... a number of parallel lives, ranging through time, presumably, from the prehistoric past to the remote future.

Theodore Ziolkowski, Foreword to *Hermann Hesse, Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

How wonderful and new and at the same time how frightful and ironic I feel, directed toward the whole of existence with my knowledge! I have discovered for myself that in me ancient humanity and the animal world, even the entire primeval age and past of all sentient being continues to invent, love, hate, conclude—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*.

Such a consciousness would see the becoming and passing away of things simultaneously with their momentary existence in the present, and not only that, it would also see what was before their becoming and will be after their passing hence.

Carl Gustav Jung, *Psychological Types*.

Let us mark this well:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

Such a consciousness would ...

Carl Gustav Jung, *Psychological Types*.

... keep ...

Robert Frost, Excerpt from “*Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening*.”

... the vision of the moment always in touch with those that have passed and those that are to come ...

Ernest Newman, *Wagner as Man and Artist*.

But let me return to my story.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

In the foregoing, I have touched only the surface of Freud's relationship to ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... his best, ...

Jack London, *The People of the Abyss*.

... perhaps his only, friend, Wilhelm Fliess.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

We have come to that point in our study when we must focus our attention entirely upon the remarkable change of course which ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

... transpired in ...

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

... the relationship between the two men ...

John T. Morse, *Abraham Lincoln*.

Irrevocable events that would lead to an eventual split were about to unfold.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

[Freud] still needed Fliess as audience; to his infinite delight, Fliess continued to give him "the present of an Other," a "critic and reader" of the highest quality. He acknowledged that he could not do his work wholly without a public, but declared himself content with a public of one, content, he told Fliess, to be "writing only for you."

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

A good writer, Nietzsche proposed in *Human, All-Too Human*, has not only his own mind but the minds of his friends as well.

Peregrine Horden, *Thoughts of Freud*.

Yet Freud's dependence was on the verge of fading. One benefit of his self-analysis was that it gradually uncovered the tangled roots of his trust in his "daimon" from Berlin, and thus speeded his emancipation from the Other. He continued to share his thoughts with Fliess, sent him chapters of his dream book, and took his advice on matters of style and on protecting his subjects' privacy. He even allowed Fliess to veto a "sentimental" epigraph from Goethe. His submission to Fliess's editorial judgment proved costlier than this: at his insistence, and under protest, Freud deleted an important dream from the text. "A beautiful dream and no indiscretion," Freud wrote in resignation, "do not go together." But he continued to mourn it. Yet Freud's long labor with his masterpiece was about to come to term. "The time of gestation will soon be over," he told Fliess in July 1898. ... Fliess, the midwife of psychoanalysis, had done his duty and soon he would go.

Freud did not simply discard Fliess because he no longer needed him. As the true contours of Fliess's mind, his underlying mysticism and his obsessive commitment to numerology, dawned on Freud at last, and as Freud came to recognize Fliess's passionately held convictions to be hopelessly incompatible with his own, the friendship was doomed.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

When we have to change our mind about a person, we hold the inconvenience he causes us very much against him.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

After the 15-year correspondence [between Freud and Fliess] that saw only the Freud letters survive for publication in an edited form, the two friends broke bitterly—Fliess once asserting ...

Ralph Blumenthal, *Scholars Seek the Hidden Freud in Newly Emerging Letters*.

... so it is recounted, ...

Franz Kafka, *The Animal in the Synagogue*.

... that Freud was plotting to murder him by pushing him off a precipice during one of their walks. No credence is given to Fliess's fear, which the few scholars who now know of the episode consider a figment of Fliess's paranoia.

Ralph Blumenthal, *Scholars Seek the Hidden Freud in Newly Emerging Letters*.

But that was not all.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

[Fliess had originated] a theory of human bisexuality that intrigued Freud and contributed ultimately to their bitter break, ostensibly over Freud's carelessness in disclosing the theory to another author.

Ralph Blumenthal, *Scholars Seek the Hidden Freud in Newly Emerging Letters*.

It seemed ...

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

... to Fliess ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... a clear case of ...

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

... Freudian ...

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

... robbery, or to put it more politely, borrowing.

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

Under these circumstances much of the business the two friends had been doing together was beginning to come to a halt. They found it necessary to take renewed stock of the situation ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

Not that a man sees something new as the first one to do so, but that he sees something old, familiar, seen but overlooked by everyone, as though it were new, is what distinguishes true originality. The first discoverer is usually that quite commonplace and mindless fantasist—chance.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*.

Freud and Fliess met for the last time at Achensee in the Alps in the summer of 1900 when ...

Ralph Blumenthal, *Scholars Seek the Hidden Freud in Newly Emerging Letters*.

Freud expatiated upon the history of ideas: Forgetfulness, unconscious plagiarism, even deception are inevitable, and "you cannot take out a patent on ideas."

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

Did Freud plagiarize and then excuse his illicit borrowings by pleading a poor memory . . . ?

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

The robber-genius . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*.

. . . some would say . . .

Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*.

. . . originates when anyone has from his youth naively regarded every good thing not expressly the legal property of some particular person as free for all to plunder. Now, all the good things of past ages and masters lie freely about, hedged round and guarded by the reverential awe of the few who know them: by virtue of the lack of this feeling in him, the robber-genius is able to bid these few defiance and to accumulate for himself an abundance of riches that itself evokes reverence and awe in its turn.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*.

My purpose in all this is not to expose . . .

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

. . . Freud . . .

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

. . . as a plagiarist, but as a . . .

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

. . . a nimble synthesizer, . . .

Donna Seaman, Review of Paul Shepard, *Traces of an Omnivore*.

. . . a transformational magician.

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

Intellectual robbery is after all easily done, but, [Freud] protested, he had always acknowledged the work of others, never appropriated anything that belonged to anyone else.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

This reaction made Fliess furious.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

"You damned—" he spluttered, but he was so furious as to be hardly intelligible.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

You betrayed our friendship.

Sworn Enemy, *My Misery*.

Love is all very well in its way, but friendship is much higher. Indeed, I know of nothing in the world that is either nobler or rarer than a devoted friendship.

Oscar Wilde, *The Devoted Friend*.

But never mind about that! The chief thing is . . .

Henrik Ibsen, *A Doll's House*.

... in a friendship ...

Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

... you don't expect to be betrayed. But then you are.

Lauren Slater, *Prozac Diary*.

He repeated with a sneer:

Guy de Maupassant, *Magnetism*.

You would not have expected a base betrayal from one whom you had befriended and against whom you had committed no offence.

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

Freud remonstrated:

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud*.

"No one has betrayed anything . . . --"

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

"Moreover"—

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

"In a controversy," said Freud, "I would say that both sides are usually wrong."

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud*.

How grateful I am to you . . .

Siegfried Hessing, *Freud's Relation with Spinoza* quoting Marc Chagall in *Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

... Freud added sarcastically, ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

... to learn only afterwards what I was thinking while ...

Siegfried Hessing, *Freud's Relation with Spinoza* quoting Marc Chagall in *Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

... working at the problems of the neuroses ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... about which you gave me so interesting retrospective hints, which I was supposed to have had as introspective before.

Siegfried Hessing, *Freud's Relation with Spinoza* quoting Marc Chagall in *Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

Fliess broke in roughly, "There is nothing more to be said."

Irving Stone, *The Passions of the Mind: A Biographical Novel of Sigmund Freud*.

Clearly things had come to such a pass that it was not only inevitable that the two friends should part but better that they should do so.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

It was their last "congress," the last time they saw one another. They continued to correspond for a while, ever more sparsely. Writing to Fliess in the summer of 1901,

Freud once more gratefully recited his debts to him, but bluntly told him that they had drawn apart and that in personal as in professional matters "you have reached the limits of your perspicacity."

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

The actual end of the friendship was particularly difficult for Freud, and later in his life he seldom spoke of Fliess at all.

J. Moussaieff Masson, Introduction to *The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904*.

It should be added—

Oliver Sacks, *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat and Other Clinical Tales*.

My last letter was returned to me, . . .

***In These Great Times: A Karl Kraus Reader*.**

. . . unanswered!

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

. . . stamped: "Shipped out. Address unknown."

***In These Great Times: A Karl Kraus Reader*.**

I find it so difficult to write just now . . .

***The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904*.**

William,

Arthur Miller, *Death of a Salesman*.

. . . that I have put off for a long time thanking you for the moving words in your letter. By one of those dark pathways behind the official consciousness the old man's death has affected me deeply.

***The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904*.**

What can I say?

Jack London, *The Sun-Dog Trail*.

I valued him highly, understood him very well, and with his peculiar mixture of deep wisdom and fantastic lightheartedness he had a significant effect on my life.

***The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904*.**

But then, how should I grasp what seems to me immeasurable?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Apart from those virtues which are celebrated upon every tombstone, he was distinguished by a hearty sense of humour and a kindly tolerance towards his fellow-men.

Sigmund Freud, *Notes Upon a Case of Obsessional Neurosis*.

By the time he died, his life had long been over, but in [my] inner self the whole past has been reawakened by this event.

***The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904*.**

Though, . . .

Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

. . . in candor . . .

Mark Twain, *Christian Science*.

. . . I must confess, . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

A thought went up my mind today

That I have had before, . . .

Emily Dickinson, Excerpt from “J. 701.”

. . . a saying of Nietzsche’s:

Sigmund Freud, *Notes Upon a Case of Obsessional Neurosis*.

Not to remain stuck to a person—not even the most loved—every person is a prison . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Freud’s mourning . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . in the . . .

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

. . . days after his father’s death . . .

Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

. . . was exceptional in its intensity. It was exceptional, too, in the way he put it to scientific use, distancing himself somewhat from his loss and at the same time gathering material for his theories.

One phenomenon he observed in himself, and named, during these sorrowful days was survivor guilt . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

—a sublimated Darwinism, if you will—

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

. . . a reverse Darwinism that awards sadness and fear to the survivor.

Don DeLillo, *White Noise*.

He confirmed its existence dramatically a few years later, in 1904. Visiting Greece for the first time, he had a curious feeling of derealization.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

For a long time . . .

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

. . . as he wrote to Fliess, . . .

Louis Breger, *Freud: Darkness in the Midst of Vision*.

. . . I stayed away from the Acropolis. It daunted me, that somber rock. I preferred to wander in the modern city, imperfect, blaring. The weight and moment of those worked stones promised to make the business of seeing them a complicated one.

So much converges there. It's what we've rescued from the madness. Beauty, dignity, order, proportion. There are obligations attached to such a visit.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

Was the Acropolis really as he had learned it in school? Was not his presence there too good to be true? Much later, analyzing this experience, which long puzzled him, he referred it back to a feeling of guilt: he had surpassed his father, and that was somehow forbidden. Freud found in his self-analysis that it was perilous to win one's oedipal battles as it is to lose them. The roots of his recognition went back to the days just after his father's death when he translated his feelings into theory.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

—And now I must ask the reader to make my interests his own for quite a while, and to plunge, along with me, into the minutest details of my life; for a transference of this kind is peremptorily demanded by our interest in the hidden meaning of dreams. . . .

During the summer of 1895 I had . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . a fearful dream . . .

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

. . . which I noted down immediately after waking.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

He dreamt he was back in his childhood in the little town of his birth. He was a child about seven years old, walking into the country with his father on the evening of a holiday. [He] was walking with his father past [a] tavern on the way to [a] graveyard; he was holding his father's hand and looking with dread at the tavern. A peculiar circumstance attracted his attention: there seemed to be some kind of festivity going on, there were crowds of gaily dressed townspeople, peasant women, their husbands, and riff-raff . . .

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

. . . mysterious riffraff . . .

Michael Chabon, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh: A Novel*.

. . . of all sorts, all singing and all more or less drunk.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

Hideously masked or painted out of all semblance of humanity, they had tramped out a strange limping dance round the square; round and again, singing as they went, round and round—

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*.

. . . faster and faster, so fast that it finally sounded like a stampede of wild horses, and all of a sudden, in the middle of it . . .

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw*.

Several voices cried out:

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

"Men to the left! Women to the right!"

Elie Wiesel, *Night*.

"... clear this out now!"

Franz Kafka, *A Hunger Artist*.

They shouted again: "Get out! ... "

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw*.

... right or left, or in any direction ...

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

Two lines were forming.

Don DeLillo, *White Noise*.

An elderly woman shouted ...

Pat McDonnell Twair, *Los Angeles Sleaze Strip Czar Funds Israeli Right-Wing Extremists*.

... something in German. I failed to understand.

Don DeLillo, *White Noise*.

"*Rascher! Nochmals von vorn anfangen! ...* "

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw*.

A surge of attention, unspoken, identifiable only in a certain convergence of stillness, an inward tensing.

Don DeLillo, *White Noise*.

I had not had time to think, but already I felt the pressure of my father's hand: we were alone.

Elie Wiesel, *Night*.

"Come along, come along!" said his father.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

What was happening?

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

What on earth were they doing?

Lindsey Hilsum, *What on Earth Were They Doing?*

Who are the people working behind the scenes?

Cheryl Walsh Bellville, *Theater Magic: Behind the Scenes at a Children's Theater*.

Abba, Father, ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from "*Hamlet*."

... what are they doing?

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

Why won't you look at me, why won't you explain what is happening?

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

"They are drunk ... They are brutal ... It's not our business!" said his father.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

I went on walking. My father held onto my hand.

Behind me, an old man fell to the ground . . .

Elie Wiesel, *Night*.

. . . and was . . .

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

. . . then beaten over the head.

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw*.

Through all my limbs a shudder ran.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Excerpt from "*The Golden Legend*."

Time was running out.

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

The boy . . .

Don DeLillo, *White Noise*.

. . . put his arms round his father but he felt choked, choked.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

His father said:

Franz Kafka, *The Judgment*.

"Look, we have reached the boundary—we must part now; you must not accompany me any further—go back!"

Isaac Deutscher, *The non-Jewish Jew*.

"What would happen if I followed?"

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

. . . asked the child, looking round at the horizon that was clear.

Henry De Vere Stacpoole, *The Blue Lagoon: A Romance*.

There was a silence.

Don DeLillo, *White Noise*.

At that instant his father . . .

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

. . . paused to look: with a sudden recollection, or by an impulse, he . . .

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

. . . shook his head and glanced at his son . . .

Ira Compton, *Sign of Passage*.

. . . with deep, tragically knowing eyes . . .

Max Schur, *The Medical Case History of Sigmund Freud*.

. . . and—and—

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

. . . walked on . . .

**J. Moussaieff Masson and T.C. Masson, *Buried Memories on the Acropolis:
Freud's Response to Mysticism and Anti-Semitism*.**

... into the distance, ...

Thomas Hardy, *Far From The Madding Crowd*.

... the far distance, ...

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

—and at this point ...

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

... slowly vanished ...

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*.

... a remote and isolated figure, ...

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

... a dark blur on the very edge of the horizon.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

It came at last to this—

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

A minute later the square was empty, only the boy remained, ...

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*.

... alone and forsaken in the world ...

Dorothy T. Burlingham, *The Fantasy of Having a Twin*.

... a sole survivor and an empty shell.

**Jay R. Greenberg and Stephen A. Mitchell, *Object Relations in
Psychoanalytic Theory*.**

He tried to draw a breath, to cry out—and woke up.

He waked up, gasping for breath ...

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

... like a man with a rope round his neck ...

Joseph Conrad, *Under Western Eyes*.

... and stood up in terror.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

—I have suddenly awakened in the midst of this dream, but only to the consciousness that I am dreaming and that I must go on dreaming, in order not to perish: as a sleepwalker must go on dreaming in order not to fall.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*.

I felt as if I had looked into an abyss—and, as the saying goes, the abyss had looked back at me.

In the following days and weeks I often thought about the dream. I looked for gaps in its narrative patterns, loopholes in its internal logic, trying to find its code. The first thing to strike me was ...

Luc Sante, *The Factory of Facts*.

The deeper one carries the analysis of a dream, the more often one comes upon the track of experiences in childhood which have played a part among the sources of that dream's latent content.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

He liked to go back in his thoughts and reminiscences to his earliest days precisely because they were to him so unbelievably far away that they appeared unreal.

Tamara Deutscher, Introduction to Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

But it was necessary to get the details right.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

As I close my eyes to recollect I can see . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

. . . an image . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . rise up: where was that? Yes, I have it now:

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

I cannot remember ev'rything. I must have been . . .

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw*.

. . . ten or twelve years old when my father began to take me with him on his walks, and in his conversation to reveal his views on the things of this world.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

I remember only . . .

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw*.

. . . that he once told me the following incident, in order to show me that I had been born into happier times than he: "When I was a young man, I was walking one Saturday along the street in the village where you were born; I was well-dressed, with a new fur cap on my head. Up comes a Christian . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . and all of a sudden . . .

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw*.

. . . knocks my cap into the mud, and shouts, 'Jew, get off the pavement!'"—

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

"What did you do?"

Janet Malcolm, *Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession*.

—"I went into the street and picked up the cap," he calmly replied.

That did not seem heroic on the part of the big, strong man who was leading me, a little fellow, by the hand. I contrasted this situation, which did not please me, with another, more in harmony with my sentiments--the scene in which Hannibal's father, Hamilcar Barca, made his son swear before the household altar to take vengeance on the Romans. Ever since then Hannibal has had a place in my phantasies.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

Was this child really myself? was the unuttered question behind this tale.

Tamara Deutscher, Introduction to Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

As a rule, of course, a scene from childhood is represented in the manifest dream-content only by an allusion, and must be disentangled from the dream by interpretation.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

That is to say, . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . by a process of . . .

Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

. . . looking at . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . the meaning of . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Star*.

. . . all the tenuous connections.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

The death of his father, then, was a profound personal experience from which Freud drew universal implications; it acted like a pebble thrown into a still pond, making successive rings of unsuspected magnitude.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

He seemed to be in touch with grief, as if it were a layer of being he'd learned how to tap. He expressed things out of it and through it.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

Reflecting on the event in 1908, in the preface of his *Interpretation of Dreams*, he commented that for him the book had a powerful "subjective" meaning which he had "been able to understand only after its completion." He had come to see it as "a piece of my self-analysis, my reaction to my father's death, that is, the most significant event, the most decisive loss, of a man's life."

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

According to ancient beliefs, dreams are primarily concerned with the future, but Freud understands them as expressions of past desires: the dream represents an aspect of personal history.

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

The mystery . . .

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

. . . of Freud's self-analysis . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . built around this fact, I think, that . . .

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

Dreaming and Memory

Stanley R. Palombo, *Dreaming and Memory*.

... were one. A moment of autobiography, a minimal frieze.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

Following the metaphor of an imaginary journey, Freud's analyses purported to reenter the tunnel of sleep, shedding light on the shadowy realm from above. Nevertheless, like prophetic interpretations in the Bible or Talmud, the patient's associations often point toward a future.

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

The moment ...

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

... the moment of dreaming ...

H.H. (Saki) Munro, *A Bread and Butter Miss*.

... referred back to ...

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

... an emotionally significant event of the past ...

Stanley R. Palombo, *Dreaming and Memory*.

... at the same time as it pointed forward.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

Freud never wrote anything of depth about anti-Semitism and the rise of Nazism, surely the most important phenomena, socially and personally, of his day.

J. Moussaieff Masson and T. C. Masson, *Buried Memories on the Acropolis*:

***Freud's Response to Mysticism and Anti-Semitism*.**

In 1927, after receiving [Arnold] Zweig's *Caliban*, a study of anti-Semitism that Zweig dedicated to him, Freud wrote, "With regard to anti-Semitism I don't really want to search for explanations; I feel a very strong inclination to surrender to my affects in this matter and find myself confirmed in my wholly non-scientific belief that mankind on the average are a wretched lot."

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

Freud ...

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime*.

... died never knowing how his sisters would end:

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

... the eldest one ...

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

... a frail woman ...

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime*.

... must have been arrested in the street ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

She just disappeared one day . . .

Truddi Chase, *When Rabbit Howls*.

. . . without a trace and probably died . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

. . . of starvation at the Theresienstadt camp, . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . forgotten as a nameless number on a list that afterwards got mislaid

. . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

. . . while the other three were murdered, probably at . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . one of the innumerable mixed or women's concentration camps in the north.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

"[My wife] Terri is Jewish, she survived the Warsaw Ghetto, and I am also Jewish, and both of us have been immersed in holocaust literature. We are puzzled why so little has been written about the holocaust in psychoanalysis."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Psychoanalytic theory teaches that silence may be an expression of unspeakable truth. In our search for buried truth, we cannot predict in advance whether we will find treasure or treachery. . . .

Psychoanalytic theory alone cannot answer all questions about the impact of war traumas on the individual. . . . From the vantage point of the centrality of the body and its interaction with the environment in the forming and shaping of mental life, however, psychoanalytic theory is an ideal locus from which to explore discrete questions about the effect of sudden experiences outside an average expectable environment in a person's mental life. Even if such experiences become well-integrated for him or her, they are so powerful that they not only affect present and future views of self and the world but they also affect the person's prior self and world views. It is as though the person rewrites his past in light of the present—the overwhelmingly traumatic experience.

Sidney H. Phillips, *Trauma and War: A Fragment of an Analysis with a Vietnam Veteran*.

There is night now and there will be night tomorrow and . . .

Elie Wiesel, *Dawn*.

. . . there was an all-too-eloquent proof that . . .

Ronald Blythe, *The View in Winter: Reflections on Old Age*.

. . . in light of the present . . .

Sidney H. Phillips, *Trauma and War: A Fragment of an Analysis with a Vietnam Veteran*.

. . . there will be night . . .

Elie Wiesel, *Dawn*.

... the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Of course, the past has an impact on how a person reacts to a traumatic event. But if the event in its own right was so significant that it created some new and vastly different experience in the individual, then that new experience must in part be understood from the nature of the traumatic event. The event engenders new and different consequences irrespective of the past.

Sidney H. Phillips, *Trauma and War: A Fragment of an Analysis with a Vietnam Veteran*.

There are mental torments so formidable that anyone who has gone through them without retaining a deep psychic scar can truly be regarded as severely pathological, even non-human. We are here face to face with almost the same folly that one encounters in Prof. Bettelheim's (1960) book on concentration camps. There is no preparation possible for psychic survival in concentration camps.

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

There are more things in the world than I could ever dream, and, until the dire event happens to you, you never believe it will happen—but then it happens.

Wayne Koestenbaum, *Listening to Schwartzkopf: The Reich and the Soprano* quoting Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Der Rosenkavalier*.

... on the tram to Loschwitz over the suspension bridge ... a last day out, a last little bit of freedom before a long (how long?) imprisonment.

Victor Klemperer, *I Will Bear Witness. A Diary of the Nazi Years: 1942-1945*.

So ran his thoughts, while the clang of the electric tram drew nearer down the Ungererstrasse ...

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

A perpetual night of confusion was descending, I thought.

Arthur Miller, *Timebends*.

... his eyes grow dim and he does not know whether the world is really darkening around him or whether his eyes are only deceiving him.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

The tram, in which they were the only passengers, ...

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

... passed through several steeply rising streets, in which policemen stood or patrolled at intervals; sometimes a good way off, sometimes quite near. One with a bushy mustache, his hand on the hilt of his saber, came up as of set purpose close to the not quite harmless-looking group. The two gentlemen halted, the policeman seemed to be already opening his mouth,

but K. . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

. . . Herr K. . . .

Sigmund Freud, *Dora: An Analysis of a Case of Hysteria*.

. . . forcibly pulled his companions forward. He kept looking round cautiously to see if the policeman were following; as soon as he had put a corner between himself and the policeman he started to run, and the two companions, scant of breath as they were, had to run beside him.

So they came quickly out of the town . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

. . . a dull, cloying, humdrum, wintry, ashen town . . .

Andre Aciman, *In Search of Proust*.

. . . which at this point merged almost without transition into the open fields.

A small stone quarry, deserted and desolate, lay quite near to a still completely urban house.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

I did not think things out; but I observed everything quietly. I watched these men go to and fro, always the same faces, the same movements . . .

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

. . . every little step . . .

Arthur Schopenhauer, *The Art of Literature*.

. . . the same—

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

One . . .

***A Chorus Line*, Excerpt from “One,” lyrics by Edward Kleban.**

. . . two, three, four, . . .

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor from Warsaw*.

. . . a series of steps, . . .

L. Frank Baum, *The Scarecrow of Oz*.

. . . whole steps and half steps . . .

The Music Chamber—What Are Intervals?

. . . five, six, seven, eight . . .

***A Chorus Line*, Excerpt from “One,” lyrics by Edward Kleban.**

. . . nine and, ten and, eleven. Twelve

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

Always the same.

Mary Roberts Reinhart, *Dangerous Days*.

No, freedom was not what I wanted. Only a way out; right or left, or in any direction . . .

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

I know at the time that I just wanted it to end.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Were there arguments in his favor that had been overlooked? Of course there must be. Logic is doubtless unshakable, but it cannot withstand a man who wants to go on living. Where was the Judge whom he had never seen? Where was the High Court, to which he had never penetrated? He raised his hands and spread out all his fingers.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

"What is going to happen?" we all ask ourselves. "How long can we endure this burden and torment? . . ."

Franz Kafka, *An Old Manuscript*.

Are we not wandering lost as through an unending void? Does vacant space not breathe at us? Has it not grown colder? Is there not perpetual nightfall and more night? Must we not light lanterns in the morning? Do we hear nothing of the noise of the gravediggers who are burying God?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*.

Let us be content to say that . . .

Deryck Cooke, *The Language of Music*.

. . . all that he has experienced during the whole time of his sojourn condenses in his mind into one question, . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

. . . one, one, one, one.

A Chorus Line, Excerpt from "One," lyrics by Edward Kleban.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream.

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

This was worse than a retched nightmare. It was the nightmare of real things, the fallen wonder of the world.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

"My year in the concentration camps . . . was to teach me much; so much, that I am not at all sure I have even now exhausted what was implied in that learning experience," Bettelheim wrote in 1960, as he sought to define the role played by the experience in his life as a whole.

Nina Sutton, *Bettelheim, A Life and a Legacy*.

Of course one did not seek them out, but there was a way to benefit from the most awful experience.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I began writing "Individual and Mass Behavior in Extreme Situations" in 1940, about a year after I had been set free and moved to the United States. From the moment I arrived in this country, within weeks after liberation, I spoke of the camps to everybody

willing to listen, and many more unwilling to do so. Painful as this was because of what it brought back to mind, I did it because I was so full of the experience that it would not be contained. I did it also because I was anxious to force on the awareness of as many people as possible what was going on in Nazi Germany, and out of a feeling of obligation to those who still suffered in the camps. But I met with little success.

At that time, nothing was known in the U.S. about the camps, and my story was met with utter disbelief.

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

National Socialist Germany seems to have been something new in human affairs. Its roots were old, and the soil was old, but it was a mutant.

Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*.

A plague!

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

The Third Reich erupted into history as a surprise. It lasted a mere dozen years. It is gone. Historians, social scientists, political analysts, still stammer and grope in the mountainous ruins of the unprecedented facts about human nature and society that it left behind.

Ordinary people prefer to forget it: a nasty twelve-year episode in Europe's decline, best swept under the rug.

Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*.

Before the U.S. was drawn into the war, people did not wish to believe that Germany could do such horrendous things. I was accused of being carried away by my hatred of the Nazis, of engaging in paranoid distortions. I was warned not to spread such lies. I was taken to task for opposite reasons at the same time: that I painted the SS much too black; and that I gave them much too much credit for being intelligent enough to devise and systematically execute such a diabolic system, when everybody knew that they were but stupid madmen.

Such reactions only convinced me more of the need to make people aware of the reality of the camps, of what went on in them and the nefarious purposes they served. My hope was that publishing a paper, written as objectively as possible to forestall the accusation that I distorted facts out of personal hatred, might make people listen to what I had to tell. That was my conscious reason for writing "Individual and Mass Behavior in Extreme Situations," which I finished in 1942.

Unfortunately, for well over a year, this paper was rejected by one after another of the psychiatric and psychoanalytic journals to which I sent it, thinking that these were most likely to be willing to print it. The reasons for rejection varied. Some editors objected because I had not kept written records while in the camps, implicitly revealing that they had not believed a word of what I had written about conditions in the camps. Others refused it because the data were not verifiable, or because the findings could not be replicated. A few came right out and said that both what I claimed were facts and my

conclusions were most improbable exaggerations. Some added--probably correctly, as judged by my experience when I tried talking about these matters to professional people—that the article would be too unacceptable to their audiences.

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

Certainly it was awkward that I was obliged to publish the results of my inquiries without there being any possibility of other specialists testing and checking them, particularly as those results were of a surprising and by no means gratifying character.

Sigmund Freud, *Dora: An Analysis of a Case of Hysteria*.

Writing the essay was difficult intellectually, because at the time psychological thought had not yet developed the conceptual framework necessary for dealing adequately with these problems, so I was forced to struggle with it myself.

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

Acutely aware of the poverty of my means, language became obstacle. At every page I thought, "That's not it." So I began again with other verbs and other images. No, that wasn't it either. But what exactly was that *it* I was searching for? It must have been all that eludes us, hidden behind a veil so as not to be stolen, usurped and trivialized. Words seemed weak and pale.

Elie Wiesel, *A Sacred Magic Can Elevate the Secular Storyteller*.

I attempted to develop concepts with which to begin to map this new territory.

Warren M. Brodey, *On The Dynamics of Narcissism*.

But this avail'd not:

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.

... *for* ...

William Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*.

... even harder was trying to deal with the anxiety-provoking and otherwise deeply upsetting ...

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

... memories of terror ...

Doreen Carvajal, *Disputed Holocaust Memoir Withdrawn*.

... which constantly intruded, making it arduous to think objectively about the camps. Trying to be objective became my intellectual defense against becoming overwhelmed by these perturbing feelings.

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

I have never before even imagined anything like this period of intellectual paralysis. I have been through some kind of neurotic experience, curious states... twilight thoughts, veiled doubts... The chief patient I am preoccupied with is myself—my ...

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

... *extreme situation* ...

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

... haunts ...

Kenneth Grahame, *Dream Days*.

... my waking thoughts.

Edward Payson Roe, *A Day of Fate*.

Something from the deepest depths of my own ...

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

... mental life ...

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

... sets itself against any advance in understanding ...

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

... the problem of survivorship.

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

I believe I am in a cocoon, and God knows what beast will crawl out.

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

A strong man could perhaps survive without taint many years of solitary confinement and repeated physical torture; perhaps, when optimal psychological conditions are given, man should be capable of overcoming even the memory of the most atrocious sufferings on his own part. But once a man has been forced to witness unspeakable sufferings in others and to stand by passively, without any chance of raising a protecting or revenging hand, he has indeed lost the right to smile again, to be "normal." If he is normal, then he is sicker than the person whose sleep is beset with nightmares, or who is incapacitated for earning his livelihood. In some places, both *Hamlet* and *Lear* come close to a concentration-camp atmosphere ...

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

Of their treatment at the hands of the Germans, the Jews could say, paraphrasing King Lear, "As flies to wanton boys are we to the Germans, they kill and torture us for their sport."

Daniel Jonah Goldhagen, *Hitler's Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust*.

Consciously I felt a great urge to write about the concentration camps, and in a manner which would make others think about them, make it possible for them to grasp what went on in them. It was a need which, many years later in the literature on survivors, was called their compulsion to "bear witness."

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

I had no epiphany, no singular revelation, no moment of truth, but a steady accumulation of a thousand slights, a thousand indignities and a thousand unremembered moments produced in me an anger, a rebelliousness, a desire to fight the system that imprisoned ...

Nelson Mandela, *Long Walk to Freedom*.

... and sought to destroy ...

Jonathan S. Tobin, *They'd Rather Walk Than Live With Israel*.

... my people.

Nelson Mandela, *Long Walk to Freedom*.

My desire to make people understand received much impetus from my need to comprehend better ...

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

... in small matters and large ...

Peter Gay, *My German Question: Growing Up In Nazi Berlin*.

... what had happened to me while in the camps, so I could gain intellectual mastery over the experience.

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

"It's not the big things that are important, but the everyday life of tyranny, which gets forgotten. A thousand mosquito bites are worse than a blow to the head. ..."

Victor Klemperer, *I Will Bear Witness. A Diary of the Nazi Years: 1942-1945*.

If I can feel outrage at the injustice I have suffered, can recognize my persecution as such, and can acknowledge and hate my persecutor for what he or she has done, [then] the way to ...

Alice Miller, *For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence*.

... true knowledge, an insight into the horrible truth ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

... will ...

Victor Klemperer, *I Will Bear Witness. A Diary of the Nazi Years: 1942-1945*.

... be open to me.

Alice Miller, *For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence*.

That truth will bring me either peace or despair, but whether the one or the other, it will be beyond doubt or question. This decision strengthens me.

Franz Kafka, *The Burrow*.

And indeed ...

John Lahr, *Making Willie Loman* quoting Arthur Miller.

I have given body to their stupidities, their malice, their worthlessness, and have brought all these to life here ...

***In These Great Times: A Karl Kraus Reader*.**

... on a metaphorical stage to bear public witness.

Ronald Hingley, *Pasternak: A Biography*.

Time washes away the essence of events and would grant amnesty even to the most heinous crime ever committed under the stars; but I have preserved this essence. My ear has recorded the sounds of the deed, my eye the gestures of the talks, and my voice, by merely quoting, has preserved the base chord of this era forever.

In These Great Times: A Karl Kraus Reader.

He would recall exactly. He would . . .

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

. . . tenaciously attempt to . . .

Maynard Solomon, *Beethoven*.

. . . preserve for future generations . . .

Photos: The Warsaw Ghetto, II.

. . . the memory of the past . . .

Maynard Solomon, *Beethoven*.

. . . in the form of . . .

Isaac Asimov, *The Wellsprings of Life*.

. . . a telling stage-picture in which characters are suspended in significance like flies in amber, . . .

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal*.

. . . an honest effort to make the vanished horror live for all the world that was not there.

Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*.

Everyone must find his own form of aggressiveness in order to avoid letting himself be made into an obedient puppet manipulated by others. Only if we do not allow ourselves to be reduced to the instrument of another person's will can we fulfill our personal needs and defend our legitimate rights.

Alice Miller, *For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence*.

And—I would add—

Marianne Krull, *Freud and His Father*.

. . . as writers we cannot avoid the effort, or the temptation, to . . .

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected*.

. . . pursue the truth and make something come of it—

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

Wait a minute!

Arthur Miller, *Death of a Salesman*.

I was just remembering . . .

Arthur Miller, *Broken Glass*.

So what's the—?

Arthur Miller, *Death of a Salesman*.

Oh yes! I think I read about . . .

Arthur Miller, *Broken Glass*.

Poor Bruno Bettelheim!

Nina Sutton, *Bettelheim, A Life and a Legacy*.

... [who] described his experiences in a German concentration camp of the early days.

Erik H. Erikson, *Identity and the Life Cycle*.

What did he say?

Arthur Miller, *Broken Glass*.

Wait!

Arthur Miller, *Death of a Salesman*.

It just crossed my mind.

Arthur Miller, *Broken Glass*.

Contrasted with ...

Bret Harte, *The Devotion of Enriquez*.

... Freud, a miner of sorts who thrived on "vertical" excavations into the depths of an individual's inner ...

Lawrence J. Friedman, *Identity's Architect: A Biography of Erik H. Erikson*.

... world, ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... Bettelheim ...

Nina Sutton, *Bettelheim: A Life and a Legacy*.

... reports the various steps and external manifestations (such as affectations in posture and dress) by which the inmates abandoned their identity as anti-Fascists in favor of that of their tormentors.

Erik H. Erikson, *Identity and the Life Cycle*.

And somehow ...

Arthur Miller, *Broken Glass*.

He himself preserved his life and sanity by deliberately and persistently clinging to the historical Jewish identity of invincible spiritual and intellectual superiority over a physically superior outer world: he made his tormentors the subject of a silent research project which he safely delivered to the world of free letters.

Erik H. Erikson, *Identity and the Life Cycle*.

It was that deliberate recovery of such a specific and proud ...

Robert D. Kaplan, *The Books of Daniel: Two views of the life and death of the American journalist Daniel Pearl*.

... identity ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... that kept his tormentors from reducing him to a mere symbol.

Robert D. Kaplan, *The Books of Daniel: Two views of the life and death of*

the American journalist Daniel Pearl.

But you think that's possible?

Arthur Miller, *Broken Glass*.

Who can say?

Arthur Miller, *The Ride Down Mt. Morgan*.

A writer once summed the matter up this way:

Franz Kafka, *The Problem of Our Laws*.

All suffering under a social order that is senseless prepares the soul for vision.

Martin Buber, *Paths in Utopia*.

Of course . . .

Arthur Miller, *Timebends*.

This cannot be gainsaid, but . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Problem of Our Laws*.

. . . in any case—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . as for myself, . . .

Willa Cather, *O, Pioneers!*

Once my written ruminations had served the purpose of making . . .

Bruno Bettelheim, *Trauma and Reintegration*.

. . . my memory of the past . . .

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

. . . more comprehensible to me, the question would arise whither to commit these thoughts—to the wastebasket, which was the final resting place for most of them? This happened because what I had arrived at, although useful to me, seemed of little interest to other people.

Bruno Bettelheim, *Trauma and Reintegration*.

I should have exulted in my aloneness and taken heart from Ibsen's signature line in *An Enemy of the People*—"He is strongest who is most alone." But the Jew in me shied from private salvation as something close to sin. One's truth must add its push to the evolution of public justice and mercy, must transform the spirit of the city whose brainless roar went on and on at both ends of the bridge.

Arthur Miller, *Timebends*.

That was the incessant fight within himself, his own personal drama.

Halvdan Koht, *Shakespeare and Ibsen*.

If I did speak out, I thought, I must do so where it would count and not be brushed aside like yesterday's paper.

Arthur Miller, *Timebends*.

That much I knew. But beyond that, I was at a loss. How was I to proceed?

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

The attitude adopted by reviewers in the scientific periodicals could only lead one to suppose that my work was doomed to be sunk into complete silence;

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... but given ...

Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*.

... my reasons for wanting to see the essay printed, I could not give up, and eventually it was published.

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Ultimate Limit*.

But for some time *The Interpretation of Dreams* proved of little interest: in the course of six years, only 351 copies were sold, and a second edition was not called for until 1909. If, as Freud came to believe, it was indeed his fate to agitate the sleep of mankind, that would be years later. It is sobering to contrast this tepid, yawning reception with that of another revolutionary classic shaping modern culture, Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Published on November 24, 1859, forty years almost to the day before Freud's dream book, its entire first edition of 1,250 copies was sold out by evening, and new, revised editions followed rapidly. While Darwin's book was subversive, it stood at the storm center of a great debate about the nature of the human animal and had been eagerly awaited. Freud's book, which proved no less subversive, at first only seemed esoteric and eccentric, food for a handful of specialists.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

As far as I personally am concerned, I am always conscious of continually advancing ...

Henrik Ibsen, *Letter to Georg Brandes*.

... rightly proud of not having followed "the compact majority ... "

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

The points I had reached when I wrote my various books now have a fairly compact crowd standing there. But I am no longer there myself; I am somewhere else, further on, I hope.

Henrik Ibsen, *Letter to Georg Brandes*.

From the beginning, writing meant freedom, a spreading of wings, and once I got the first inkling that others were reached by what I wrote, an assumption arose that some kind of public business was happening inside me, that what perplexed or moved me must move others. It was a sort of blessing I invented for myself. Of course the time would come, as it had to, when the blessing seemed to have been withdrawn from me, but that was far down the road.

Arthur Miller, *Timebends*.

His song was one that the father would surely not have recognized and would perhaps have found discordant. Yet somehow, in the balance, I feel he would not have been displeased, ...

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable.*

... for, unlike ...

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden.*

... his father who picked up his cap and walked on, Freud does become, in the triumph of his intellectual achievement, the Hannibal of his fantasy.

J. Moussaieff Masson and T. C. Masson, *Buried Memories on the Acropolis: Freud's Response to Mysticism and Anti-Semitism.*

Freud's resolution of the guilt he felt ...

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable.*

... following the death of his father ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation.*

... was a psychological victory.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable.*

Perhaps the truth is that he is at last himself, no longer afflicted by mourning and melancholia. ... Certainly he is no longer haunted by his father's ghost.

Harold Bloom, *William Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

Literature, it has often been claimed over the past quarter century, is neither a stable nor a coherent entity. One way you can tell is by the shifting nature of the literary canon. As cultural fashions change and new values come to the fore, writers once deemed peripheral or uncanonical are brought into the canon, others once thought central being displaced to the margins. More drastically, books that were not originally imagined to belong to the category of literature, . . .

Robert Alter, *The Pleasures of Reading in an Ideological Age*.

. . . Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . Nietzsche's *The Birth of Tragedy*, Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*, are read into the canon and discussed in the same breath—or in the same course—with novels and poems.

Robert Alter, *The Pleasures of Reading in an Ideological Age*.

The Canon, a word religious in its origins, has become a choice among texts struggling with one another for survival, whether you interpret the choice as being made by dominant social groups, institutions of education, traditions of criticism, or, as I do, by late-coming authors who feel themselves chosen by particular ancestral figures. Some recent partisans of what regards itself as academic radicalism go so far as to suggest that works join the Canon because of successful advertising and propaganda campaigns.

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages*.

. . . with every generation, someone is chosen. There is Ishmael, firstborn of Abraham, and his brother Isaac. And then there's Isaac's children, Jacob and Esau.

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

Then the twelve brothers, Jacob's sons.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

. . . with Joseph as the favorite.

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

Of his twelve sons he loved Joseph best because—like Sigmund Freud—he was the fruit of his father's old age.

Marianne Krull, *Freud and His Father*.

My father was an interesting person with an analytic, highly philosophic mind. . . .

He was well over forty when I was born.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

The large patriarchal family was united by strong bonds of affection and governed by a traditional hierarchy.

Billa Zanuso, *The Young Freud*.

Jacob was obviously anxious to hand down to his son those parts of the Jewish religion that seemed particularly important to him.

Marianne Krull, *Freud and His Father*.

The boy grew up in . . .

E.M. Forster, *The Longest Journey*.

. . . a “religious but strongly assimilated milieu.” For a year or so, when he was about eight or nine . . .

Current Biography: Abraham Pais.

. . . he embraced . . .

George Eliot, *Brother Jacob*.

. . . his religion wholeheartedly, only to lose his faith abruptly when, knowing that it was strictly forbidden to make a fire on the Sabbath, he secretly lit a match one Saturday afternoon and discerned no evidence of divine retribution.

Current Biography: Abraham Pais.

A frantic desire took hold of me. I had to find out if He really existed, if He knew my doubts—yes, I must risk that, even if it cost me my life. And the little boy I was, sitting upright in my bed, holding my breath in mortal fear, . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

. . . I lit a match, and as I did so, . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

. . . thought these horrible words: God is a fool! I expected his immediate appearance, a deadly blow, or at least thunder, but nothing materialized.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

“I still feel it to be a privilege to have gone through my liberation as a personal act,”

Current Biography: Abraham Pais.

. . . he said, years later, when speaking of his boyhood

John Kendrick Bangs, *Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica*.

I had to attend a school of the Reformed Jewish synagogue to learn some Hebrew, in order to be prepared for my bar mitzvah, and I found this an unexpected moral attack on me, hard to reconcile with my past and present religious background.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

In Hebrew school, I was taught to read without learning the meaning of the words. Services, too, often seemed mechanical and by rote.

David Evanier, *My Rabbi, Ray Charles, and Singing Birds*.

Once and for all these . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Letter to Charlotte von Stein, from Rome (June 8, 1787)*.

. . . religious . . .

Leon Lederman, *The God Particle: If the Universe Is the Answer*,

What Is the Question?

... ceremonies are lost on me, ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Letter to Charlotte von Stein, from Rome (June 8, 1787).*

... they have always been ...

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit.*

... lost on me, all these efforts to give substance to a lie strike me as shallow, and the goings-on that are impressive to children and susceptible people seem to me, even when I see things from the standpoint of an artist or poet, to be tasteless and petty. No thing is great but what is true, and even the smallest true ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Letter to Charlotte von Stein, from Rome (June 8, 1787).*

... thing ...

Leon Lederman, *The God Particle: If the Universe Is the Answer, What Is the Question?*

... is great.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Letter to Charlotte von Stein, from Rome (June 8, 1787).*

My parents, and especially my father, were never Orthodox Jews. My mother liked to go to temple simply in order to be seen. Only the sabbath was upheld, more a pretext, .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

... I am inclined to think, ...

Victor Gollancz, *The Ring at Bayreuth: And Some Thoughts on Operatic Production.*

... to bring the family together on Friday nights for a happy reunion.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

In truth, until precisely those months it had not meant much to me that I was a Jew: within myself, and in my contacts with my Christian friends, I had always considered my origin as an almost negligible but curious fact, a small amusing anomaly, like having a crooked nose or freckles; a Jew is somebody who at Christmas does not have a tree, who should not eat salami but eats it all the same, who has learned a bit of Hebrew at thirteen and then has forgotten it.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table.*

Some weeks before ...

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein.*

... the great day arrived ...

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage.*

... the rabbi ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

... called me once and said he wanted a ...
David Evanier, *My Rabbi, Ray Charles, and Singing Birds.*

... meeting with me.
Thomas Hardy, *The Woodlanders.*

"Now," he said ...
Deborah Artman, *Talking Points.*

... when he saw me again ...
Wilkie Collins, *The Legacy of Cain.*

... "let's get down to business." He reached inside his jacket and pulled out ...

Deborah Artman, *Talking Points.*
... a copy of *My* ...

Charles Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit.*
... bar mitzvah ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*
... oration.

Charles Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit.*
"How dare you give me this," he growled. "This isn't you!"

"What?" I managed to whisper. "But I used references."

"You strung together quotes from books," he said. "I will give you a month. Rewrite it."

It was my terrible secret. I couldn't tell ...
Deborah Artman, *Talking Points.*

... *my mother* ...
Brian Greene, *The Elegant Universe: Superstrings, Hidden Dimensions, and the Quest for the Ultimate Theory.*
... that I had to start again.

Deborah Artman, *Talking Points.*
But I can tell you now—

Zane Grey, *Riders of the Purple Sage.*
... my readers, ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Many Years.*

I took a lot of trouble with that speech. I rewrote it five times and I look upon it as my masterpiece.

Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables.*
When the great day arrived ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*
... the day of my bar mitzvah, ...

Mara Dresner, *A League of His Own.*
—and, of course, ...

Stephen Greenblatt, *Miracles*.

... it was a Saturday: I was still under parental discipline: it is forbidden to ride on a Saturday until Sabbath has 'gone out':

Victor Gollancz, *The Ring at Bayreuth: And Some Thoughts on Operatic Production*.

—God forbid!—

Philip Roth, *Portnoy's Complaint*.

So I decided to walk. But I underestimated the time it would take me . . .

Victor Gollancz, *The Ring at Bayreuth: And Some Thoughts on Operatic Production*.

(putting it mildly)

Philip Roth, *Portnoy's Complaint*.

... and arrived very late.

Victor Gollancz, *The Ring at Bayreuth: And Some Thoughts on Operatic Production*.

I dashed . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... into the Temple . . .

Victor Gollancz, *The Ring at Bayreuth: And Some Thoughts on Operatic Production*.

... gasping for breath . . .

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

There was a moment of general consternation;

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

I felt ashamed and tried to hurry, and at this point . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... my heart beating with terror, . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

I collapsed into my chair.

Philip Roth, *Portnoy's Complaint*.

I was seated alone . . .

David Evanier, *My Rabbi, Ray Charles and Singing Birds*.

virtually alone

Philip Roth, *Portnoy's Complaint*.

—and then:

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

As is the custom . . .

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

I was . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... given a long white shawl with a fringe to wear, told to keep my hat on, and to watch for the moment when the rabbi, who was praying at the altar, would call me. My turn came, and I was led to a table on the platform, where the rabbi, accompanied by his assistants, addressed me with some phrases in Hebrew, whereupon he unrolled the sacred scroll and indicated a few lines of the Bible I was to read. I acquitted myself quite well.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

I remember the hard knowing tone I used ...

Deborah Artman, *Talking Points*.

... in my oration ...

William Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*.

... before the congregation

James Fenimore Cooper, *The Pioneers*.

I was surprised I even had it in me.

Deborah Artman, *Talking Points*.

But, of course, that's ...

Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*.

... what we ...

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

... we, the searchers, ...

Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*.

... the freethinkers ...

Bertrand Russell, *Why I Am Not A Christian*.

... bring to the temple, not prayer or chant or slaughtered rams.

Our offering is language.

Don DeLillo, *The Names*.

After a few more exchanges in Hebrew between the rabbi and others, the ceremony was over.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

Father ...

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime*.

... was quiet as usual, never showing any emotion;

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... I knew my father's own views on such ceremonies.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

Standing up ...

Kate Zernike, *Gratitude And a Sigh From Father Of Israeli*.

... father ...

Jack London, *The Valley of the Moon*.

... opened his mouth as if to begin speaking. Instead, he sighed.

Kate Zernike, *Gratitude And a Sigh From Father Of Israeli.*

Always discreet, . . .

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime.*

. . . my mother . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

. . . said nothing. But she was very pleased.

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime.*

But some other members of the family were not sympathetic to . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

. . . my antics . . .

Carol Cott Gross, *Virtual 'Mazel Tavs'.*

. . . and thought we should be disgraced in the eyes of . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

. . . the congregation.

David Evanier, *My Rabbi, Ray Charles and Singing Birds.*

All I could get out of . . .

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler.*

Lewinsky . . . the rabbi

Victor Klemperer, *I Will Bear Witness. A Diary of the Nazi Years: 1942-1945.*

. . . was that . . .

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler.*

. . . some of the elders . . .

Mark Twain, *The Mysterious Stranger.*

. . . thought . . .

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler.*

. . . my unfortunate entrance . . .

Charles Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

. . . a practical joke;

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler.*

. . . that I . . .

Charles Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

. . . was trying to mystify them!

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler.*

I received the traditional presents. My mother gave me the tephillin, to be used, presumably, when I would say my daily prayers.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

Not that I did.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

As it happened . . .

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime*.

In time, . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . I must confess, I . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

. . . discarded virtually all religious observances . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

I would watch the buds swell in spring, the mica glint in the granite, my own hands, and I would say to myself: "I will understand this, too, I will understand everything, but not the way they want me to. I will find a shortcut, I will make a lock-pick, I will push open the doors."

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

Being ambitious, he worked hard to . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

. . . do what . . .

William Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

. . . his own father had expected of him, namely, to fulfill his wish to accomplish great things in life and give reality to a tradition of expected fame.

Peter Blos, *Freud and the Father Complex*.

He is a born politician, immensely adroit at getting his way through every means available. His father, Jacob, is always too hard-pressed to be thought a politician; agonists get their way only through struggle, overt or covert, whether by force or by trickery.

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

[He] himself once described his father in "rather Micawber-like terms as 'always hopefully expecting something to turn up.'"

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers*.

Jacob strives to achieve and keep the Blessing; he is precisely not a charismatic personality, though he makes himself into a very formidable personality indeed. Everything comes easily to Joseph, who will emerge from every catastrophe more suave and unflustered than ever. Jacob, despite his success, is an unlucky man; Joseph's luck is constant, reliable, and charmingly outrageous.

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

Throughout his life Freud struggled with his father's mandate . . .

Marianne Krull, *Freud and His Father*.

. . . to possess a famous, triumphant son.

Peter Blos, *Freud and the Father Complex*.

Sigmund, for his part, must have realized that his father wanted him to be a second Joseph: upright, clever, the support of his father in old age, and—I would add—a son who did not enquire into his father's past, let alone reproach him for it.

Marianne Krull, *Freud and His Father*.

Freud's obsession with the desire to make a discovery of universal significance . . .

Billa Zanuso, *The Young Freud*.

. . . to present to his father the gift of fame and distinction as expected of him . .

Peter Blos, *Freud and the Father Complex*.

. . . had consequences which proved damaging to his career.

Billa Zanuso, *The Young Freud*.

On the evening of April 21, 1896, Sigmund Freud gave a paper before his colleagues at the Society for Psychiatry and Neurology in Vienna, entitled "The Aetiology of Hysteria."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory*.

This is the place where I shall start my great career, I daydreamed.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

He took . . .

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

. . . the paper . . .

David Evanier, *The Man Who Refused to Watch the Academy Awards*.

. . . out of his pocket, opened it, glanced at it, looked surprised and worried, and stood silent for a few moments. Then he waved his hand in a wandering and mechanical way, and made an effort or two to say something, then gave it up, despondently. Several voices cried out:

"Read it! read it! What is it?"

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

His listeners were all experts on the twisted byways of erotic life. The great Richard von Krafft-Ebing, who had made sexual psychopathology his own, was presiding. Freud's lecture was a lively, highly skillful forensic performance. The student of hysteria, he said, is like an explorer discovering the remains of an abandoned city, with walls and columns and tablets covered with half-effaced inscriptions, he may dig them up and clean them, and then with luck the stones speak—*saxa loquuntur*. He expended all this rhetorical effort to persuade his incredulous listeners that they must seek the origin of hysteria in the sexual abuse of children. All eighteen cases he had treated, Freud noted, invited this conclusion. But his mixture of colorful eloquence and scientific sobriety was wasted.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

A dozen men got up now and began to protest.

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

The twelve men spake, and said . . .

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

. . . that this farce was the work of some abandoned joker, and was an insult to the whole community.

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

I felt as if I were going to the scaffold.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

Afterwards they stood about in groups chattering. I heard some say: 'It starts just as if he were out to play a carnival joke on the public.' Others were disappointed that there had not been more hissing.

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler*.

The seduction theory in all its uncompromising sweep seems inherently implausible, only a fantasist like Fliess could have accepted and applauded it.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

The whole thing was a bitter experience for me.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

All his grandiose visions of future glory fell away.

Karen Armstrong, *In the Beginning: A New Interpretation of Genesis*.

How different was this state of affairs from Freud's initial hopes!

Gary N. Goldsmith, *Freud's Aesthetic Response to Michelangelo's Moses*.

I have had to demolish all my castles in the air, and I am just now mastering enough courage to start rebuilding them again.

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

So be it!

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

The lecture, he told Fliess a few days later, "had an icy reception from the donkeys and, on Krafft-Ebing's part, the odd judgment: 'It sounds like a scientific fairy tale.' And this," Freud exclaimed, "after one has shown them the solution of a thousands-years-old problem, a source of the Nile!"

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

One thing I know for certain as I think back on that night: nothing, in later years, had such an impact on my character.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

What is astonishing is not that Freud eventually abandoned the idea, but that he adopted it in the first place.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

It would take a good psychoanalyst to decipher my own state of mind.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

What Freud repudiated was the seduction theory as a general explanation of how all neuroses originate.

This renunciation opened a new chapter in the history of psychoanalysis. Freud . . .
Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.
. . . totally and refreshingly free of what Nietzsche called the spirit of revenge . .

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

. . . claimed to be anything but "upset, confused, weary," and wondered prophetically "whether this doubt merely represents an episode in the advance toward further discoveries?"

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

I felt neither resentment nor hatred.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

He is a dreamer and an interpreter of dreams, which means, however paradoxically, that he is a pragmatist and a compromiser with reality.

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

. . . an important page of my life had turned!

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

It seems to me highly probable that, as a child, Freud identified with the Biblical Joseph to such an extent that that identification took on a reality feeling, along the lines of "I am the Biblical Joseph, destined to be a famous dream interpreter and to come to high honors."

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

In 1891, on Freud's thirty-fifth birthday, his father presented him with an unusual gift. He had rebound in leather the Philippssohn Bible that Sigmund had studied in his childhood and now gave it to him with an elaborate Hebrew inscription that he had composed.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

My precious son—

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study* quoting Joseph Ruggles Wilson, Letter to Woodrow Wilson.

Mein Lieber Sohn,

Sigmund Freud, *Letter to Sandor Ferenczi*.

In the seventh in the days of the years of your life the Spirit of the Lord began to move you and spoke within you: Go, read in my Book that I have written and there will be burst open for you the wellsprings of understanding, knowledge and wisdom.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable* quoting Jakob Freud's dedication of the Freud family bible, written in *melitzah*.

And Israel said . . .

Genesis.

. . . to his son . . .

William Dean Howells, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*.

'Behold . . .

Genesis.

. . . I fear I shall soon . . .

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

. . . be gathered to Abraham's bosom . . .

Holmes-Pollock Letters; The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Sir Frederick Pollock, 1874-1932.

. . . but God will be with you, and . . .

Genesis.

. . . will bless you and make your name great, and you will be a blessing.

Genesis. A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.

. . . Moreover I have given thee one portion above thy brethren. . . .'

Genesis.

The Philipsson Bible, with text in Hebrew and German, had been read with interest and fascination by Freud as a young boy. . . . It was profusely illustrated with pictures of the Egyptian gods. Among them, the falcon-headed Horus appears a number of times.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna 1938.*

The Hebrew inscription . . .

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

. . . that his father wrote . . .

Joseph Sheridan, *Le Fanu*.

. . . is central because of its content and doubly precious for having been written in *melitzah*. . . . Because of his background, the texts from which he drew he knew intimately, by heart. He was drawing freely from this memory, and each phrase had associations to the original from which it was drawn.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

Joseph is Israel's favorite, where "Israel" names both Jacob and the nation that will continue his seed.

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

Later in life, we are told, Jakob in his leisure time would often study the Bible or even a page of Talmud "in the original."

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

I can remember . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . the Passover celebrations, . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, June 27, 1882).

Pessach.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

My father . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . before his memory began to fail . . .

Interlinkbooks, *Review of John MacPherson, Tales from Barra*.

. . . would impressively recite the entire text of the Passover Haggadah by heart at the annual Seder.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

But then in later years, . . .

Lavanam, *Gandhi's Revolutionary Personality*.

Poor papa with his hagadah book, reading backwards . . .

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

. . . right to left, . . .

Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*.

. . . with his finger to me.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

Jakob Freud was a loving, devoted, warmhearted father who openly acknowledged his son's precocious brilliance ("My Sigmund has more intelligence in his little toe than I have in my whole head"). Of course he also expected obedience and respect (we are still in the mid-nineteenth century), but he encouraged his son to surpass him and was proud of his achievements.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

When he tells his dreams, the chosen son intensifies his brothers' rivalry. Even the verb describing their continued hatred resonates with Joseph's name; in this way, too, Joseph continued (*va-yosif*) the tradition of his father's sibling rivalry.

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

Freud's feelings toward . . .

Marianne Krull, *Freud and His Father*.

. . . his followers, . . .

Bret Harte, *The Three Partners*.

... whom he treated like sons, were a repetition of his relationship with his father, albeit with a reversal of roles: he put himself in Jacob's shoes and made the same demands on his "sons" as his father had made on him.

Marianne Krull, *Freud and His Father*.

In his eulogy for Karl Abraham, ...

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

... one of his most ardent disciples ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

... Freud wrote, "So high a place had he won for himself that, of all who have followed me through the dark pathways of psychoanalytic research, there is only one whose name could be put beside his." Freud's willingness to stir up sibling rivalry at a funeral is noteworthy.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

It was, and is still, a puzzling gesture.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

It is as though Freud walked intuitively and unconsciously in the footsteps of his ancestors and ...

Hanns Sachs, *Freud, Master and Friend*.

... in the exigency of his longing, may have been moved to free himself from .

..

Sigmund Freud, *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*.

... his brethren ...

Eben Moglen, *Holmes' Legacy and the New Constitutional History*.

... and take over the father's part.

Sigmund Freud, *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*.

Jacob mysteriously but deliberately provokes the issue of ...

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

... survival in ...

Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

... his prophetic vision ...

Holmes-Pollock Letters; The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Sir Frederick Pollock, 1874-1932.

... of success and power ...

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

... setting in motion precisely the ...

Ronald Hingley, *Pasternak: A Biography*.

... archetypal drama ...

Bruce Scofield, *President Clinton: A Quetzalcoatl for Our Times*.

... not only of the love and murder from brother to brother, but also of the relationship between these competitive brothers and God, the father.

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

From the beginning ...

Thomas Wolfe, *The Story of a Novel*.

... the idea, ...

Robert Mullan Cook-Deegan, *Origins of the Human Genome Project*.

... the central legend that I wished my book to express—had not changed. And this central idea was this: the deepest search in life, it seemed to me, the thing that in one way or another was central to all living was man's search to find a father, not merely the father of his flesh, not merely the lost father of his youth, but the image of a strength and wisdom external to his need and superior to his hunger, to which the belief and power of his own life could be united.

Thomas Wolfe, *The Story of a Novel*.

"All I wanted was my father's blessing."

Peter Blos, *Son and Father: Before and Beyond the Oedipus Complex*.

His need for that approval was obviously "an innate, irrefutable feeling" that lasted to the end of his life.

Philip Rahv, Introduction to *Selected Stories of Franz Kafka*.

His relationship with his father, a relationship that was expressed, like man's relationship with God, mostly by its absence, was, after all, the great sunless center of his being.

Rich Cohen, *Lake Effect*.

"I loved my father—I know that. What I did not know was that I also hated him—even worse: I despised him. When I despised him, it felt like God had come apart. I wanted my father to worship me, come down on his knees. Oh, 'love' and 'hate' is just speaking in the broadest terms. There is more. What? The wish to conquer him. ..."

Peter Blos, *Son and Father: Before and Beyond the Oedipus Complex*.

It is clear that the source of the principle of authority so characteristic of his art is to be traced to his ambivalent attitude to his father, an attitude of strong repulsion as well as identification. Constructed out of elements of his own personality, the protagonist of his major fictions is coerced by extranatural powers who are continually justified and exalted even as they are made to manifest themselves in the guise of a menacing and arbitrary bureaucracy.

Philip Rahv, Introduction to *Selected Stories of Franz Kafka*.

These are quite legitimate points of view ...

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

Although on the other hand I must say that . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

Divine bureaucrats do not squat on the ground under terebinth trees and devour roast veal so as to strengthen themselves to walk down the road and destroy a sinful city or two.

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

I am reminded of . . .

Peter Blos, *Son and Father: Before and Beyond the Oedipus Complex*.

. . . Jacob's all-night struggle with a nameless divine being . . .

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

. . . who wrestled with Jacob . . .

Rabbi Daniel Goldfarb, *Iyunei Shabbat*.

. . . until dawn. And when the being saw that he couldn't . . .

Genesis. A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.

. . . beat his opponent . . .

Johannes Ehrmann, *Float Like a Butterfly*.

. . . he struck him on his hip socket, and Jacob's hip was wrenched out of joint.

And he said, "Let me go: dawn is coming."

And he said, "I will not let you go until you bless me."

And he said, "What is your name?"

And he said, "Jacob."

And he said, "Your . . .

Genesis. A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.

. . . name . . .

Johannes Ehrmann, *Float Like a Butterfly*.

. . . will no longer be Jacob, Heel-Grasper, but . . .

Genesis. A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.

. . . will become . . .

Sigmund Freud, Preface to the Hebrew Translation of *Totem and Taboo*.

. . . Israel, He Who Has Struggled with God, because you have struggled with God and you have won."

Genesis. A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.

Jacob now said:

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse.

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*.

I will take my name from you

Richard Wagner, *Die Walkure*.

"Israel" . . .

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

. . . you call me and victorious I am!

Richard Wagner, *Die Walkure*.

And Jacob said, "Please, tell me your name."

And he said, "You must not ask my name." And he left him there.

And Jacob named the place Peniel, The Face of God: "because I have seen God face to face, yet my life has been spared." And the sun rose on him as he passed . . .

Genesis. A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.

. . . on the road . . .

Victor Debs, Jr., "*That Was Part of Baseball Then*."

. . . through Peniel, and he was limping.

Genesis. A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.

In Jewish households, he was . . .

Jane Leavy, *Sandy Koufax: A Lefty's Legacy*.

. . . destined to become . . .

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*.

. . . the New Patriarch: Abraham, Isaac, . . .

Jane Leavy, *Sandy Koufax: A Lefty's Legacy*.

. . . and Jacob:

William Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*.

. . . Wrestling Jacob, . . .

Harold Bloom, *Wrestling Sigmund: Three Paradigms for Poetic Originality*.

. . . A rare distinction.

Robert Pinsky, Excerpt from *The Night Game*.

"His triumph surpassed mere success."

Jane Leavy, *Sandy Koufax: A Lefty's Legacy* quoting Robert Pinsky.

What does it mean?

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

The scriptures are unalterable and the comments often enough merely express the commentator's bewilderment. In this case . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

. . . the sage . . .

Franz Kafka, *On Parables*.

... Maimonides, ...

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

... a teacher of religion, ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

... considered it a prophetic vision, a form of “internal” revelation taking place in Jacob’s psyche. Others, ...

Rabbi Daniel Goldfarb, *Iyunei Shabbat*.

... I am certain ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... would argue ...

Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle*.

... that this was an event which took place in the real world, as evidenced by the real impact it had, the injured thigh and the consequent limp (32:32).

Rabbi Daniel Goldfarb, *Iyunei Shabbat*.

At any rate, ...

Solomon Grayzel, *A History of the Jews*.

... real or imaginary, ...

Isaac Deutscher, *Israel’s Tenth Birthday*.

Might we not recognize in the biblical story of Jacob a paradigmatic reflection on one component of the son-father relationship which needs to be settled before childhood can be brought to a natural termination?

Peter Blos, *Son and Father: Before and Beyond the Oedipus Complex*.

We would like to believe that because the generations renew themselves and because the rhythm of the seasons recurs endlessly we do too; and because each day dispels the night, what is done can always be undone, or at least somehow mediated. But while Nature is cyclical and the mind, too, functions according to the principle of mastery through repetition and adaptation, the relation of cause to consequence is inexorable and cannot be rescinded.

While learning the harsh lesson that all things have their price and that the consequences of the flow of time cannot be undone, we have to think, act, and feel as though they might be undone.

Gilbert J. Rose, *William Faulkner’s Light in August: The Orchestration of Time In the Psychology of Artistic Style*.

Time past and time future

What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from *Burnt Norton*.

For Freud, who seemed to use every hour productively, the momentary present was almost hidden between past and future. The present took its meaning from the larger perspective, the non-present, from which Freud derived his higher motive, his drive for success and permanence.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

It is impossible to date with any precision the time that Freud began his momentous self-scrutiny. By 1893 or, at the latest, 1894, the pressure for generalization always active within him had brought him to the recognition that the mental activities his patients reported to him strikingly resembled his own fantasies, thoughts, and wishes.

Peter Gay, *Freud: For the Marble Tablet*.

Within that same decade, Freud, a neurologist fascinated by hypnosis, created the science and art of psychoanalysis. He introduced the term in 1896, borrowing “analysis” from chemistry.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

During these years . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

. . . the seemingly stable days of the 1890's . . .

Donald A. Wollheim, Introduction to H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

. . . Freud at times expressed some despair and confessed to some neurotic symptoms which reveal phenomenological aspects of a creative crisis. He suffered from a “railroad phobia” and from acute fears of an early death—both symptoms of an over-concern with the all too rapid passage of time. “Railroad phobia” is an awkwardly clinical way of translating *Reisefieber*—a feverish combination of pleasant excitement and anxiety. But it all meant, it seems, on more than one level that he was “coming too late,” that he was “missing the train,” that he would perish before reaching some “promised land.” He could not see how he could complete what he had visualized if every single step took so much “work, time and error.”

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

Every now and again he . . .

Anthony Trollope, *La Vendee*.

. . . thought of the problems in school arithmetic in which you are asked how soon and in what order trains, starting at different times and going at different speeds, get to their destinations; he tried to remember the general method of solving them, but it escaped him and he went on from these school memories to others and to still more complicated speculations.

He tried to imagine several people whose lives run parallel and close together but move at different speeds, and he wondered in what circumstances some of them would

overtake and survive others. Something like a theory of relativity governing the hippodrome of life occurred to him, but he became confused and gave up his analogies.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

He was obviously, I believe, hiding the weaknesses in his nature, covering the areas which were most vulnerable to hurt, concealing the vast but vague designs shaping in his dreams. One of the weaknesses most noticeable and most significant was that lateness to arrive at the various stages of maturity. This had the effect of making much that went on about him slightly incomprehensible. He knew that certain things happened and would happen, but he was not quite certain why. And he did not want this insufficiency to be known. He went to great lengths to keep it hidden. That repository of concealment by now begins to seem bottomless.

Rexford G. Tugwell, *The Democratic Roosevelt*.

At this time, Freud speaks of his discoveries with the anguish of one who has seen a promised land which he must not set foot on:

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

I am beginning now to fear that I must wait a lifetime. . . .

If that is so, it remains for us to live as though it were not so. But to me the future is still black and blank—

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

We look back on these . . .

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

. . . self-appraisals . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . now with bewildered irony.

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

The irony derives from what we already know of this character from outside the story—

Peter D. Kramer, *Should You Leave?*

Only in the very last of the letters to Fliess does Freud seem to have found his position in time and space: "I have readers . . . the time is not yet ripe for followers." The last letter, written in the last year of the 19th century, admits, "We are terribly far ahead of our time."

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

The train, gathering speed, . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

. . . figuratively speaking, . . .

Otto Kernberg, *Borderline Conditions and Pathological Narcissism*.

. . . was approaching . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

. . . its destination.

Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*.

I have reported above that in the years preceding the crisis Freud had presented to the psychiatric community his seduction theory of hysteria. This theory was briskly rejected by his academic colleagues and made a subject of ridicule, e.g., "as a scientific fairytale" (Krafft-Ebing). Thus, the discovery which Freud expected to be a breakthrough in the comprehension and treatment of emotional illness turned into an occasion of contempt and isolation from the academic world. This turn of events liquidated the son's wish to present to his father the gift of fame and distinction as expected of him. The theory of infantile seduction would oblige the son to subject his personal and intimate life with his own father to an objective scrutiny, in order to comprehend its influence on his own emotional development and present state of mind. The argumentation of some Freud biographers was predicated on the inference that an inhibition arose in the mind of the originator of the seduction theory which in essence protested: no, my father has never done improper things. . . .

I draw the conclusion from the crisis which Freud experienced in his 40s (1896-98) that his self-analysis following the death of his father facilitated, even though it was a developmentally anachronistic or delayed move, the resolution of his father complex—at least as far as he could take it at that time.

In contrast to the widely accepted opinion that the revocation of the seduction theory was issued under the forceful directive of an infantile inhibition and subordination to the father imago, it is my opinion that the liquidation of the controversial theory points to other determinants. One of them is to be found in his striving toward the liberation from the need or mandate to fulfill his father's wish to possess a famous, triumphant son. Fame was to come from his epochal discoveries in the world of the mind, comparable only to the revolutionary discoveries of a Columbus or Galileo in the world of space.

Peter Blos, *Freud and the Father Complex*.

Freud seems to have shared Nietzsche's impression that . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

. . . to remain stuck to . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . an overvalued . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

. . . science—even if it should lure us with the most precious finds that seem to have been saved up precisely for us . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . could not be much good.

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

We must be patient and await fresh methods and occasions of research.

Sigmund Freud, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*.

He later confessed:

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

We must be ready, too, to abandon a path that we have followed for a time, if it seems to be leading to no good end. Only believers, who demand that science shall be a substitute for the catechism they have given up, will blame an investigator for developing or even transforming his views. We may take comfort, too, for the slow advances of our scientific knowledge in the words of the poet: . . .

'What we cannot reach flying we must reach limping. . . .

The Book tells us it is no sin to limp.'

Sigmund Freud, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* quoting Friedrich Ruckert.

I call Freud, in the context of these uncanny notions, "Wrestling Sigmund," because again he is a poet of Sublime agon, here an agon between sexuality and the vital order. Our sexuality is like Jacob, and the vital order is like that one among the Elohim with whom our wily and heroic ancestor wrestled, until he had won the great name of Israel. Sexuality and Jacob triumph, but at the terrible expense of a crippling. All our lives long we search in vain, unknowingly, for the lost object, when even that object was a clinamen away from the true aim.

Harold Bloom, *Wrestling Sigmund: Three Paradigms for Poetic Originality*.

That word . . .

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys Across the Continent*.

. . . Clinamen, which made the critic sound like a gardener with a filthy mind.

Anthony Lake, *Infinite Exercise*.

Ha! Absurd.

***Candide*, Excerpt from "Word, words, words," lyrics by Leonard Bernstein.**

To those who have never bumped into Bloom's prose before, this will sound at worst willful and at best gorgeously obscure. But you soon get into the swing of his persuasions, and it becomes clear that Bloom, like Emerson, gives himself helplessly to criticism as if it were poetry . . .

Anthony Lake, *Infinite Exercise*.

He's not one of your common or garden . . . you know . . . There's a touch of the artist about old Bloom.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

But this matters little. What is important is that . . .

Robert Osserman, *Poetry of the Universe: A Mathematical Exploration of the Cosmos*.

. . . We are lived by drives we cannot command . . .

Harold Bloom, *Shakespeare: The Invention of the Human*.

. . . And yet we search incessantly, do experience satisfactions, however marginal, and win our real if limited triumph over the vital order. Like Jacob, we keep passing Peniel, limping on our hips.

Harold Bloom, *Wrestling Sigmund: Three Paradigms for Poetic Originality*.

Freud, however, . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

. . . a man who in lonely years struggled through a unique experience and won a new kind of knowledge for mankind . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

. . . had to "appoint his own neurosis that angel who was to be wrestled with and not to be let go, until he would bless the observer." Freud's wrestling with the angel was his working through his own father complex which at first had led him astray in his search for the origins of the neuroses in childhood.

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

Freud arrived at the conviction that the childhood remembrances of seduction which his female hysterics reported to him with such astounding regularity were, in many cases . . .

Peter Blos, *Freud and the Father Complex*.

. . . nothing more than vivid fantasies . . .

Doreen Carvajal, *Disputed Holocaust Memoir Withdrawn*.

. . . that held an authority greater than historical truth.

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

[A]s such they evoked pathological reactions as severe as those founded on experiences in real life.

Peter Blos, *Freud and the Father Complex*.

Freud protested that it . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . is not the literal past that rules us, save, possibly, in a biological sense. It is images of the past. These are often as highly structured and selective as myths.

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

If I understand anything of this great . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Anti-Christ*.

. . . poet of Sublime agon, . . .

Harold Bloom, *Wrestling Sigmund: Three Paradigms for Poetic Originality*.

. . . anything of this great symbolist it is that he took for realities, for 'truths', only inner realities—that he understood the rest, everything pertaining to nature, time, space, history, only as signs, as occasions for metaphor.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Anti-Christ*.

The conceptual demarcation between an experiential world that is related, on the one hand, to an inner life and, on the other, to the impingement of reality, and the implicit theoretical differentiation between the specific influences derived from these two worlds of experience upon the causation of psychic illness, ushered in the twentieth century. This demarcation was epitomized by Freud's mounting concentration on the . . .

Peter Blos, *Freud and the Father Complex*.

... inner world of fantasy ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

... namely, on his dream research which followed the death of his father.

...

He thus succeeded in gaining access to the carefully guarded secrets and mysterious workings of the human mind.

Peter Blos, *Freud and the Father Complex*.

One has to test oneself to see that one is destined for independence and command—and do it at the right time.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

My sleep is no relaxation, my dreams continue my waking thoughts, that is, if I go to sleep at all. The other day I saw a map ...

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder and the Building of the German Empire* quoting Bismarck.

... a large map of the world.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

It is hard to know how others might judge this map made up of the dreams and visions of one man—

James Cowan, *A Mapmaker's Dream*.

Various small red pins had been stuck into different cities. It was clear that these represented cities around the world in which there were psychoanalytic institutes. It was Freud's private map of conquest. Like a general, he had stuck little red pins into the cities he had conquered for psychoanalysis.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Joseph is Sigmund Freud's precursor, not so much as dream interpreter but as a favored being who, like a conquistador, goes from success to success.

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

Just as Columbus knew that he had discovered a fact—mistaken as he may have been about its interpretation—so Freud, I would guess, while he may have had his doubts

about whether his theories of the etiology of neuroses would endure, was convinced that, with the discovery of . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . the unconscious, . . .

Joseph Conrad, *The Arrow of Gold*.

. . . this lower world . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

. . . beyond the reach of being named, . . .

Lucia Perillo, Excerpt from "*The Oldest Map With The Name America*."

. . . he had discovered "a new continent."

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

I am not really a man of science, not an observer, not an experimenter, and not a thinker. I am nothing but by temperament . . .

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

. . . a conqueror but in the realm of mind, a Don Juan but of knowledge, an actor but of the intelligence . . .

Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus*.

. . . a conquistador — an . . .

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

. . . explorer of the new inner geography . . .

George and Patricia Kernodle, *Invitation to the Theatre*.

. . . an adventurer, if you want to translate the word — with the curiosity, the boldness and the tenacity that belong to that type of being. Such people are apt to be treasured if they succeed, if they have really discovered something; otherwise they are thrown aside. And that is not altogether unjust.

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

The battleground of . . .

Howard Felperin, *Undream'd Shores: "The Tempest"*.

. . . a Conquistador . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Nostromo*.

. . . is also the world of the audience, where we worldings and groundlings find ourselves striving for our moral lives with a master who has anticipated all possible defenses and counterattacks in a game we can win only if he does.

Howard Felperin, *Undream'd Shores: "The Tempest"*.

My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,

But a continuance of enduring thought,

Which then I can resist not: in my heart

There is a vigil, and these eyes but close . . .

George Gordon, Lord Byron, Excerpt from *Manfred*.

. . . to gaze therein on . . .

William Shakespeare, *Sonnet No. XXIV*.

... a coat of arms ...

George Steiner, *Errata: An Examined Life*.

And what, it may be asked, has all this to do with Wagner?

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

Wagnerism was a movement—a cultural, social, and political movement—and not simply the love of Wagner's music.

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

As a matter of fact ...

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

... there appears, high ...

Victor Gollancz, *The Ring at Bayreuth: and Some Thoughts on Operatic Production*.

... Over our head as we enter ...

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

... Wagner's home, Wahnfried ("peace from madness"),

Simon Williams, *Bayreuth: Summer Pilgrimage*.

... the palatial villa Richard Wagner built for his family ...

Nora London, *Aria for George*.

... the coats of arms of all towns possessing Wagner Societies on the moldings of the ceiling in the Wahnfried *salon*, ...

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries (editors' note)*.**

... an extravagant expression ...

Walter Scott, *Kenilworth*.

... in visual imagery ...

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

... of Wagner's influence ...

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

... at the turn of the century, when he all but dominated the intellectual life of the Western world.

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.

And look!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

The effect ...

Victor Gollancz, *The Ring at Bayreuth: And Some Thoughts on Operatic Production*.

... of the ceiling ...

Irving Stone, *The Agony and the Ecstasy: A Novel of Michelangelo*.

... is awe-inspiring:

Victor Gollancz, *The Ring at Bayreuth: And Some Thoughts on Operatic*

Production.

... yes, a marvel.

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

One would have to conclude that the movement behaved very much like a chameleon, ...

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

Who would not admire this chameleon?

Erik Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

... and a particularly crafty one at that, in its ability to insinuate itself into so many different cultural and political scenes.

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of

The present poem—of—I know not what—

A tendency to under-rate and scoff at ...

George Gordon, Lord Byron, Excerpt from *Don Juan*.

... the common ideal ...

Otto Rank, *The Don Juan Legend*.

... and identify with ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory*.

... the great and Titanic, only—

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

O nonsense!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Humility is not at issue here. I am talking about the exhilaration I feel knowing just how far a man can go in affirming his existence in relation to his peers.

James Cowan, *A Mapmaker's Dream*.

The world had changed, and ...

John N. Burk, *The Life and Works of Beethoven*.

... through his art ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... Wagner ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II).

... had done much to change it, not by what he had exacted, but by a strange power in ...

John N. Burk, *The Life and Works of Beethoven*.

... his project ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... which lifted all men in spite of themselves.

John N. Burk, *The Life and Works of Beethoven*.

Suppose it were the case that Wagner's success became incarnate, took human form and, dressed up as a philanthropic music scholar, mixed with young artists. How do you suppose he would talk?

My friends, . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

. . . he would speak of . . .

Anthony Trollope, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*.

. . . the "incomparable magic" of his works; music was . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

—would you believe it?—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

. . . the science of his art, . . .

Lucia Perillo, Excerpt from "*The Oldest Map With The Name America*."

. . . without the which this story were most impertinent.

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

The power of . . .

John N. Burk, *The Life and Works of Beethoven* quoting Wagner.

. . . Wagner . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II).

. . . the musician cannot be grasped otherwise than through the idea of magic. Assuredly while listening we fall into an enchanted state . . .

John N. Burk, *The Life and Works of Beethoven* quoting Wagner.

. . . the state . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

. . . that is his magic.

J. Moussaieff Masson and T. C. Masson, *Buried Memories on the Acropolis: Freud's Response to Mysticism and Anti-Semitism*.

A Prospero with book and wand who sought rule over a world of inferior spirits, he used music to sway the senses—to captivate, subdue, and lecture an audience rendered unquestioning.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

—Ah, this old magician!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

The art of power and the power of art have become in Prospero's hands, not divided and distinguished worlds as they were before, but one and the same thing.

Howard Felperin, *Undream'd Shores: "The Tempest"*.

You want a formula for such a destiny become man?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

Listen now! Mark this well, I beg of you, and let me save my breath—

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

I am of the opinion . . .

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time*.

. . . that you should . . .

Jules Verne, *Around the World in 80 Days*.

. . . be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought. Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice.

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

One should not dodge one's tests, though they may be the most dangerous game one could play and are tests that are taken in the end before no witness or judge but ourselves.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

To this opinion I am given wholly

And this is wisdom's final say:

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

May 1872

Cosima Wagner's Diaries.

Notes

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Notes From Underground*.

To be vested with enormous authority is a fine thing; but to have the on-looking world consent to it is a finer.

Mark Twain, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

I write this on my lap, seated in a crowded . . .

Gore Vidal, *1876: A Novel*.

. . . tent . . .

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys on the Mississippi*.

. . . as in a circus;

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, January 6, 1872).

. . . on the firm slopes of a hill . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust (Part II)*.

... at the edge of town.

Zane Grey, *The Lone Star Ranger*.

I am so hemmed in that I can barely write in this book. Against ...

Gore Vidal, 1876: *A Novel*.

... the great scaffolding ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, July 5, 1873).

... opposite me, sit the members of the special committee charged with ...

Gore Vidal, 1876: *A Novel*.

... the undertaking's ...

Protection of Historic and Cultural Properties (36 CFR 800).

... financial arrangements.

Gore Vidal, 1876: *A Novel*.

Added later but referred back to this point:

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, July 14, 1880) (editors' emendation).

—not a vestige of anything was left in view but just a little of the

rim ...

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

... around the "crater"

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, October 13, 1872).

(as it was called)

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

Added at the bottom of the page:

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, February 4, 1883) (editors' emendation).

Someone is heard to say:

Andre Gide, *Journals*.

An old suspicion has it that no building is sound whose foundations have not cost a human sacrifice.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis* quoting Sigmund Freud, Letter to Eduard Silberstein.

and the words

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, February 9, 1883) (editors' emendation).

the mayor is horrified

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, March 18, 1873).

In the foregoing

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, February 9, 1883) (editors' emendation).

the Mayor

Henrik Ibsen, *An Enemy of the People*.

has been altered in another handwriting into

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, February 9, 1883) (editors' emendation).

a government official

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

I hear a man . . .

Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

. . . from the management committee . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, August 14, 1873).

. . . say that . . .

Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

. . . 10,000 marks have been deducted from the receipts for seats for the press.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, May 5, 1881).

It has been raining hard since early morning. On a hill above Bayreuth mud is everywhere and ankle deep. Long banners—twenty-one of them—with the national and Bavarian colours, hang wet and limp in the incessant downpour. No less soggy is a waiting crowd, people from all around Germany. A military band stands in place, but the dripping platform for dignitaries and singers . . .

Frederic Spotts, *Bayreuth: A History of the Wagner Festival*.

. . . placarded with grandiloquent welcomes . . .

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time for Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations*.

. . . is empty. Just after eleven o'clock a carriage draws up, and out steps a small man with one of the most famous and frequently caricatured profiles in Europe. He is Richard Wagner, and it is Wednesday, 22 May 1872, his fifty-ninth birthday. It is also one of the most important days in his life. 'Everything that had happened up to now', Nietzsche later wrote, 'was a preparation for this moment.'

The moment was the occasion when the foundation-stone of Wagner's own opera house was to be laid. Once the composer and his friends had arrived, the band struck up his March of Homage, to King Ludwig II of Bavaria. The stone was then lowered into place and with it a capsule containing a telegram of congratulation from the King, several Bavarian and German coins and a holograph scrip with the composer's own quatrain . . .

Frederic Spotts, *Bayreuth: A History of the Wagner Festival*.

He came forward with a rapid step that expressed his eagerness to appear before his public and gave rise to the illusion that he had already come a long way to put himself at their service—

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

As a man of the theater, . . .

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

. . . Wagner . . .

***Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics*.**

... was thoroughly familiar with the magic of props, lighting, and costume, and so from the first moment of his arrival in ...

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

... Bayreuth ...

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

... he personally supervised every detail. There is an element of theater in all . .

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

... political crusades, ...

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

... the convergence of the two has rarely been as evident as at this moment in

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

... Wagner's ...

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

... life.

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

He had sought stardom, perhaps even needed it. He had stage presence, an actor in him, and great confidence in his abilities. He liked being in the public eye and generally didn't get nervous there; indeed, he seemed to thrive in the limelight.

Tom Wells, *Wild Man: The Life and Times of Daniel Ellsberg*.

He drew vigorous applause and then ...

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time for Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations*.

... took an envelope out of his pocket, removed its enclosure, glanced at it—seemed astonished—held it out and gazed at it—stared at it.

Twenty or thirty voices cried out:

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

"Courage, we count on you, we are with you!"

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time for Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations*.

"Read it! read it! What is it?"

And he did—slowly, and wondering:

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

'Here I enclose a secret, And if it remains many hundred years, As long as the stone preserves it, It will reveal itself to the world.' Wagner took a hammer and tapped the block three times, saying with the first strike, 'Be blessed, my stone, endure for long and be steadfast.'

Frederic Spotts, *Bayreuth: A History of the Wagner Festival*.

He paused.

Monica Crowley, *Nixon in Winter*.

We want to lay the foundation stone . . .

Theodor Herzl, Excerpt from *Address to the First Zionist Congress at Basel*.

. . . he said, . . .

Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*.

. . . for the house which will become the refuge of . . .

Theodor Herzl, Excerpt from *Address to the First Zionist Congress at Basel*.

. . . *The Artwork of the Future*.

Richard Wagner, *The Artwork of the Future*.

Deathly pale, . . .

Frederic Spotts, *Bayreuth: A History of the Wagner Festival*.

“ . . . tears just ran right out of his eyes. It was beautifully done, those tears”

Bruce Mazlish, *In Search of Nixon: A Psychohistorical Inquiry*.

At this point there was an intermission. Our lord and master withdrew.

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

So the curtain fell on Act One.

Gore Vidal, *1876: A Novel*.

The friendly Bavarian town, Wagner's shrine, . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

. . . had an air of self-conscious solemnity, becoming to an occasion so universally proclaimed as historic, but it also . . .

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time for Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations*.

. . . woke up world-celebrated—astonished—happy—vain. Vain beyond imagination. Its nineteen principal citizens and their wives went about shaking hands with each other, and beaming, and smiling, and congratulating, and saying THIS thing adds a new word to the dictionary—

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

Bayreuth

***Oxford English Dictionary*.**

. . . synonym for . . .

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

dazzling spectacle

Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*.

—destined to live in dictionaries for ever! And the minor and unimportant citizens and their wives went around acting in much the same way.

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

To be a . . .

Chaim Weizmann, as attributed by Amos Elon.

. . . Wagnerian . . .

Amos Elon, *The Israelis: Founders and Sons* quoting Theodor Herzl.

... it is not necessary to be mad, but it helps.

Chaim Weizmann, as attributed by Amos Elon.

At eleven-forty the rain had suddenly ceased, and arrangements were completed to

...

Ronald C. White, Jr., *Lincoln's Greatest Speech: The Second Inaugural*.

... continue ...

Abraham Lincoln, *The Second Inaugural Address*.

... the ceremonies outside.

Ronald C. White, Jr., *Lincoln's Greatest Speech: The Second Inaugural*.

"Wagner's here!" So saying, ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... the interval passed, the gong sounded. The audience, which had scattered in conversation, took their places again ...

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

As far as the eye could see, the throng looked like waves breaking at its outer edges.

Ronald C. White, Jr., *Lincoln's Greatest Speech: The Second Inaugural* quoting Noah Brooks of the *Sacramento Daily Union*.

No composer, and few human beings, have had Wagner's sense of mission.

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.

He made no effort to disguise his strategy:

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time for Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations*.

"We show them our hands," he explains. "We say, 'Listen, just so you know, we're here to manipulate you and show you beautiful things. Apparently, you want to do this. Now do you want to be massaged?'"

John Lahr, *The Ringmaster: The Garish and Giddy World of Baz Luhrmann*.

After removing his hat, scarf, and mantle he came forward to the front of the stage .

...

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

... and—*bang!*—

John Lahr, *The Ringmaster: The Garish and Giddy World of Baz Luhrmann*.

... in something of a high-wire act, ...

David Mermelstein, *Wagner's "Parsifal"—The Sorrow & the pity*.

... showed himself a practiced speaker, never at a loss for conversational turns of phrase.

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

"I have but a word to say to you, and I shall sum it up with a bit of advice ..."

Theodore Roosevelt, Excerpt from *Presidential Address Delivered to the Students of the Central High School of Philadelphia*.

"You show them you have in you something that is really profitable, and then there will be no limits to the recognition of your ability," he would say. "Of course you must take care of the motives—right motives—always."

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

Only an experienced and self-assured gambler would have taken such a risk.

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

So far, the man had done nothing; but what he had said was accepted as an achievement, by means of that he had made an impression.

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

My friends, . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

There are human beings who . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . know the masses, . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

. . . who . . .

J. Thomas Looney, "Shakespeare" Identified.

. . . know the theater . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

. . . and who are able to . . .

J. Thomas Looney, "Shakespeare" Identified.

. . . find their public even as their public finds and drafts them.

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

The crowd roared approval.

Jim Bishop, *FDR'S Last Year: April 1944-April 1945*.

The capacity for self-surrender, he said, for becoming a tool . . .

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

. . . of the people . . .

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time for Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations* quoting Woodrow Wilson, Excerpt from Presidential Address Delivered at New York's Metropolitan Opera House.

. . . was but the reverse side of that other power to will and to command.

Commanding and obeying formed together one single principle, one indissoluble unity; he who knew how to obey also knew how to command, and conversely; the one idea was comprehended in the other, as people and leader were comprehended in one another.

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

The only vision has been the vision of the people.

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time for Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations* quoting Woodrow Wilson, Excerpt from Presidential Address Delivered at New York's Metropolitan Opera House.

"You have now seen what we can do," he said. "Now it is for you to *want*. And if you want, we shall have an art!"

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

You can accomplish the impossible!

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

Indeed it is so.

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

It cannot be otherwise!—

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

The men who utter the criticisms have never felt the great pulse of the world.

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time for Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations* quoting Woodrow Wilson, Excerpt from Presidential Address Delivered at New York's Metropolitan Opera House.

So saying, he bowed and walked off.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Astonishment, and loud applause.

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

It was, as the loquacious Strauss . . .

Jules Witcover, *Marathon: The Pursuit of the Presidency 1972-1976*.

. . . who was active on the podium one way or another all his long life, . . .

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Great Conductors*.

. . . wrote later:

Jim Bishop, *FDR's Last Year: April 1944-April 1945*.

It was . . . "like giving Heifetz a Stradivarius. . . ."

Jules Witcover, *Marathon: The Pursuit of the Presidency 1972-1976*.

" . . . The son of a bitch . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

. . . knows how to play . . .

Jules Witcover, *Marathon: The Pursuit of the Presidency 1972-1976*.

. . . his audience . . . "

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

And having thus gaily disposed of the difficulty of the moment, . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

—namely . . .

National Public Radio Online, *Bush, Gore Take The Debate on the Road.*

... the inauguration of ...

Mark Twain, *Christian Science.*

... a worldwide campaign ...

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther.*

... to attract the attention of as many people as possible ...

Johannes Ehrmann, *Float Like a Butterfly.*

... the Micawber of Bayreuth could breathe freely again ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner.*

—for a while.

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther.*

That evening, ...

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys on the Plains.*

... alone in his study, ...

Anthony Trollope, *The Prime Minister.*

... Wagner ...

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

... wrote to a friend:

Bryan Magee, *The Tristan Chord: Wagner and Philosophy.*

“In ...

Amos Elon, *Herzl* quoting *The Diaries of Theodor Herzl.*

... Bayreuth ...

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

... I founded ...

Amos Elon, *Herzl* quoting *The Diaries of Theodor Herzl.*

... ‘the inmost community of our endeavors and thoughts under *one* flag’

Bryan Magee, *The Tristan Chord: Wagner and Philosophy* quoting

Nietzsche, *Letter to Wagner.*

If I said this aloud today. I would be answered by universal laughter.

Perhaps in five years, and certainly in *fifty*, everyone will agree.”

Amos Elon, *Herzl* quoting *The Diaries of Theodor Herzl.*

Wagner did not stimulate admirers alone—he stimulated a cause. To some extent he was the cause. One can argue that in building his own theater in Bayreuth he took the Romantic idea of genius—of the artist as a culture hero—further than any artist in the nineteenth century, and the advancement of his work therefore became a crusade for many people who believed in the idea.

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

At the beginning of most great enterprises stands an adventure, a defiance of time, or law, or some established notion. This is true of most new ...

Amos Elon, *Herzl.*

... sweeping theories of human renewal.

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

There is always a trace of quixotism when devotion to a cause is extreme, logical, and saintlike.

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

Wagner ...

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

... went beyond that. He walked a tightrope between charlatanism and genius. Throughout his career as a self-appointed leader of men he ran a very real danger of exposure as a fraud even as he was hailed as a ...

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

... cultural ...

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics

... savior. In his negotiations with kings, emperors, and ministers of state, even in his dealings with his closest disciples, he took great risks; he had to conjure up an entire world of make-believe in place of the real power he lacked.

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

'Between the idea and the reality, between the motion and the act falls the shadow.' The problem posed by T.S. Eliot the poet was precisely what now confronted Richard Wagner the opera composer. In his case, bridging the gulf between inspiration and realization was not a solitary activity with pen and paper but a live endeavour involving hundreds of fallible, wilful human beings and a variety of art forms.

Frederic Spotts, Bayreuth: A History of the Wagner Festival.

My pen delays ... Stops. Why write any of this? Why make a record? Answer: habit. To turn life to words is to make life yours to do with as you please, instead of the other way round. Words translate and transmute raw life, make bearable the unbearable. So at the end, as in the beginning, there is only The Word.

Gore Vidal, *1876: A Novel*.

August 1876

Cosima Wagner's Diaries.

Four years have passed since I last saw ...

Thomas Hardy, *The Hand of Ethelberta*.

... the crater ...

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

... on the hill.

Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*.

I could not say that for me four years is the equivalent of all eternity.

Gore Vidal, *1876: A Novel*.

But that is a long time. Oh, it is a long time!

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*.

The *Ring* attracted four crowned heads to Bayreuth: the emperors Wilhelm I of Germany and Dom Pedro II of Brazil; the king of Bavaria, . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . one of the event's . . .

Jeffrey Birnbaum, *Al Gore's Clinton Moment*.

. . . most generous financial supporters—

Martin McLaughlin, *The Middle Class "Left" and the Clinton Campaign*.

. . . who only returned for the third series of performances because he had no wish to meet any of his fellow monarchs; and the king of Wurttemberg.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

A newspaper clipping enclosed;

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Monday, July 31, 1882)* (editors' emendation).

These devotees would worship in an atmosphere of devotion.

Mark Twain, *At the Shrine of St. Wagner*.

At a respectful distance were many country-folk, and people from the city, waiting for any chance glimpse of royalty that might offer.

Mark Twain, *The Prince and the Pauper*.

So gorgeous was the spectacle on . . .

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Guns of August*.

. . . that afternoon . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

. . . in August, when . . .

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

"Four kings!"

Jack London, *Burning Daylight*.

. . . rode up to the Hill . . .

Oral History Interview with Clark M. Clifford.

. . . to enter the "Wagner" theater . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner*.

. . . that the crowd, waiting in hushed and black-clad awe could not keep back gasps of admiration.

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Guns of August*.

Murmurs:

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

Look up, . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust (Part II)*.

"There!"

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

"It is like heaven!"

Gore Vidal, *1876: A Novel*.

I happened to look up and saw . . .

William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*.

. . . *at the top of the hill, . . .*

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dream*.

. . . plumed helmets, gold braid, crimson sashes, and jeweled orders flashing in the sun.

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Guns of August*.

It was a story of another age and you could hardly believe that this . . .

Somerset Maugham, *Straight Flush*.

. . . assemblage of royalty and rank ever gathered in one place and . . .

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Guns of August*.

. . . had really taken part in it.

Somerset Maugham, *Straight Flush*.

I suddenly had a terrible itch to drive away the rich and resplendent, slash at the ropes, and let those others go flooding into the Temple.

Victor Gollancz, *The Ring at Bayreuth: And Some Thoughts on Operatic Production*.

"It seemed true indeed," Wagner wrote in his "Retrospect of the Stage Festivals of 1876," "that never had an artist been thus honored; for though it was not unknown for such a one to be summoned before an emperor and princes, no one could recall that an emperor and princes had ever come to him."

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

But Wagnerism ultimately departed from Wagner the man and became a movement in its own right—with principles, goals, and possibly doctrine often loosely related to the original source of the inspiration. . . .

With the foundation of the Festspielhaus [Festival Theater] and its opening in 1876, the movement acquired its Mother Church, and a full ecclesiastical bureaucracy in the form of the Richard Wagner Society. Organizations of that sort (generally independent of Bayreuth) appeared in many parts of Europe, from Vienna to Bologna to London, usually presenting concerts and literary meetings concerned with his music and ideas.

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

I had to laugh at first, but . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, May 11, 1871).

—if I may bring it in evidence—

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

I remember quite clearly R. saying to me . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, March 22, 1879).

. . . gazing up at the ceiling . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

... as we entered ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, March 22, 1879).

... the Sistine Chapel where Michelangelo had transcribed the Old Testament ...

Irving Stone, *The Passions of the Mind: A Biographical Novel of Sigmund Freud*.

"This is no place for lightheartedness—it is like my theater."

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, March 22, 1879).

This aperçu may serve as an ...

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

... insight into ...

Henry James, *A Bundle of Letters*.

... Wagner's theater-temple ...

***Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics*.**

... complete with a guru ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... a theater of religion ...

***Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics*.**

... that promised entry into a world sealed off from the uninitiated.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

He believed that he had discovered the ultimate truth, and he had the ability and personal magnetism to convert others to his vision.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

He would have liked nothing better than a worldwide league of disciples whose faith in him was even greater than his own.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

For fifteen years or so after ...

***Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics*.**

... the death of its ...

James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*.

... onlie begetter ...

Thomas Thorpe, *Dedication to the Sonnets of William Shakespeare*.

... the movement maintained itself in varying states of cohesion.

***Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics*.**

He wondered once ...

Edwin Arlington Robinson, *The Three Taverns*.

... if he would, perhaps, be entirely forgotten, displaced by someone who would make things easier for the audience.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

In truth, what . . .

Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo.*

. . . was the sense of his life if people walked out of the theatre and forgot him?

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime.*

Of course the . . .

Joseph Conrad, *The Arrow of Gold.*

. . . movement . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Star.*

. . . did not die in a single instant but rather in the fashion of a dramatic hero who manages to utter a few dozen final lines after being mortally wounded.

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

One cannot choose but wonder.

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine.*

What happened?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner.*

I had somehow the impression that he was . . .

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Sharer.*

—how shall I define it?—

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness.*

He had become . . .

Peter Schrag, *Test of Loyalty.*

. . . an anachronism.

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Great Conductors.*

The world had changed.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

His . . .

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician.*

. . . fall from grace . . .

Rich Cohen, *Lake Effect.*

. . . was, I may say, an epoch.

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician.*

But he was great. He was great by this little thing that it was impossible to tell what could control such a man. He never gave that secret away.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness.*

He did not present himself merely as a composer, or even as a composer who dabbled in social theory, but as a cultural messiah. Speaking the language of the philosopher and gathering disciples like a prophet, he claimed a "holy gift" by which he would cleanse and heal the fallen world of not only the opera but society at large . . .

Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics.

... confident in the power of the Word ultimately to rout the enemies of civilization.

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time for Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations*.

And Freud?

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

Freud's immortality was linked to his self-image as a scientific explorer who discovers a truth which conquers the world after being initially rejected. This image combined science with social movement, in precisely the form taken by psychoanalysis. In pursuing that goal Freud rejected the identity of the artist . . .

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

With the publication of *The Interpretation of Dreams* Freud believed that he had presented the world with a new vision. In the autumn of 1902, at a time when Freud's relationship with Fliess was in its death throes, a general practitioner, Wilhelm Stekel, proposed to Freud that some of his admirers form a discussion group. "I was the apostle of Freud who was my Christ!" he later recalled. Freud liked the idea, and sent out postcards to three other men, including Dr. Alfred Adler, and the Psychological Wednesday Society was formed.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

He agreed with Stekel that psychoanalysis needed such a forum to remain vital and to serve as the basis for recruiting new members. After his break with Wilhelm Fliess, Freud may also have needed a following for his own psychological sustenance. The format of Freud's evening seminars—designated the Wednesday Psychological Society—followed the old rabbinic traditions.

Charles B. Strozier, *Heinz Kohut: The Making of a Psychoanalyst*.

Though the God of Israel and I had parted at least temporary company, I missed the moments of exaltation and the friends with whom I could share it. . . . It was not surprising that I soon found people and activities to take up the spiritual slack.

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

After a presentation, the names of those present were drawn from an urn to determine the order of commentary. Many rabbis had used just such a procedure to insure that students were not overwhelmed by the comments of the most learned teachers. At Freud's home the discussions were lively, often heated, and no matter when he spoke still completely dominated by the presence of Freud. By 1908 the Wednesday group evolved into the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society, the model for countless such groups

around the world A loosely formed group with seemingly only intellectual interests, in other words, was transformed within a decade by its charismatic leader into an enduring institution, on the one hand, and a secret band of disciples committed to spreading the word, on the other.

Charles B. Strozier, *Heinz Kohut: The Making of a Psychoanalyst*.

The disciples . . .

Jules Verne, *Around The World in 80 Days*.

. . . were bound together by their secrecy against the world, their faith in Freud's theory, and their personal devotion to their leader.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

They found in themselves the same power that the Master found in himself, and they used it as he had used his power.

Mark Twain, *Christian Science*.

Freud happily . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . presented . . .

Joseph Conrad, *The Arrow of Gold*.

. . . each of the Committee members with an ancient intaglio . . .

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

. . . (new word) . . .

Gore Vidal, *1876: A Novel*.

. . . from his collection of antiquities. These they subsequently had mounted in gold rings. Freud himself wore one incised with the head of Jupiter. Traditionally intaglios had been used as seals on contracts before written signatures were used to certify important documents. The rings were pledges of eternal union, symbolizing the allegiance of a band of brothers to their symbolic father, Freud the ring-giver.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

I tell you frankly that I firmly believe that there has always been such a man among those who stood at the head of the movement.

Feodor Dostoyevski, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

In bestowing rings on his followers, he seemed to see himself as a towering fWagnerian opera.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

Indeed it was . . .

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

... like the impossible things one reads about in books, and never sees in life.

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

Freud was beginning to envisage a worldwide psychoanalytic movement, far broader than the narrow confines of Vienna.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

Unlike most scientists, content to scatter their ideas like seeds on stony ground, Freud envisioned a movement to nurture and disseminate his radical truth.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

"It's not enough that you move through the world—you must change it to suit your expectation," he says.

John Lahr, *The Ringmaster: The Garish and Giddy World of Baz Luhrmann*.

The Berlin clinic "for the psychoanalytic treatment of nervous ailments" and its associated institute were the first realization of Freud's call to utopia.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

The past teaches us that in order to succeed, a movement like this must not be a mere philosophy, it must be a religion . . .

Mark Twain, *Christian Science*.

The guidelines of the institute mandated a training analysis; this requirement was still controversial elsewhere, but in Berlin no one who had not been analyzed was to analyze anyone else. This training analysis was expected to take, the guidelines said, "at least a year"—a recommendation betraying a therapeutic optimism that now seems sheer frivolity. But even with such a short analysis, candidacy was a time of testing that corresponded, as Hanns Sachs put it "to the novitiate in a church." Sachs's metaphor assimilating the institute to a religious institution was facile and unfortunate; it mirrored a common charge against psychoanalysis. But one can see why he used it. Freud would protest to Ernest Jones, "I am not fond of acting the Pontifex maximus." But he protested in vain.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

A man of protean interests and Promethean will, . . .

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

... Freud profoundly distrusted democracy in professional organizations, . . .

Joseph Reppen, *Memory and Archives: A London Conference*.

—and in this I am supported by the opinions of others—

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

... often exhibited a dictatorial nature, as in his wish that the president of the .

Joseph Reppen, *Memory and Archives: A London Conference.*

... International Psychoanalytic Association ...

Sigmund Freud, *History of the Psychoanalytic Movement.*

... be elected for life.

Joseph Reppen, *Memory and Archives: A London Conference.*

And those letters, ...

Raja Ghoshal, *Ups and Downs of Love.*

Yes!

Emile Zola, *J'accuse* ... !

Back to the letters.

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner.*

Freud, a prolific letter writer, ...

Joseph Reppen, *Memory and Archives: A London Conference.*

... corresponded almost daily. He ...

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner.*

... answered every letter he received, generally within twenty-four hours, and wrote upward of 35,000 letters.

Joseph Reppen, *Memory and Archives: A London Conference.*

I suspected that ...

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner.*

... for Freud writing was a vital necessity, a sort of writing cure for lifting depression. Freud once wrote that he had to recuperate from psychoanalysis by writing.

Joseph Reppen, *Memory and Archives: A London Conference.*

His published work comprises some two million words—twice as much as that of Shakespeare's output.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank.*

After the Second World War, at a time when there was little interest in Sigmund Freud's life history, a small group of psychoanalysts—Hartmann, Kris, Lewin, Nunberg, and myself—became alarmed by the fact that a large number of letters by Freud had been lost as a result of the ravages brought about by the war. It was feared that if no measures were taken, the surviving documentation of Freud's life would be ...

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives* quoting K.R. Eissler.

... dispersed throughout the world ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust.*

... and most of it would be lost to future research. The need for a Sigmund Freud Archives was thus recognized.

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives* quoting K.R. Eissler.

What all this means to us at the present time is this:

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

Dr. Kurt Eissler, ...

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Series Z: An Archival Fantasy*.

... in due course, ...

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

... gathered about him a body of ...

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book* quoting
Parzival: First Prose Sketch.**

... colleagues ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

... to serve the ...

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book* quoting
Parzival: First Prose Sketch.**

... newly founded ...

Lord Alfred Tennyson, *Idylls of the King: The Last Tournament*.

... Freud Archives.

**J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a
Psychoanalyst*.**

Starting from the very bottom, ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

... and with a strength of spirit and character which is rare among human beings . .

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal* quoting Erich Heller.

... the much maligned Dr. Eissler ...

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Series Z: An Archival Fantasy*.

... sought and secured ...

Jerome K. Jerome, *The Cost of Kindness*.

... historical materials ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

... that were destined eventually for the Freud Archives under the
custodianship of the Library of Congress ...

**J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a
Psychoanalyst*.**

... where they would remain ...

Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*.

... inaccessible to every other living man.

H.G. Wells, *The New Accelerator*.

The problem was that scholars and university researchers were convinced that there
were deep, dark secrets locked away in the ...

**J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a
Psychoanalyst*.**

... vaulted niche ...

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book quoting
Parzival: First Prose Sketch.***

... of the Archives. Eissler would not permit anybody access to more than
a few of the ...

**J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a
Psychoanalyst.***

... supremely wondrous wealth of ...

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal.*

... files in the library.

**J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a
Psychoanalyst.***

Naturally ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

... researchers ...

**J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a
Psychoanalyst.***

... found it difficult to ...

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage.*

... accept this demand.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

There were catalogues ...

**J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a
Psychoanalyst.***

... of the materials ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

... with intriguing information, but most of the actual material could not be seen
for ...

**J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a
Psychoanalyst.***

... a hundred years:

Lord Alfred Tennyson, *Idylls of the King: The Holy Grail.*

What on earth could there be in the Archives that was so sinister, so
dangerous, that it could not be seen for a hundred years?

**J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a
Psychoanalyst.***

Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,

And time future contained in time past.

If all time is eternally present

All time is unredeemable.

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from “*Burnt Norton*.”

If one insists upon a lesson from history, it lies here, as discovered by . . .

Barbara W. Tuchman, *A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century*.

. . . Hermann Hesse . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . when he was writing a book on the. . .

Barbara W. Tuchman, *A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century*.

. . . world of the remote future . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

. . . *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game* . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

. . . while dodging the Gestapo during World War II.

“Certain ways of behavior,” he wrote, “certain reactions against fate, throw mutual light upon each other.”

Barbara W. Tuchman, *A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century*.

The longer we consider Hesse’s novel, the more clearly we realize that it is not a telescope focused on an imaginary future, but a mirror reflecting with disturbing sharpness a paradigm of present reality.

Theodore Ziolkowski, Introduction to Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

Our predecessors and founders began their work in a shattered world at the end of the Age of Wars . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

. . . wrote Hesse.

Theodore Ziolkowski, Introduction to Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

We cannot think clearly about the crises of Western Culture, about the origins and forms of totalitarian movements in the European heartland and the recurrence of world war, without bearing sharply in mind that Europe, . . .

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard’s Castle*.

. . . around the beginning of the twenty-fifth century . . .

Theodore Ziolkowski, Introduction to Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

. . . was damaged in its centers of life. Decisive reserves of intelligence, of nervous resilience, of political talent, had been annihilated.

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard’s Castle*.

Western civilization . . .

The American Tradition in Literature.

... of which we are the heirs, that authentic ancient ideal had patently come near to being entirely lost.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius* quoting Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

This vacuum at the end of a violent era concerned only with superficial things, this sharp universal hunger for a new beginning and the restoration of order, gave rise to our Castalia. The insignificantly small, courageous, half-starved but unbowed band of true thinkers began to be aware of their potentialities. With heroic asceticism and self-discipline they set about establishing a constitution for themselves. Everywhere, even in the tiniest groups, they began working once more, clearing away the rubble of propaganda. Starting from the very bottom, they reconstructed intellectual life, education, research, culture.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

At this point I expect to hear the reproach . . .

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

Why labor to elaborate and transmit culture if it did so little to stem the inhuman, if there were in it deep-set ambiguities which, at times, even solicited barbarism?

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

I think this reproach would be unjustified.

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

The enterprise had its own logic outside reason and human needs.

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

I have neither the special knowledge nor the capacity to decide on its practicability, to test the expediency of the methods employed or to measure the inevitable gap between intention and execution . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Future of an Illusion*.

... but the . . .

Mark Twain, *Christian Science*.

... grandeur of the plan and its importance for the future of human civilization cannot be disputed.

Sigmund Freud, *The Future of an Illusion*.

Having made this reservation, we may proceed . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

... to observe that . . .

Henry James, *The Bostonians*.

... Their labors were fruitful. Out of those intrepid and impoverished beginnings they slowly erected a magnificent edifice. In the course of generations they created the Order, the Board of Educators, the elite schools, the Archives and collections, the technical schools and seminaries, and the Glass Bead Game.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

"Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game" is generally considered Hesse's magnum opus. A futuristic tale set in the post World War III society of the 25th century, it focuses on an elaborate, mind-taxing, yet strangely illuminating game in which players create metaphors, uncover relationships and discover associations—all drawn from the cultural and scientific knowledge of the ages. A wellspring of the sense of interconnectedness of all and everything, the game is played not only to enhance the intellect but to elevate human culture.

Don Oldenburg, *Meeting of the Minds: Hermann Hesse's Glass Bead Game Hits the Net*.

Violent, destructive, greedy, fallible as he may be, man retains his vision of order and resumes his search.

Barbara W. Tuchman, *A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century*.

But Hesse didn't explain how to play it, which now has made approximating it sort of a game designer's Holy Grail.

Don Oldenburg, *Meeting of the Minds: Hermann Hesse's Glass Bead Game Hits the Net*.

What is the Grail?

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

... the Grail?

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

Holiest of ...

John Milton, *Paradise Regained*.

... relics, it was for a long time mysteriously lost to the sinful world. When finally at a most harsh and hostile time, and in the face of opposition by unbelievers, the holy distress ...

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book* quoting
Parzival: First Prose Sketch.**

... of a lost coherence ...

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

... was at its highest, heroes, inspired by God and imbued with holy charity, were moved by their fervour to go in quest of the vessel—that mysteriously consoling relic of which there was ancient report.

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book* quoting
Parzival: First Prose Sketch.**

It is quite clear that ...

Siegfried Hessing, *Freud's Relation with Spinoza in Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

... certain sources of the Holy Grail legends ...

***The American Tradition in Literature*.**

... are stored ...

Siegfried Hessing, *Freud's Relation with Spinoza in Speculum Spinozanum* 1677-1977.

... in pre-Christian myths, legends, and rituals concerning fertility. These primitive materials, reshaped by Christian influence, appeared as symbolic elements in the later stories of the Grail and of Arthur's knights. Eliot was particularly ...

The American Tradition in Literature.

... impressed by ...

Siegfried Hessing, *Freud's Relation with Spinoza in Speculum Spinozanum* 1677-1977.

... the North European myth of the Fisher King, ruler of a Waste Land blighted by an evil spell which also rendered the King impotent. The salvation of King and country awaited the advent of a knight of fabulous virtue and courage, ...

The American Tradition in Literature.

... an unknowing bystander ...

David Gress, *From Plato to Nato*.

... blundering into an alien realm he has no means of understanding ...

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal*.

... whose ordeals would provide answers for certain magical questions symbolic at once of religious purity and fertility.

The American Tradition in Literature.

The curious fact that the healing power could be released only by an unknowing bystander was the romantic remnant of the ancient ritual requirement that the new giver of health be an innocent youth; one who, in the earliest forms of the cult, was actually sacrificed so that his vigorous blood could fertilize the land.

The wounded and infertile, perhaps self-mutilated king sadly presiding over an infertile Waste Land was a powerful image. Though Eliot used that image only once in the poem, its entire text is an emotional and syntactical Waste Land, a series of abrupt, fragmented conversations, snatches of poetry, incantations, jangles, ...

David Gress, *From Plato to NATO*.

... quotations, allusions, parodies, in tones sublime and scurrilous, ...

Michael Steinberg, *Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand."*

... and banal phrases of twentieth-century urban existence.

David Gress, *From Plato to NATO*.

Sometimes prose ...

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

... as a vehicle of "communication"

The American Tradition in Literature.

... seems inadequate to deal with such complexities.

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

One might almost say that the more shadowy tradition has become, the more meet is it for the poet's use.

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

The poem is an effort to express a knowledge imperfectly felt, to articulate relationships not quite seen, to make or discover some pattern in the world. It is a conflict with disorder, not a message from one person to another.

Richard Wilbur, *The Genie in the Bottle*.

Permit me to clarify the situation by a . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

. . . poem drawn from . . .

***The Home of the Eddic Lays*.**

. . . an old book, left to me by my ancestor . . .

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Here!—here!

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

I will show you something . . .

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

. . . not coerced into being by rational principle, but . . .

Richard Wilbur, *The Genie in the Bottle*.

. . . exhaled . . .

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

. . . from the imagination, a condition of spontaneous psychic unity.

Richard Wilbur, *The Genie in the Bottle*.

Worship

In the beginning was the rule of sacred kings
Who hallowed field, grain, plow, who handed down
The law of sacrifices, set the bounds
To mortal men forever hungering

For the Invisible Ones' just ordinance
That holds the sun and moon in perfect balance
And whose forms in their eternal radiance
Feel no suffering, nor know death's ambience.

Long ago the sons of the gods, the sacred line,
Passed, and mankind remained alone,
Embroiled in pleasure and pain, cut off from being,
Condemned to change unhallowed, unconfined.

But intimations of the true life never died,
And it is for us, in this time of harm
To keep, in metaphor and symbol and in psalm,
Reminders of that former sacred reverence.

Perhaps some day the darkness will be banned,
Perhaps some day the times will turn about,
The sun will once more rule us as our god
And take the sacrifices from our hands.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

The image we carry of a lost coherence, of a center that held, has authority greater than historical truth. Facts can refute but not remove it. It matches some profound psychological and moral need. It gives us poise, a dialectical counterweight with which to situate our own condition. This appears to be an almost organic, recursive process.

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

Here we meet with a remarkable fact. It is that these traditions, instead of growing weaker as time went on, grew more and more powerful in the course of centuries, found their way into the later codifications of the official accounts, and at last proved themselves strong enough decisively to influence the thought and activity of the people.

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

To return now to the Glass Bead Game:

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

... until now it has been almost impossible to get an internal view of the workings of ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... the Glass Bead Game ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

... with its initiation rites; expectations of membership loyalty over truth; pressures to accept concepts handed down by the leaders, no matter how irrational; xenophobic banding together against outsiders; and the punishment of anyone who poses questions or finally wants out.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Joseph Knecht, or Ludi Magister Josephus III, as he is called in the Archives of the Glass Bead Game ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

—an individual ...

Henry James, *Washington Square*.

... well known to me from letters and documents ...

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

... was one of those fortunates who seem born for Castalia, for the Order, and for service in the Board of Educators. . . .

As Magister Ludi he became the leader and prototype of all those who strive toward and cultivate the things of the mind. He administered and increased the cultural heritage that had been handed down to him, for he was high priest of a temple that is sacred to each and every one of us.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

Sadly, though, . . .

Sharon Begley, *The Schizophrenic Mind*.

... the seeds of extreme disillusionment . . .

Virginia Woolf, *Jacob's Room*.

... had already been sown on ground so fertile, that it only needed a certain chain of circumstances to cause it to bear fruit

F.K. Wiebe, *Germany and the Jewish Problem*.

If an individual compromises his self-assertiveness to fit within the group's collective will, . . .

Tolga Koker and Carlos Yordan, *The Microfoundations of Terrorism*.

... that is to say, by accepting . . .

R.T. Hallock, *The Road to Spiritualism. Being a Series of Four Lectures, Etc.*

... the cultural heritage that had been handed down to him, . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

... then the individual incurs a psychic cost associated with the loss of his autonomy.

Tolga Koker and Carlos Yordan, *The Microfoundations of Terrorism*.

As I look back on my training, I can see that much of it was an indoctrination process, a means of socializing me in a certain direction; it was partly intellectual, partly political and even to some extent had to do with class. . . . If this process was successful, it became almost impossible to question many of the major ideas within the parent organization.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Concerning his childhood before he entered the elite schools, we know only a single incident. It is, however, one of symbolic importance, for it signified the first great call of the realm of Mind to him, the voice of his vocation. . . .

Knecht must have been twelve or thirteen years old at the time.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

At twelve it never occurred to me to be skeptical.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a*

Psychoanalyst.

At that time, . . .

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo*.

I liked to think of advanced mystics holding special councils (as a result of reading Hermann Hesse's *The Glass Bead Game*, which in turn was influenced by Buddhism and Indian philosophy), at which my "spiritual education" was discussed in great detail by elder statesmen of the spiritual world.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *My Father's Guru*.

I dreamed of hidden Tibetan monasteries, where disciples of ancient "gurus" learned secret teachings.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

At the time, his greatest ambition had been to be a good pupil, to learn, receive, form himself. Now the pupil had become a teacher, and as such he had mastered the major task of his first period in office: the struggle to win authority and forge an identity of person and office. . . .

In the last two years of his magistracy he twice referred to himself in letters as "Schoolmaster," reminding his correspondent that the expression *Magister Ludi*—which for generations had meant only "Master of the Game" in Castalia—had originally been simply the name for the schoolmaster. . . .

But we have run far ahead of our story, and now return to the period of Knecht's first years in office. After gaining the desired relationship with the elite, he had next to turn his attention to the bureaucracy of the Archives and show it that he intended to be a friendly but alert master. Then came the problem of studying the structure and procedures of the chancery, and learning how to run it. A constant flow of correspondence, and repeated meetings or circular letters of the Boards, summoned him to duties and tasks which were not altogether easy for a newcomer to grasp and classify properly.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

Letters were a means of access to the soul without the sometimes irritating presence of the other person, and the possibility of the other person's interrupting one's train of thought.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

Quite often questions arose in which the various Faculties of the Province were mutually interested and inclined toward jealousy—questions of jurisdiction, for instance. Slowly, but with growing admiration, he became aware of the powerful secret functions of the Order, the living soul of the Castalian state, and the watchful guardian of its . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

. . . Constitution and Byelaws.

Constitution and Byelaws of the International Psychoanalytical Association.

The rewards were abundant. There was even a degree of warmth and security in accepting the "wisdom" handed down over the last hundred years.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

The game allowed me to shed the overcoat of loneliness and confusion.

Robert C. Gallo, *Virus Hunting: AIDS, Cancer, and The Human Retrovirus—A Story of Scientific Discovery.*

Outside, to be sure, it was a far colder world. I am not even certain that had I not been forced out, I would ever have had the courage to step outside entirely on my own.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

The secret archives of the Board of Educators are not at our disposal. What we know about . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

. . . Freud's self-revelations and self-estimates . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time.*

. . . must therefore be deduced from his occasional remarks to friends.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

Freud was a highly complex man, modified and changed by the disappointments, failures, and successes of his life. In trying to understand this man, who has been such an important influence on our culture, one ponders the question: Why, at a crucial point in the history of psychoanalysis, did the Committee mean so much to him? In fact, what did friendship—as played out with such great drama and intensity by the members of the Committee—mean to Freud?

One might assume that someone who wrote as many letters as Freud did was capable of great friendship. But such an assumption is questionable.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis.*

In our Province explicit friendships among the holders of high office are most rare. We need therefore not be surprised that . . . intimacies beyond the joint work on an official level are scarcely possible.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

A striking feature of Freud's correspondence is the fact that the bulk of it was limited almost exclusively to his professional colleagues. A touching exception is his letters to his friend Eduard Silberstein, a young Romanian from the town of Braila whom he met in his early teens when both were students at the gymnasium in Vienna.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

The friendship between the two was an unusual one.

Hermann Hesse, *Beneath the Wheel*.

They had spent almost every hour together, taking "secret walks." They learned Spanish, which they made into a secret code, taking names from Cervantes with which to address each other, Silberstein becoming Berganza, Freud Cipion.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

One cannot resist imagining his astonishment had someone suddenly addressed him as Cipion half a century later!

Ernest Jones, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*.

The character, Cipion, appears in "The Colloquy of the Dogs" (1613), a picaresque tale in which a vagabond mongrel tells his story to a compassionate canine listener. . . . The two, guard dogs at a hospital, had the gift of speech for only a day, and Cipion instructed Berganza to tell his life story first. Cervantes' two characters—the sage commentator and the charming, sometimes maudlin hysteric—interact within strict time limits. Cipion never gets his turn to confess or regale; as in the "talking cure," there is no reciprocity. Cervantes' tale unfolds a charming parody of the human colloquy called psychoanalysis.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

Silberstein and Freud comprised the entire faculty of the imaginary "Academia Castellana" (also called "Academia Espanola")—"the two sole luminaries of the A.E."—and they addressed each other formally as "Your Honor." Girls were known as "principles," and European cities were given the names of their Spanish counterparts. (Madrid stood for Berlin, Seville for Vienna.)

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

Unbeknownst to his friend, he had led a second, very different life of his own, in which his friend played no part.

Hermann Hesse, *Tales of Student Life*.

In the dark, he sat for a long time in his room.

Hermann Hesse, *Beneath the Wheel*.

. . . he always had a room of his own, no matter how straightened his parents' circumstances.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

Here he was his own master, undisturbed. Here—obstinately, ambitiously—he had battled weariness, sleep and headaches, brooding many hours over Caesar, Xenophon, grammars, dictionaries and mathematics. But he had also experienced those few hours more valuable than all lost boyhood joys, those few rare, dreamlike hours filled with the

pride, intoxication and certainty of victory; hours during which he had dreamed himself beyond school and examinations into the elect circle of higher beings. He had been seized by a bold and marvelous premonition that he was really something special, superior to his fat-cheeked, good-natured companions on whom he would one day look down from distant heights.

Hermann Hesse, *Beneath the Wheel*.

Even as a boy of seventeen, he was looking for a companion 'to whom I could pour out my inmost being to my heart's content, without my caring what the effect might be on him.'

Anthony Storr, *Feet of Clay—Saints, Sinners, and Madmen: A Study of Gurus* quoting Richard Wagner.

Could it be in reality he had had no friend at all, possessed no share in someone else's life? He had had a companion, a listener, a yes-man, a henchman, and no more!

Hermann Hesse, *Tales of Student Life*.

The intensity with which . . .

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

. . . later in life . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . he entered into his largely epistolary friendship with Wilhelm Fliess must have been a reflection of his disappointment with reality and his need to seek an idealized friend who existed only as a projection of his own needs. For Freud the ideal friend had to be an extension of himself.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

He confessed to being bored by his contemporaries . . .

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

One exception was Fritz Tegularius, whom we may well call, . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

. . . past all parallel—

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time* quoting Lord Byron, *Don Juan*.

. . . Joseph Knecht's closest friend throughout his life. Tegularius, destined by his gifts for the highest achievements but severely hampered by certain deficiencies of health, balance, and self-confidence, was the same age as Knecht at the

time of Knecht's admission to the Order—that is, about thirty-four—and had first met him some ten years earlier in a Glass Bead Game course. . . .

For a characterization of Tegelarius we may use a page from Knecht's confidential memoranda which, years later, he regularly drew up for the exclusive use of the highest authorities. It reads:

"Tegelarius. Personal friend of the writer. Recipient of several honors at school in Keuperheim. Good classical philologist, strong interest in philosophy, work on Leibniz, Bolzano, subsequently Plato.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

His sensitive temperament . . .

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

. . . made him feel an outsider; and feeling an outsider he behaved like one, which increased the prejudice against him and intensified the contempt and hostility aroused by his physical defects. Which in turn increased his sense of being alien and alone. A chronic fear of being slighted made him avoid his equals, made him stand, where his inferiors were concerned, self-consciously on his dignity.

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*.

He was as solitary and self-preoccupied as his father was garrulous; as serious and introspective as his father was effervescent and glib.

G. Edward White, *The American Judicial Tradition: Profiles of Leading American Judges*.

His father . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Judgment*.

. . . the old doctor . . .

Oliver Wendell Holmes, *The Guardian Angel*.

. . . thought his son given to "looking at life as a solemn show where he is only a spectator"; William James . . .

G. Edward White, *The American Judicial Tradition: Profiles of Leading American Judges* quoting Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.

. . . Henry's brother . . .

H. Rider Haggard, *King Solomon's Mines*.

. . . found in him a "cold-blooded, conscious egotism and conceit."

G. Edward White, *The American Judicial Tradition: Profiles of Leading American Judges*.

A timid adolescent, as sensitive as he was withdrawn, . . .

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

. . . a person who had never learned to relate to another person, not even as a child .

Ayke Agus, *Heifetz As I Knew Him*.

... he no doubt felt the need of a rigorous context, an orderly and protective society.

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

The most brilliant and gifted Glass Bead Game player I know. He would be predestined for Magister Ludi were it not that his character, together with his frail health, make him completely unsuited for that position. T. should never be appointed to an outstanding, representative, or organizational position; that would be a misfortune for him and the office. His deficiency takes physical form in states of low vitality, periods of insomnia and nervous aches, psychologically in spells of melancholy, a hunger for solitude, fear of duties and responsibilities, and probably also in thoughts of suicide. Dangerous though his situation is, by the aid of meditation and great self-discipline he keeps himself going so courageously that most of his acquaintances have no idea of how severely he suffers and are aware only of his great shyness and taciturnity. . . ."

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

In the person of Fritz Tegularius, Hesse has given us his interpretation of the brilliant but unbalanced character of Friedrich Nietzsche.

Theodore Ziolkowski, Foreword to *Hermann Hesse, Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

The young Nietzsche . . .

Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche and Anthony Mario Ludovici, *The young Nietzsche*.

... was shy and quiet and kept to himself. He was not the sort one befriended easily. Some found him very solemn.

Tom Wells, *Wild Man: The Life and Times of Daniel Ellsberg*.

I have one want which I have never yet been able to satisfy; and the absence of the object of which I now feel as a most severe evil. I have no friend, . . .

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*.

... he wrote to his sister in Basel:

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... when I am glowing with the enthusiasm of success, there will be none to participate in my joy; if I am assailed by disappointment, no one will endeavour to sustain me in dejection. I shall commit my thoughts to paper, it is true; but that is a poor medium for the communication of feeling. I desire the company of a man who could sympathise with me; whose eyes would reply to mine. You may deem me romantic, my dear sister, but I bitterly feel the want of a friend. I have no one near me, gentle yet courageous, possessed of a cultivated as well as of a capacious mind, whose tastes are like my own, to approve or amend my plans. How would such a friend repair the faults of your poor brother!

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*.

Nietzsche's loneliness was caused by his inner plight, for only the very few were receptive to what he said, and perhaps he wasn't aware of even these few. Thus, he would rather be alone than together with people who did not understand him.

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

He remained alone, because he found no second self.

Barry Cooper, *Beethoven quoting Grillparzer's Funeral Oration*.

In his solitude, he had new ideas and made new discoveries; since they were based on his most personal experiences, but at the same time concealed them, they were difficult to share with others, and they only deepened his loneliness and the gulf between him and those around him.

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

To live alone one must be an animal or a god — says Aristotle. There is yet a third case: one must be both — a philosopher.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*.

Nietzsche's favorite philosophers—Socrates, Pascal, Spinoza, and Schopenhauer—were all "primarily concerned with the cure of sick souls," and for Nietzsche "a genuine philosopher was essentially a physician of the interior self." Nietzsche believed that the well won't care for the sick; true healers also had to be sick.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

I myself am convinced that . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . had he been healthy, it is doubtful he could have created as much, or as well.

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man*.

Nietzsche was too self-analytical not to be aware of the parallels between himself and the Jewish philosopher . . .

Colin Wilson, *Spinoza—The Outsider in Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

. . . Benedict de Spinoza

Benedict de Spinoza, *Ethics: Of Human Bondage, or the Strength of the Affects*.

Both were 'sickly recluses'; both were 'outsiders', rejected by their own community, living in rented rooms on a low income, devoting themselves to the life of the mind.

Colin Wilson, *Spinoza—The Outsider in Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

At the age of twelve he kept a diary, the kind an adult might have kept, written in a well-adjusted, reasonable, well-behaved way.

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

I live in the suburbs with my mother and my sister and my grandmother, . . .

Rich Cohen, *Lake Effect*.

. . . he wrote . . .

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

... almost a prisoner but full of road dreams and the constant anticipation of adventures in strange cities. At night, I pore over maps and imagine every highway and hill and out of the way town. I approach big cities in my mind. I explore every back street and alley. From the tops of tall buildings I enjoy crystal views of streets spilling into the country. Sometimes the streets are filled with traffic and sometimes they are deserted and I am alone.

Rich Cohen, *Lake Effect*.

His writing kept alive the illusion of liberation because on a symbolic level he actually did take steps in the direction of truth and freedom.

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

In fact two . . .

Lesley Chamberlain, *Nietzsche in Turin: An Intimate Biography*.

. . . separate individuals . . .

Truddi Chase, *When Rabbit Howls*.

. . . two different Nietzsches talked about loneliness. The one was his mother's son . . .

Lesley Chamberlain, *Nietzsche in Turin: An Intimate Biography*.

. . . a "laughed-at 'mama's boy'" . . .

Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

. . . the only male in a household of women—

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

The other was a fearless explorer and a military strategist on his philosophical quest, . . .

Lesley Chamberlain, *Nietzsche in Turin: An Intimate Biography*.

. . . who spoke of . . .

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

. . . life in military metaphor—as a war with battles, retreats, campaigns . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . one for whom solitude was powerfully symbolic.

Lesley Chamberlain, *Nietzsche in Turin: An Intimate Biography*.

He was alone with his past, his present and his future. Alone! He needed to be. The strongest must pause when the precipice yawns before him. The gulf can be spanned; he feels himself forceful enough for that; but his eyes must take their measurement of it first; he must know its depths and possible dangers.

Anna Katharine Green, *Initials Only*.

When he became an expert in the use and manipulation of his . . .

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*.

. . . own egotism, . . .

Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*.

... he conceived a notion of space that allowed him to navigate ...

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*.

... unknown currents ...

Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*.

... across unknown seas, to visit uninhabited territories, and to establish relations with splendid beings without having to leave his study.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*.

Friedrich Nietzsche ...

Desmond Stewart, *Theodor Herzl: Artist and Politician. A Biography of the Father of Modern Israel*.

... was truly a hero of the nineteenth century, that era when the tale of lonely outsiders—reviewing life and society in the obscurity of a study and plotting new policies in the reading room of a public library—was often more fascinating and significant than the story of crowned heads, prime ministers, illustrious generals, and captains of industry.

Amos Elon, *Herzl*.

His room ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

... a quiet room for a ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

... closet metaphysician, ...

Lesley Chamberlain, *Nietzsche in Turin: An Intimate Biography*.

... was more than a place for work, ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

... this wonderful place ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

... Nietzsche's place ...

Lesley Chamberlain, *Nietzsche in Turin: An Intimate Biography*.

... was to him a ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

... retreat ...

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Guns of August*.

... a banquetting room of the spirit, a cupboard of mad dreams, a storeroom of revelations.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

Nietzsche ...

Edward R. Tannenbaum, *1900: The Generation Before the Great War*.

... as we have seen, ...

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected*.

... had a good mind and was an excellent writer.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

He looked at the world with the eyes of a Henry James, noting the subtlest of feelings in himself and those around him.

Charles B. Strozier, *Heinz Kohut: The Making of a Psychoanalyst*.

Ever since his schooldays he had dreamed of composing a book about life which would contain, like buried explosives, the most striking things he had so far seen and thought about.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

The books he wrote are now among the classics of philosophy, but are highly untypical of works that answer to that description. Primarily concerned to convey insights rather than expound arguments or analyse other people's positions, they are usually written not in long chapters of extended prose but in short, concentrated bursts, sometimes no more than aphorisms, separately numbered.

Bryan Magee, *The Tristan Chord: Wagner and Philosophy*.

The internal tensions in . . .

G. Edward White, *The American Judicial Tradition: Profiles of Leading American Judges*.

. . . Nietzsche . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . ultimately led to a fatalistic dependence on paradox and impotence, and this formed the basis of his . . .

G. Edward White, *The American Judicial Tradition: Profiles of Leading American Judges*.

. . . philosophy.

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

Consciously or unconsciously, he perceived the opposing impulses in himself, . . .

G. Edward White, *The American Judicial Tradition: Profiles of Leading American Judges*.

. . . what he called the *constitutional incapacity* . . .

Siegfried Hessing, *Freud's Relation with Spinoza*.

. . . and gave up attempting to reconcile them. Whether man was inherently evil or perfectible, whether change ever constituted progress, even whether he himself existed—a question he took seriously—were unanswerable riddles. The easy solution was to acknowledge “ultimate Facts”—power, force, and change—

G. Edward White, *The American Judicial Tradition: Profiles of Leading American Judges*.

The idea that came to him was that all religions and philosophies have so far been mistaken about the highest good. It does not lie in moral virtue, or in self-restraint, or even in self-knowledge, but in the idea of *great health and strength*. This, says

Nietzsche, is the fundamental constituent of freedom. Once man has these the others will follow. For most of his evils—and his intellectual confusions—spring from weakness.

Colin Wilson, *Spinoza—The Outsider in Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

Momentous for Nietzsche in 1865 . . .

Robert Wicks, *Friedrich Nietzsche*.

. . . as he claims in his “Autobiographical Sketch,” . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . was his accidental discovery of Arthur Schopenhauer’s *The World as Will and Representation* (1818) in a local bookstore. He was then 21.

Robert Wicks, *Friedrich Nietzsche*.

These notes . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

. . . “fragments of a grand confession”—

Geoffrey Skelton, *Wieland Wagner: The Positive Sceptic* quoting Goethe.

. . . were found later among his papers:

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

I must be profoundly related to *Byron’s* Manfred:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

From my youth upwards my spirit . . .

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.

. . . sought for the hidden metaphysical truth behind and beyond the phenomena of this world, for the ideal.

Theodor Reik, *The Haunting Melody*.

I lived then in . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Retrospect of my Two Years at Leipzig*.

. . . my small *albergo*, . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

. . . in a state of helpless indecision, alone with certain painful experiences and disappointments.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Retrospect of my Two Years at Leipzig*.

“Nothing more terrible could be imagined,” he wrote.

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Guns of August*.

What a fool I was! How I tried to force everything to go according to the way I thought it ought to!

Carl Gustav Jung, *Commentary on “The Secret of the Golden Flower.”*

This was an error.

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Guns of August*.

One day . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Retrospect of my Two Years at Leipzig*.

—strangely enough,

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

... I found ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Retrospect of my Two Years at Leipzig*

... Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Representation* (1818) in a .

Robert Wicks, *Friedrich Nietzsche.*

... secondhand bookshop, picked it up as something quite unknown to me, and turned the pages. I do not know what demon whispered to me, 'Take this book home with you.' It was contrary to my usual practice of hesitating over the purchase of books. Once at home, I threw myself onto the sofa with the newly-won treasure and began to let that energetic and gloomy genius operate upon me ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Retrospect of my Two Years at Leipzig.*

How many a man has dated a new era in his life from the reading of a book!

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden.*

Here I saw a mirror in which I beheld the world, life and my own nature in a terrifying grandeur ... here I saw sickness and health, exile and refuge, Hell and Heaven.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Retrospect of my Two Years at Leipzig.*

He never tired in his search after that transcendental and supernatural secret of the Absolute and he did not recognize that the great secret of the transcendental, the miracle of the metaphysical is that it does not exist.

Theodor Reik, *The Haunting Melody.*

The very notion that ...

Robert Osserman, *Poetry of the Universe: A Mathematical Exploration of the Cosmos.*

... one might imagine ...

Henry James, *The Ambassadors.*

... the strange sublunary poetry which lies in ...

John Russell Taylor, *The Angry Theatre.*

... a particle of an inch ...

Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself.*

... at the other end of a microscope ...

John Russell Taylor, *The Angry Theatre.*

... was so ...

Robert Osserman, *Poetry of the Universe: A Mathematical Exploration of the Cosmos.*

... wantonly extravagant ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo.*

... that even a century later ...

Robert Osserman, *Poetry of the Universe: A Mathematical Exploration of the Cosmos.*

... the philosopher ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

... would be mocked for spending his ...

Robert Osserman, *Poetry of the Universe: A Mathematical Exploration of the Cosmos*.

... whole life ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

... both interest and principal, ...

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Don Juan*.

... in a vain search for it.

Robert Osserman, *Poetry of the Universe: A Mathematical Exploration of the Cosmos*.

It had been the dream of his life to write with an originality so discreet, so well concealed, as to be unnoticeable in its disguise of current and customary forms; all his life he had struggled for a style so restrained, so unpretentious that the reader or the hearer would fully understand the meaning without realizing how he assimilated it. He had striven constantly for an unostentatious style, and he was dismayed to find how far he still remained from his ideal.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

While he was lost in his work, life ...

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.

... that miserable patch of event, that melange of nothing, ...

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright* quoting Odets, *Personal Notes*.

... passed him by.

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.

A clock tower strikes eight times in the distance.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

I stood ...

Miguel Serrano, *Jung & Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships*.

... in the shadow of an arcade ...

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

... quietly contemplating the clock tower, the low balcony and the tiny square. No one else was there, and it seemed as though time had stopped. Then a cat appeared and walked slowly and deliberately towards the balcony; it then stopped and lay down beneath it. A few moments later, I heard the sound of footsteps and a man ...

Miguel Serrano, *Jung & Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships*.

... already advanced in years ...

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

... emerged from one of the narrow streets and came into the square; his presence there seemed to increase the stasis of the scene, and he stood out alone against his surroundings, seemingly isolated from them.

Miguel Serrano, *Jung & Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships*.

A person in old age knows no one. He talks to people, but he does not know them. His life is scattered in fragments of conversation, forgotten by fragments of people. His life is divided into hasty episodes, witnessed by few.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

The man, with his hands in his overcoat pockets, was disconnected from everything, standing apart from his own landscape. He was the very image of the forlorn; he represented the *persona* and its fear of death. He was like a scrap from the morning newspaper which by noon was already out of date.

Miguel Serrano, *Jung & Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships*.

What a cruel practical joke old Nature played when she flung so many ...

Somerset Maugham, *Moon and Sixpence*.

... scattered fragments ...

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Ethan Brand*.

... so many contradictory elements together, and left the man face to face with the perplexing callousness of the universe.

Somerset Maugham, *Moon and Sixpence*.

Life is ...

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

... full of hope, of brutality, misery, sickness and death; nevertheless, it has completeness, a satisfaction and an emotional beauty which is unfathomable.

Miguel Serrano, *Jung & Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships*.

Life is a vessel of sadness, but it is noble to live life, and without time there is no life.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

But if these contradictions are improbable to us, they are not to the Indians.

Miguel Serrano, *Jung & Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships*.

The ironic philosopher reflects with a smile ...

Somerset Maugham, *Moon and Sixpence*.

... the wisdom of the East, ...

Kate Douglas Wiggin, *Marm Lisa*.

... of India, ...

Miguel Serrano, *Jung & Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships*.

... as revealed in ...

Mark Twain, *Christian Science*.

... the Sacred Texts.

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET.*

It is written:

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha.*

Our original teacher Shakyamuni Buddha spoke the Diamond Sutra in Sravasti. As Subhuti raised questions, the Buddha very compassionately explained for him. Subhuti attained enlightenment on hearing the teaching, and asked Buddha to give the teaching a name according to which later people could absorb and hold it. Therefore the sutra says, "The Buddha told Subhuti, 'This sutra is named Diamond Prajnaparamita, and you should uphold it by this name.'"

The "diamond prajnaparamita" spoken of by the Realized One takes its name from a metaphor for the truth. What does it mean? Diamond is extremely sharp by nature and can break through all sorts of things. But though diamond is extremely hard, horn can break it. Diamond stands for buddha-nature, horn stands for afflictions. Hard as diamond is, horn can break it; stable though the buddha-nature is, afflictions can derange it.

Even though afflictions may be intractable, prajna knowledge can destroy them; even though horn may be hard, fine steel can break it. Those who realize this principle clearly see essential nature.

Commentary on the Diamond Sutra.

All those who try to go it sole alone,
Too proud to be beholden for relief,
Are absolutely sure to come to grief.

Robert Frost, Excerpt from “*Haec Fabula Docet*.”
(or are they?)

Andrea Gerlin, *Look who’s talking (or are they?): Shy Finns go cell-phone crazy*.

A patient in analysis was in the habit of wandering about in a foreign city on a cold, windy night—observing the warm lighted houses on the top of the hill, longing to be inside them, yet enjoying in some curious way his own solitude. This masochistic enjoyment has a spurious quality to it. If the Indian ascetic wanders off into the forest by himself, he nonetheless soon begins to people his asrama with all the denizens of his imagination. What Indian ascetic is not on the closest terms with a large number of gods and demons; is he not steeped in mythology? The tradition provides the lost ascetic with his hearth, and hence, I believe, the universal tendency for mythology to begin to concern itself with the family life of the gods.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic*.

It is dozens of years since I . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . attended college.

Charles W. Chesnutt, *The House Behind the Cedars*.

But I remember . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

My condition at that time was a kind of madness. Amid the ordered peace of . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

. . . the University . . .

Sigmund Freud, *An Autobiographical Study*.

. . . I lived shyly, in agony, like a ghost; I took no part in the life of the others, rarely forgot myself for an hour at a time.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

The last term in my last year of college sputtered out in a week-long fusillade of examinations and sentimental alcoholic conferences with professors whom I knew I would not really miss, even as I shook their hands and bought them beers.

Michael Chabon, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh: A Novel*.

I had been lonely at Harvard. My relationships with others didn't seem to go deep enough to give me the sense that I was making permanent friends and becoming part of a larger community. I was unable to fall in love. I could easily imagine disappearing without leaving any trace in the world. This thought had a curious effect on me: it depressed me and yet the depression itself was so interesting a state for me to be able to

feel, that I was nearly elated at experiencing it. But perhaps I am romanticizing my loneliness in retrospect. I know at the time that I just wanted it to end.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

My salvation came from a totally unexpected source, which, at the same time, brought a new element into my life that has affected it to this very day.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

One autumn evening in 1962 I was walking in a quiet residential neighborhood of Cambridge, looking for the home of a friend. I stopped to ask directions at a house that looked cheerful and bright. The man who opened the door to me asked me in. He called his wife, and the three of us began a lively conversation, lively because both of them seemed to be unaccountably curious about me, where I had come from, what languages I grew up speaking, how I liked studying Sanskrit, . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . my sad and cynical major . . .

Michael Chabon, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh: A Novel*.

. . . where I was going that night, and whom I was going to meet and why. Both the man and his wife, it turned out, were psychoanalysts, the first I had ever met. I immediately assumed that their intense human curiosity must be a by-product of psychoanalysis, and I was fascinated. "What a wonderful profession," I thought, "that encourages such kindly intimacy." When I told them what I was thinking, and how badly I longed for just such conversations, they suggested I might be interested in therapy.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Suddenly we found ourselves in the midst of a strange conversation touching on many ominous topics.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

Both the man and his wife . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . spoke about the spirit of Europe and the signs of the times. Everywhere, . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

. . . the man said, . . .

Jack London, *The One Thousand Dozen*.

. . . we could observe the reign of the herd instinct, nowhere freedom and love. All this false communion—from the fraternities to the choral societies and the nations themselves—was an inevitable development, was a community born of fear and dread, out of embarrassment, but inwardly rotten, outworn, close to collapsing.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

The sun was setting, we could see the whole city below us, and it was one of those quiet moments when petty concerns seem to melt away.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

From this day on I went in and out of the house like a son or brother—but also as someone in love. As soon as I opened the gate, as soon as I caught sight of the tall trees in the garden, I felt happy and rich. Outside was reality: streets and houses, people and institutions, libraries and lecture halls— here inside was love; here lived the legend and the dream. And yet we lived in no way cut off from the outside world; in our thoughts and conversations we often lived in the midst of it, only on an entirely different plane.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

Not all the sufferings and miseries of this earth can affect that happiness which lies concealed deep within the heart like a pearl in an oyster, and even in my heaviest hours I have known this blissful pearl in my soul.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, January 5, 1869).

Hermann Hesse's . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *My Father's Guru*.

. . . Demian is not actually a physical being, since he is never separated from Sinclair, the character who narrates the book. In fact, Demian is Sinclair himself, his deepest self, a kind of archetypal hero who exists in the depths of all of us. In a word, Demian is the essential Self which remains unchanging and untouched, and through him the book attempts to give instruction concerning the magical essence of existence. Demian provides the young boy Sinclair with a redeeming awareness of the millennial being which exists within him so that he can overcome chaos and danger, especially during the years of adolescence.

Miguel Serrano, *Jung & Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships*.

How strange his life had been, he thought. He had wandered along strange paths. As a boy I was occupied with the gods and sacrifices, as a youth with asceticism, with thinking, and meditation. I was in search of Brahman and revered the eternal Atman. As a young man I was attracted to expiation. I lived in the woods, suffered heat and cold. I learned to fast, I learned to conquer my body. I then discovered with wonder the teachings of the great Buddha. I felt knowledge and the unity of the world circulate in me like my own blood, but I also felt compelled to leave the Buddha and the great knowledge. I went and learned the pleasures of love from Kamala and business from Kamaswami. I hoarded money, I squandered money, I acquired a taste for rich food, I learned to stimulate my senses.

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

I was also having trouble with the so-called parietal rules at Harvard which said that a woman must leave a student's room by 10 P.M. Every second that I was not studying, I spent at Wellesley, meeting women. This was a paradox that was becoming more and more pronounced in my character. While I still considered myself a spiritual person, I was becoming increasingly obsessed—an even stronger word would not be out of place—with sex. I saw it everywhere. I wanted it. I thought about it all the time. No woman seemed safe from my predations. I look back at it with horror. I had absolutely no understanding of what I was doing.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *My Father's Guru*.

—I was afraid of myself, I was fleeing from myself.

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

One evening I was invited to meet an older (perhaps forty-five) professor of Indian philosophy who was visiting from India. She had something of a following in India and was even considered a kind of guru. Somehow the discussion turned to spiritual matters. This woman said she had never felt sexual desire in her life because her mind was filled with spiritual thoughts. There was simply no room. As the guests were leaving her apartment, she asked me to stay a little bit, as there was something she wanted to tell me. When we were alone she said: "You looked as though you did not believe what I was saying. Is that true?"

"Well, actually I don't, no," I replied.

"You don't believe I am free of sexual desire?"

"No."

"I will prove it to you. Touch my breasts."

I did as I was told.

"See, I feel nothing. Now touch my thighs."

I did as I was told.

"Again, nothing. Even if you enter me with your penis, I will feel nothing. Do you believe me?"

"No."

"Try."

I did.

"See, I feel nothing. The whole time this is going on I am thinking only about the higher self, the atman."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *My Father's Guru*.

To whom else should one offer sacrifices, to whom else should one pay honor, but to Him, Atman, the Only One? And where was Atman to be found, where did He dwell, where did His eternal heart beat, if not within the Self, in the innermost, in the eternal which each person carried within him? But where was this Self, this innermost?

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

Where was it? Where *was* it?

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic*.

It is not surprising that the very word for asceticism, *tapas*, is . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic*.

. . . insidiously related, tied to, and involved with . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . a word commonly associated with . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic*.

. . . seemingly opposite things—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . with virility, with sexual prowess, especially with increased potency (evidence for this is found not only in the Sanskrit texts, but in the observations of many travelers in India). The myths of Siva show such connections in detail. It is not surprising that the concern with incontinence would lead to fantasies about the powers inherent in semen; we can see this attested to in the ancient stories containing oral pregnancy fantasies (a ubiquitous theme in the *Mahabharata*: e.g., Kasyapa, Rsyasrnga's father, lost his semen at the sight of Urvasi, and it was swallowed by a female antelope who subsequently gave birth to Rsyasrnga—hence his name "Antelope-Horned").

These sexual fantasies of immense prowess are of course only the other side of the coin from constant fears of sexual depletion. Such concerns, universal and timeless, are particularly well documented in the case of the Indian villager.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic*.

'The Victors'

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

Have you heard about it?

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

The sketch of . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . *'The Victors'* . . .

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

. . . Wagner's projected music drama on a Buddhist theme . . .

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (editors' note).**

. . . pictures Ananda, a disciple of Buddha, hospitably given water by a . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . maiden Prakriti.

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book, Sketch of 'The Victors'.

The Buddha warns Ananda not to speak with women; if he must speak to one to keep his eyes on the ground; and if he must look, "Then beware Ananda, beware."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic.*

Prakriti . . .

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book, Sketch of
‘The Victors’.***

. . . falls deeply in love and seeks out . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

. . . Gotama, The Buddha, . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha.*

. . . beneath a tree at the city gate to ask permission for union with Ananda. The Buddha reveals her identity in a former incarnation as an overproud girl who scorned the love of an unfortunate, an arrogant act she must now expiate by experiencing the torture of unsatisfied passion. Only by sharing Ananda's vow of chastity may she stay at his side. Grasping his condition of salvation, she joyfully agrees, and Ananda receives as his sister one who has risen to his own level of self-denial.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

So what is it that . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic.*

. . . Gotama, The Buddha, . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha.*

. . . says? He says:

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic.*

One must find the source within one's own Self, one must possess it.

Everything else was seeking—a detour, error.

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha.*

In the figure of the maiden, who was one day to become Kundry in *Parsifal*, Wagner sought finally to resolve his concern with . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

. . . the realm of unbridled sexual fantasy.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic.*

These were . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha.*

. . . Wagner's . . .

**Anthony Storr, *Feet of Clay—Saints, Sinners, and Madmen: A Study of
Gurus.***

. . . thoughts; this was his thirst, his sorrow.

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha.*

Wagner saw resignation as the only solution to his infatuation for . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

. . . Mathilde Wesendonk . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... the object of his ill-starred adoration.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

I have no inclination any more, no will!—

Would there were an end to it, an end!—

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

He wished passionately for oblivion, to be at rest, to be dead.

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha.*

"The Victors" was a product of this frame of mind.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

When the Self was conquered and dead, when all passions and desire were silent, then the last must awaken, the innermost of Being that is no longer Self—the great secret.

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha.*

The ascetic ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic.*

... theme of "The Victors" sustained Wagner and Mathilde in a state of exaltation after ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

... Wagner's first wife Minna ...

Joseph Horowitz, *Program Notes for the Ring Festival.*

... had put an end to what was evidently the less abstemious phase of their affair.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

Wagner ...

Anthony Storr, *Feet of Clay—Saints, Sinners, and Madmen: A Study of Gurus.*

... wrote that at this particular epoch of his life he had ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

... one single goal—to become empty, to become empty of thirst, desire, dreams, pleasure and sorrow—to let the Self die. No longer to be Self, to experience the peace of an emptied heart, to experience pure thought—that was his goal.

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha.*

It had been more than a little characteristic of the conflict between asceticism and world-devouring hunger that made up the drama of his nature.

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus.*

I believe that the concern voiced ubiquitously by the ascetic in Indian literature—

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic.*

‘seeing the world and the human self in one great all including vision, ...’

Jon Westlesen, *Body Awareness as a Gateway to Eternity: A Note on the Mysticism of Spinoza and Its Affinity to Buddhist Meditation*

in *Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

... in sum, ...

Thomas Hardy, *The Woodlanders*.

... the search for mystical experiences; as if only the ecstatic stillness of trance-states could fill the void of a happiness never experienced ...

J. Moussaieff Masson and T. C. Masson, *Buried Memories on the Acropolis: Freud's Response to Mysticism and Anti-Semitism*.

—is an oblique reference to ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic*.

... a sad past. The apparent reliving of a lost past in terms of grasping at the illusion of ecstasy can only represent a falsification of memory for the purpose of defence. And the dry, brittle memories of an emotionally arid childhood are as fearsome as those of more openly violent abuse.

J. Moussaieff Masson and T. C. Masson, *Buried Memories on the Acropolis: Freud's Response to Mysticism and Anti-Semitism*.

Gradually it has become clear to me ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

... that all ascetics must have suffered from harsh and unloving parents in their childhood ... I should add, however, that most analysts would disagree, and would qualify this by saying that often the harsh treatment was only imagined—often as retaliation for imagined evil in the little child himself, for his own destructive fantasies vis-a-vis his parents and siblings.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic*.

It seems to me that ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

... all ascetics suffered massive traumas in their childhood in one of three ways: they were sexually seduced, or they were the object of overt or covert aggression, or they lost those closest to them early in their lives. Their lives were pervaded with sadness; their rituals, their obsessive gestures of every kind, are an attempt to recapture the lost childhood they never had. It is not surprising to find that all addicts have suffered such loss.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic*.

At a later date I would gradually be persuaded that devastating loss in childhood figured as a probable genesis of my own disorder ...

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*.

Psychoanalytic studies of addiction have enabled us to see "addictive" features in many areas seemingly unrelated to pure drug or alcohol addiction. Compulsive sexuality can serve as an addiction, as can the practices of asceticism.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic*.

What does *paramita* mean? It is rendered into Chinese by "reaching the other shore." Reaching the other shore means detachment from birth and death. Just because people of the world lack stability of nature, they find appearances of birth and death in all things, flow in the waves of various courses of existence, and have not arrived at the ground of reality as is: all of this is "this shore." It is necessary to have great insightful wisdom, complete in respect to all things, detached from appearances of birth and death—this is "reaching the other shore."

It is also said that when the mind is confused, it is "this shore." When the mind is enlightened, it is "the other shore." When the mind is distorted, it is "this shore." When the mind is sound, it is "the other shore." If you speak of it and carry it out mentally, then your own reality body is imbued with *paramita*. If you speak of it but do not carry it out mentally, then there is no *paramita*.

Commentary on the Diamond Sutra.

"... I have had many thoughts, but it would be difficult for me to tell you about them. But this is one thought that has impressed me, ...

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

... my friend.

William Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Wisdom is not communicable. The wisdom which a wise man tries to communicate always sounds foolish."

"Are you jesting?"

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

... his friend asked.

Henry James, *The Lesson of the Master*.

"No, I am telling you what I have discovered. Knowledge can be communicated, but not wisdom. One can find it, live it, be fortified by it, do wonders through it, but one cannot communicate and teach it. ..."

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

He sank into a reverie and became lost within himself.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

He hesitated, and then ...

Neville Shute, *On The Beach*.

... he continued, assuming the role of a mentor.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

King Janaka, the legendary ruler of the Kingdom of Mithila in India, was once conversing on top of a hill overlooking his city with a wise Buddhist monk. The monk said, "King, look down and across the valley. Do you see those flames? Your city burns." Janaka was not perturbed. He watched quietly for a few minutes, then turned to the monk and said these words, which have been handed down for centuries in India as

the quintessence of wisdom: "*Mithilayam pradiptayam, na me dahyte kincana* (In the conflagration of Mithila, nothing of mine is burned)." The story is told to demonstrate detachment, and the transcendence of any sense of ownership. What was truly Janaka's (love, for example) could not be burned.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Where is now my wisdom in this confusion?

Richard Wagner, *Gotterdammerung*.

—In truth, . . .

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

I feel a little bit like Janaka without the wisdom.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

As I look back over my development and survey what I have achieved so far, . . .

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

. . . both in the university and in the professional world of psychoanalysis, I see flames, and the consumption of my life's work. My bridges are truly burned. But while I feel any kind of sadness and a nostalgia for what might have been, I cannot truly say that I am sorry for the loss.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

He paused.

Bram Stoker, *The Man*.

What might have been is an abstraction

Remaining a perpetual possibility

Only in a world of speculation.

What might have been and what has been

Point to one end, which is always present.

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from "*Burnt Norton*."

He begins to read, then lets it slip from his fingers, leans back, picks reflectively at

. . .

Simon Grey, *Butley*.

. . . particles of sand . . .

Charles Darwin, *The Voyage of the Beagle*.

. . . *On the Beach*.

Neville Shute, *On the Beach*.

There was another place . . .

Richard Wilbur, Excerpt from "*Someone Talking to Himself*."

. . . I have forgotten

And remember.

Simon Grey, *Butley* quoting T.S. Eliot, “*Marina*.”

He paused again, dreaming, lost in a reverie, then just above a whisper, murmured:

Frank Norris, *The Octopus*.

some other place—

George Eliot, *The Lifted Veil*.

fuck . . . Where?

Simon Grey, *Butley*.

By the hallowed . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

. . . inner sanctum, . . .

Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Lost World*.

. . . at the portal . . .

O. Henry, *The Headhunter*.

. . . to that . . .

Oliver Wendell Holmes, *The Guardian Angel*.

. . . last of meeting places . . .

Neville Shute, *On the Beach* quoting T.S. Eliot, “*The Hollow Men*.”

. . . in a world of time beyond me;

T.S. Eliot, Excerpt from “*Marina*.”

By the mystic arm immortal

Warning me to go my way;

By my forty years’ . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

. . . material existence . . .

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Devil in Manuscript*.

. . . in this strange and savage world, . . .

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Tarzan the Terrible*.

May I be excused for saying that I was forty years old?

Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*.

In the waste and desert land,

By the words of . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

. . . my banishment, . . .

E. Phillips Oppenheim, *The Great Impersonation*.

. . . the sentence,

Traced in parting, on the sand—

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

(after a pause).

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

So long ago!

Frances Hodgson Burnett, *T. Tembarom*.

There is a silence.

Simon Grey, *Butley*.

Since you . . .

Lucy Maud Montgomery, *The Golden Road*.

. . . miscall'd the Morning Star,

Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, Excerpt from "*Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*."

"You might say that . . ."

Agatha Christie, *The Secret Adversary*.

You played . . .

Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

. . . an intellectual game for high stakes, . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Times*.

. . . And you lost

Bret Harte, *The Three Partners*.

That my friend, . . .

Jeffrey Farnol, *The Broad Highway*.

. . . was your fate, and that your daring.—

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book*, Epitaph for**

Karl Tausig—For the Marble Tablet.

'I—suppose so.'

Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

I was an experiment on the part of Nature, a gamble within the unknown, perhaps for a new purpose, perhaps for nothing, and my only task was to allow this game on the part of primeval depths to take its course, to feel its will within me and make it wholly mine.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

(*Pause.*) Perhaps my best years are gone. When there was a chance of happiness. But I wouldn't want them back. Not with the fire in me now. No, I wouldn't want them back.

Samuel Beckett, *Krapp's Last Tape*.

As I look back now, it seems to me I must have had at least an inkling that I had to find a way out or die, but that my way out could not be reached through flight.

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

I could see he was talking about things he had brooded on for a long time and felt very strongly about.

Alexander Gladkov, *Meetings with Pasternak: A Memoir*.

He paused for a moment, then continued:

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

Many complain that the words of the wise are always merely parables and of no use in daily life, which is the only life we have. When the sage says: "Go over," he does not mean that we should cross to some actual place, which we could do anyhow if the labor were worth it; he means some fabulous yonder, something unknown to us, something too that he cannot designate more precisely, and therefore cannot help us here in the very least. All these parables really set out to say merely that the incomprehensible is incomprehensible, and we know that already. But the cares we have to struggle with every day: that is a different matter.

Concerning this a man once said: Why such reluctance? If you only followed the parables you yourselves would become parables and with that rid of all your daily cares.

Another said: I bet that is also a parable.

The first said: You have won.

The second said: But unfortunately only in parable.

The first said: No, in reality: in parable you have lost.

Franz Kafka, *On Parables*.

When he finished talking, . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

. . . his companion, . . .

Rudyard Kipling, *Kim*.

. . . an imaginary companion . . .

Virginia Woolf, *Night and Day*.

. . . to be sure, . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . both ideal self and . . .

Lancaster University, *Seamus Heaney and the 'Othering' of Britishness*.

. . . fantasized "Other" . . .

Nihan Yelutas, *Otherness Doubled: Being a Migrant and "Oriental" at the Same Time*.

. . . but no less . . .

Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

. . . his intimate and beloved companion . . .

Dorothy T. Burlingham, *The Fantasy of Having a Twin*.

. . . directed his somewhat weakened glance at him.

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

It was very quiet then.

David Evanier, *The Man Who Refused to Watch the Academy Awards*.

A volley of the sun . . .

Richard Wilber, Excerpt from "*Someone Talking to Himself*."

. . . shone down on them out of a cloudless sky, warm and comforting;

Neville Shute, *On The Beach*.

... Siddhartha sat absorbed, his ...

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

... clouded mind in a flash of illumination became an open mind: vast like the ocean and the sky.

Yes, the eyes ...

Siegfried Hessing, *Prologue with Spinozana—Parallels via East and West in Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

... his eyes far away yet gleaming like stars, ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Tuesday, October 31, 1882)*.

... staring as if directed at a distant goal, the tip of his tongue showing a little between his teeth. He did not seem to be breathing. He sat thus, lost in meditation, thinking Om, his soul as arrow directed at Brahman.

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

Then, quite unheralded, came the following cry from the heart:

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

"Why is it that you have not done great things in this world? With the power that is yours you might have risen to any height. Unpossessed of conscience or moral instinct, you might have mastered the world, broken it to your hand. And yet here you are, at the top of your life, where diminishing and dying begin, living an obscure and sordid existence, ... reveling in a piggishness, to use your own words, which is anything and everything except splendid. Why, with all that wonderful strength, have you not done something? There was nothing to stop you, nothing that could stop you. What was wrong? Did you lack ambition? Did you fall under temptation? What was the matter? What was the matter?"

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

He found it difficult to think; he really had no desire to, but he forced himself.

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

He lifted his eyes to me at the commencement of my outburst, and followed me complacently until I had done and stood before him breathless and dismayed. He waited a moment as though seeking where to begin, and then said, "[Friend], do you know the parable of the sower who went forth to sow? If you will remember, some of the seed fell upon stony places, where there was not much earth, and forthwith they sprung up because they had no deepness of earth. And when the sun was up they were scorched, and because they had no root they withered away. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprung up and choked them."

"Well?" I said.

"Well?" he queried, half petulantly. "It was not well. I was one of those seeds."

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

"Victimology, that newly founded brand of criminology that analyzes the personality of potential victims of crimes" has proven that the personality of the victim is one of the causes of his becoming a victim, and this is also true of persons who are "persistently victims of bad luck or failure"

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Such people . . .

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

. . . suffer from the so-called Abel syndrome. "This is the case of the man whose superiority . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . or perhaps simply his. . .

Pierre-Paul Walraet, *Inspiring Principles for Community Life in the Rule of Augustine of Hippo*.

. . . desire to be different . . .

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

. . . is likely to attract envy, but who is not able or willing to defend himself."

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

"What does that mean?"

Don DeLillo, *White Noise*.

Justice it means but it's . . .

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

. . . justice according to . . .

Jonathan Wittenberg, *The Commanding Nearness of God*.

. . . the primordial law of things:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Eat or be eaten.

Clifford Odets, *Silent Partner*.

. . . it's everybody eating everyone else. That's what life is after all.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

It's not the nature of life to be otherwise.

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

Abel was murdered, . . .

Benzion Netanyahu, *The Origins of the Inquisition in Fifteenth Century Spain*.

. . . the object of his brother's jealousy . . .

Sue Chance, *Chance Thoughts: Jealousy*.

. . . and following that crime, mankind has proceeded along the same disastrous course.

Benzion Netanyahu, *The Origins of the Inquisition in Fifteenth Century*

Spain.

And what about the Jews?

Murry Frymer, *Why Doesn't Adolf Like the Jews?*

How are the universality, depth, and permanence of anti-semitism to be explained? Why such hatred and fear of people who never constituted more than a small minority among those who most hated and feared them? Why, nearly always and nearly everywhere, the Jews?

Dennis Prager and Joseph Telushkin, *Why the Jews?*

The answer is simple enough.

Edward Carpenter, *Pagan and Christian Creeds.*

In a word, the Jew by introducing monotheism . . .

Bela Grunberger, *The Anti-Semite and the Oedipal Conflict.*

. . . 'a perpetuum mobile for generating anti-Semitism' . . .

David Cesarani, *Arthur Koestler: The Homeless Mind* quoting Arthur Koestler, *Promise and Fulfillment.*

. . . has not only banished man from his intimacy with the mother (even with the Christian, the mother has remained the inaccessible virgin) and from his narcissistic universe, but has installed within him a judge to persecute and punish him for his oedipal desires.

Bela Grunberger, *The Anti-Semite and the Oedipal Conflict.*

The Jews have suffered from their own invention ever since; but they have never given it up, for it is, after all, what makes the Jews Jewish.

Ernest van den Haag, *The Jewish Mystique.*

By preserving Jewish differences and setting them apart, . . .

David Cesarani, *Arthur Koestler: The Homeless Mind.*

. . . the singularity, the brain-hammering strangeness, of the monotheistic idea .

..

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle.*

. . . laid the basis for antipathies towards Jews.

David Cesarani, *Arthur Koestler: The Homeless Mind.*

No doubt, the taboo of a mother-representative goddess figure has several determining causes but the slow process of alienation was certainly due to the chief cause to which other factors later contributed. This primary cause was the relation to the soil, the land, and that early bitter disappointment produced by its aridity resulting in famine. .

..

The relation of a people to the soil is pattern forming in the same way that an individual is related to the mother. It is the mother who feeds the infant. . . . The Hebrews daydreamed of Canaan, promised to them as a Lady Bountiful, as a country overflowing with milk and honey. Here was the picture of a freely giving foster-Mother,

of the "good earth" in contrast to the original land that had become parsimonious and mean. . . .

[T]he bitter experience of that earliest period, the drying up of the soil of their original homeland, did not prevent those tribes from forming and worshipping the figure of a mother-goddess, but the repercussions of that primal experience led to an ambivalent attitude toward her, to an inherited vacillation between attraction and repulsion. This conflict of opposite forces resulted finally in the removal and the taboo of a mother-goddess.

Theodor Reik, *Curiosities of the Self*.

The Jew has therefore done exactly the same as the father. He has imposed the rule of the father, which explains why he particularly has been chosen by the anti-Semite for the abreaction of his Oedipus conflict. The Jew represents the father, and from that perspective we can understand the various aspects of the anti-Semite's behaviour. . . .

It would seem that the relation between certain brotherhoods and the Jew reproduces that which existed between the prehistoric brotherhoods . . . and the father. Brotherhoods banded together to fight the father's power. As such the brotherhoods fight against the Jew as they have always fought, and still fight, against the father. One might use this hypothesis in trying to understand better the youthful 'gangs' that give so many headaches to parents, police, and teachers. It would seem that what excites so much rebellion against the father is consciousness of the fact that their very union is charged with oedipal aggression, which therefore increases their guilt. The anti-Semite projects that guilt on to the Jew. . . .

During the Middle Ages the secret brotherhoods (the corporations or early trade unions) excluded the Jews from nearly all trades, and if the Jews were sometimes protected it was always by certain isolated but powerful personalities, in a sense paternal figures, never by the brotherhoods themselves.

Bela Grunberger, *The Anti-Semite and the Oedipal Conflict*.

[W]e must return for a moment to the scientific myth of the father of the primal horde. He was later on exalted into the creator of the world, and with justice, for he produced all the sons who composed the first group. He was the ideal of each one of them, at once feared and honoured, a fact which led later to the idea of taboo. These many individuals banded themselves together, killed him and cut him in pieces. None of the group of victors could take his place, or, if one of them did, the battles began afresh, until they understood that they must all renounce their father's heritage. They then formed the totemistic community of brothers, all with equal rights and united by the totem prohibitions which were to preserve and to expiate the memory of the murder. . . .

It was then, perhaps, that some individual, in the exigency of his longing, may have been moved to free himself from the group and take over the father's part. He who did this was the first epic poet; and the advance was achieved in his imagination. This poet .

Sigmund Freud, *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*.

... the poet of the savage Darwinian struggle ...

Maxwell Geismar, *Jack London: The Short Cut*.

... disguised the truth with lies in accordance with his longing. He invented the heroic myth. The hero was a man who by himself had slain the father—the father who still appeared in the myth as a totemistic monster. Just as the father had been the boy's first ideal, so in the hero who aspires to the father's place the poet now created the first ego ideal. The transition to the hero was probably afforded by the youngest son, the mother's favorite, whom she had protected from paternal jealousy, and who, in the era of the primal horde, had been the father's successor. In the lying poetic fancies of prehistoric times, the woman, who had been the prize of battle and the allurements to murder, was probably turned into the seducer and instigator to the crime.

Sigmund Freud, *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*.

Tradition is not only a handing-down or process of benign transmission; it is also a conflict between past genius and present aspiration, in which the prize is literary survival or canonical inclusion. . . . Poems, stories, novels, plays come into being as a response to prior poems, stories, novels, and plays, and that response depends upon acts of reading and interpretation by the later writers, acts that are identical with the new works.

These readings of precursor writings are necessarily defensive in part; if they were appreciative only, fresh creation would be stifled, and not for psychological reasons alone. The issue is not Oedipal rivalry but the very nature of strong, original literary imaginings: figurative language and its vicissitudes. Fresh metaphor, or inventive troping, always involves a departure from previous metaphor, and that departure depends upon at least partial turning away from or rejection of prior figuration.

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages*.

Friedrich Nietzsche once said that "every act of writing is an act of impudence."

David Gress, *From Plato to Nato*.

How could it be otherwise?

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

Literature is not merely language; it is also the will to figuration, the motive for metaphor that Nietzsche once defined as the will to be different.

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages*.

Difference engendre haine: the baseness of some people suddenly spurts up like dirty water when some holy vessel, some precious thing from a locked shrine, some book with the marks of a great destiny, is carried past[;] . . . such books of profundity and ultimate significance require some external tyranny of authority for their protection in order to gain those millenia of persistence which are necessary to exhaust them and figure them out.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Strong writers do not choose their prime precursors; they are chosen by them, but they have the wit to transform the forerunners into composite and therefore partly imaginary beings.

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages*.

It must seem odd, in commenting upon an author who wrote nearly three thousand years ago, to discover an aesthetic motive in the psychology of . . .

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

. . . the human instruments God had chosen—Abraham, . . .

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

. . . and Isaac his son; and . . .

***Genesis 22:3*.**

. . . Jacob and Joseph, father and true son—

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

. . . but that . . .

Franz Kafka, *Letter to His Father*.

. . . divine choice . . .

Robert Alter, *The Art of Biblical Narrative*.

. . . and its vicissitudes . . .

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages*.

. . . as well as the need . . .

Theodore Roosevelt, *An Autobiography*.

. . . of the chosen . . .

Rich Cohen, *Lake Effect*.

. . . to create a greater father, or a clearer vision of a greater father . .

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

. . . does seem to me primarily aesthetic.

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

Deep in the night, wrestling with my fantasies, disillusionments, and failures, I recognize . . .

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

. . . my own struggles . . .

Edward Bulwer-Lytton, *The Disowned*.

. . . in these flawed characters, wrestling with God . . .

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

. . . protagonists . . .

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man*.

. . . whose very literary identity and vision . . .

Mark Anderson, Introduction to Franz Kafka, *The Sons*.

. . . depend on their . . .

R. Cadwallader, *On the Seashore.*

... condition as a son.

Mark Anderson, Introduction to Franz Kafka, *The Sons.*

Sometimes deep in the night, ...

William O. Johnson, *The Best at Everything.*

... I dissolve in dreams ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust.*

... dreams of ...

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations.*

... Isaac who believes so intensely in Abraham that he could not believe his father would sacrifice him ...

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man.*

... and dreams of Joseph ...

Xiaaqpz, *Zorasta.*

... the great romancer ...

Henry James, *The Ambassadors.*

... himself dreaming that he is sleeping under the stars

Acorn Naturalists, Review of Mazer and Johnson, *The Salamander Room.*

Now Jacob loved Joseph more than all his other sons, because he was a child of his old age, and he made him a ...

Genesis. A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.

... brilliant vermilion silk sash

William O. Johnson, *The Best at Everything.*

And when Joseph's brothers saw that their father loved him more than all his other sons, they hated him, and they would not even greet him.

Genesis. A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.

One night ...

Franz Kafka, *Letter to His Father.*

... Joseph, ...

Franz Kafka, *The Trial.*

—the only one of the entire clan since his maternal grandfather to show any literary or intellectual tendencies—

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man.*

... had a dream, and in the morning he said to his brothers, "Listen to the dream I had! We were out in the field binding sheaves; and suddenly my sheaf stood up, and your sheaves formed a ring around mine and bowed down to it!"

And his brothers said, "So you are supposed to rule over us and be our king—is that what your dream means?" And they hated him even more.

Genesis. *A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.*

Their skepticism is human, all too human perhaps, since they do not share Jacob's adulation of Joseph.

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation.*

Then he had another dream, and in the morning he said to his brothers, "Listen, I had another dream: the sun, the moon, and eleven stars were bowing down to me!"

And when his . . .

Genesis. *A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.*

. . . father, Jakob, . . .

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man.*

. . . heard about it, he scolded him and said, . . .

Genesis. *A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.*

"What is this I am hearing, Joseph?"

Franz Kafka, *The Trial.*

"What is the meaning of this dream of yours? Do you really think that I and your mother and your brothers will come and bow down before you?"

And his brothers were furious at him; but his father kept thinking about this for a long time afterward.

One day, when his brothers were tending the flocks near Shechem, Jacob said to Joseph, "Your brothers are at Shechem; will you go to them for me?"

And Joseph said, "Yes, Father."

And he said, "See how they and the flocks are doing, and bring me a report."

Genesis. *A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.*

Jacob . . .

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J.*

. . . was not entirely innocent of Joseph's betrayal by his brothers, for he had preferred Joseph to the others and then abandoned him to their hatred.

Marianne Krull, *Freud and His Father.*

And Joseph traveled to Shechem. And his brothers saw him a long way off, . . .

Genesis. *A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.*

. . . for he was draped from right shoulder to left hip . . .

William O. Johnson, *The Best at Everything.*

... with the garment ...

William Shakespeare, Excerpt from *A Lover's Complaint*.

... his father had made for him, and ...

George MacDonald, *Heather and Snow*.

... as he approached, they plotted to kill him. And they said to one another, "Look, here comes the dreamer. Now is our chance: let's kill him and throw him into one of these pits and say that a wild beast ate him. Then we will see what good his dreams are."

Genesis. A New Translation of the Classic Biblical Stories by Stephen Mitchell.

Joseph had to dream his dreams so that his brothers would hate him more; Jacob had to send Joseph after his brothers so that they could sell him to the Midianites ...

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

... and thus ...

Edgar Allen Poe, *The Pit and the Pendulum*.

... barter his freedom.

Montesquieu, *The Spirit of Laws*.

An artist figure whose situation is already compromised by his association with people who understand no art, a man himself cut off, alienated from home and family, forsaking his past, now apparently rootless, ...

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man*.

... Joseph became the slave of the idolatrous priest Potiphar, ...

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

... a post the precise nature of which he does not foresee.

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man*.

Potiphar ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... his master ...

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

... had secured possession of the handsome youth for a lewd purpose, but the angel Gabriel mutilated him in such manner that he could not accomplish it.

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

And so it happened that ...

Franz Kafka, *The Stoker*.

... Joseph was sold as a slave but became ...

***The New Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*.**

... either by persuasion or by guile ...

Max Brod, Postscript to the First Edition of Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

... Potiphar's ...

Thomas Mann, *Joseph and His Brothers*.

... chief official until ...
The New Standard Jewish Encyclopedia.

... the stripling ...
Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.
... Joseph, ...

Genesis.
... a youth of complete innocence, ...

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past*.

... [was] imprisoned on a false charge of attempted seduction ...
The New Standard Jewish Encyclopedia.
—an accusation that ...

Jailan Halawi, *Waiting on the Facts*.
... finally and fundamentally,

Robert M. Young, *What is Psychoanalytic Studies?*
... must remain inexplicable.

Frederick Karl, *Franz Kafka: Representative Man*.
To be sure, ...

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.
Potiphar's wife had to tempt Joseph so that he would resist and ...

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.
... without having done anything wrong, ...

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.
... be imprisoned; the servants of Pharaoh had to be placed in prison with Joseph, so that he could interpret their dreams and rise to prominence as Pharaoh's interpreter.

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.
And so it went.

William O. Johnson, *The Best at Everything*.
Dreams and the recognition of their disguised meanings are critically linked to power and future possibilities.

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

Of course ...
Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

... even though he is arrogant to his brothers,
K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.
... Joseph ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... is an obedient son, since he resists temptation by a seductive mother. He is free of Oedipal guilt.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

One afternoon—

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

... Joseph ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... distracted by vain thoughts,

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

... found himself in Potiphar's garden, where the finest sycamore trees, date-palms and doum-palms, fig, pomegranate and persea trees stood in rows on the greensward. Paths of red gravel ran across the grass.

Thomas Mann, *Joseph and His Brothers*.

Then Zuleika ...

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

—Potiphar's wife,

Thomas Mann, *Joseph and His Brothers*.

... stood before him suddenly ...

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

... between the palms ...

Alex Comfort, *The New Joy of Sex: A Gourmet Guide to Lovemaking for the Nineties*.

... in all her beauty of person and magnificence of raiment, and repeated the desire of her heart. It was the first and last time that Joseph's steadfastness deserted him, but only for an instant. When he was on the point of complying with the wish of his mistress, the image of his mother Rachel appeared before him, and that of his aunt Leah, and the image of his father Jacob. The last addressed him thus:

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

"Joseph, my dear Joseph, think of yourself, think of your relatives, think of our good name. You have been a credit to us until now, you can't become a family disgrace. ..."

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

"In time to come the names of thy brethren will be graven upon the breastplate of the high priest. Dost thou desire to have thy name appear with theirs? Or wilt thou forfeit this honor through sinful conduct? For know, he that keepeth company with harlots wasteth his substance."

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

His voice is resonant and his diction is cultured, like a garden.

Linton Weeks, *A Writer Who Takes the Prize: The Way Nobel Winner V.S.*

***Naipaul Tells It, His Life Needs No Sequel*.**

This vision of the dead, and especially the image of his father, brought Joseph to his senses, and his illicit passion departed from him.

Astonished at the swift change in his countenance, Zuleika . . .

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

. . . incoherently enquired . . .

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

. . . of Joseph, . . .

George Gissing, *The Nether World*.

. . . using a quaint vocabulary:

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

"My friend and truelove, why art thou so affrighted that thou art near to swooning?"

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

Joseph listened with a perplexed, bewildered expression on his face;

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

He made no answer for a moment, then he said explosively:

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

"I see my father!"

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

My passions seemed to startle her, but they obviously also intrigued her.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Zuleika: "Where is he? Why, there is none in the house."

Joseph: "Thou belongest to a people that is like unto the ass, it perceiveth nothing. But I belong to those who can see things."

Joseph fled forth, away from the house of his mistress . . .

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

. . . out of breath, all flushed and a little embarrassed.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

But hardly was he outside when the sinful passion again overwhelmed him, and he returned to Zuleika's chamber. Then the Lord appeared unto him, holding the Eben Shetiyah in His hand, and said to him: "If thou touchest her, I will cast away this stone upon which the earth is founded, and the world will fall to ruin."

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

Suddenly Joseph recognizes God's presence in his life. And where? When he's alone, in exile!

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

A strange fellow, this Joseph; . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

In any event, . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

... some time later, ...

Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

... [Zuleika's friends] advised her to accuse him of immorality before her husband, and then he would be thrown into prison.

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

Poor woman, that was pathetic.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

The Biblical story of ...

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Uses of Enchantment*.

... Joseph and Madame Potiphar ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... which is placed in an Egyptian setting, probably goes back to ...

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Uses of Enchantment*.

... an ancient Egyptian tale.

Lise Manniche, *The Prince Who Knew His Fate: An Ancient Egyptian Tale*.

With its towering pharaohs, its cool linen and its expressive typography, ancient Egypt has a special, favored place in the modern Western imagination.

Polly Shulman, *An Open Book Full of Secrets*.

Pursuing eternity, the powerful pharaohs placed tombs within great pyramids or secret rock-cut caverns as bulwarks against oblivion. Aristocratic families also built elaborate sepulchers. Into these inner sanctums went the best furniture, jewelry, and tools.

Alice J. Hall, *Egypt: Dazzling Legacy of an Ancient Quest*.

Strangely inscrutable, strangely accessible, strangely vulnerable, Egypt holds sway as a sort of fascinating uncle with an attic full of treasure ...

Polly Shulman, *An Open Book Full of Secrets*.

... statues, gilded masks, painted scrolls—

Doug Stewart, *Eternal Egypt* (editor's note).

... antiquities that ...

John Forrester, *Dispatches from the Freud Wars: Psychoanalysis and Its Passions*.

... speak of distant times and countries.

The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, 1887-1904.

In the Egyptian tale [a] younger and unmarried brother rejects the efforts of his brother's wife to seduce him. Fearing that he might tell on her, she vilifies him, pretending to her husband that his brother tried to seduce her. In his jealous anger, the married brother tries to kill his younger sibling. Only through the intervention of the gods is the younger brother's reputation saved and the truth made known, but by then the younger brother has sought safety in flight. He dies, a fact that becomes known to his

older brother when his drinks turn bad; he goes to the rescue of his younger brother and manages to revive him.

This ancient Egyptian tale contains the element of a person accused of what the accuser himself wants to do: the wife accuses the younger brother, who she tried to seduce, of seducing her. Thus, the plot describes the projection of an unacceptable tendency in oneself onto another person. . . .

In the story the married brother is master of an extended household in which his younger brother lives. The master's wife is, in a sense, "mother" to all the young people in this family, including the younger brother. So we can interpret the story as telling either about a mother figure who gives in to her oedipal desires for a young man who stands in the role of a son, or of a son accusing a mother figure of his own oedipal desires for her. . . .

In over three thousand years [this tale] has taken on many forms.

Bruno Bettelheim, *The Uses of Enchantment*.

I always remembered the bit in the Parsifal story . . .

***Letters of Sigmund Freud and Arnold Zweig* quoting Zweig.**

. . . Maestro, . . .

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

. . . according to which Amfortas' spear is the only means of healing the wound it has itself inflicted.

***Letters of Sigmund Freud and Arnold Zweig* quoting Zweig.**

All one had to do to unleash its magic was to apply it to . . .

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time*.

. . . the wound which . . .

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*.

. . . would hasten the closing of that wound.

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time*.

A profound piece of early insight, I think.

***Letters of Sigmund Freud and Arnold Zweig* quoting Zweig.**

What *that* was meant to mean—that is something before which I stand dull and astounded, incapable of thought, indeed even of feeling. I cannot grasp, let alone explain it.

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 -- The Brown Book*
(August 19, 1865).**

Well, what is the story of *Parsifal*?

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past.*

“Would you like me to show it to you?” the old man asks.

Otto Friedrich, *Before the Deluge: A Portrait of Berlin in the 1920's.*

... he is unwell and suffers from his nerves, can no longer eat, and so on.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

He can hardly see through the thick lenses that fortify his eyes, but he totters across his ...

Otto Friedrich, *Before the Deluge: A Portrait of Berlin in the 1920's.*

... sun-drenched ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Sunday, June 6, 1869).

... studio, past the window that opens onto ...

Otto Friedrich, *Before the Deluge: A Portrait of Berlin in the 1920's.*

... the tall acacia ...

Hermann Hesse, Excerpt from “September” (poem set to music by Richard Strauss).

... trees in the garden, and then he bends over a wooden cabinet that contains his treasures.

Otto Friedrich, *Before the Deluge: A Portrait of Berlin in the 1920's.*

The sun, keeping its promise without deception,

Had penetrated early in the morning,

Tracing a saffron streak obliquely

From the window curtains to the divan.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from “August.”

We speak of the impressionists of music; what a lot of nonsense I must have talked! I ended up boiling hot, babbling incoherently and scarlet with embarrassment.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

Now he bends over a shallow drawer, grunts and fumbles through a sheaf of ...

Otto Friedrich, *Before the Deluge: A Portrait of Berlin in the 1920's.*

... manuscript pages, ...

Truddi Chase, *When Rabbit Howls*.

... and finally pulls forth ...

Otto Friedrich, *Before the Deluge: A Portrait of Berlin in the 1920's.*

... the leaves ...

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

... he wants:

Otto Friedrich, *Before the Deluge: A Portrait of Berlin in the 1920's.*

... the first penciled pages ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, November 25, 1878).

... of the *Parsifal* score.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, January 12, 1881) (editors' note).

I sat down and looked through the pages.

Rich Cohen, *Lake Effect*.

"As the curtain rises on the forest of Monsalvat,"

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past*.

... Wagner explains ...

Marilyn Davis, *In Search of Song*.

... "the knight Gurnemanz rouses two young Esquires who are standing guard with him before the castle. Morning has dawned and Amfortas, their ailing leader, will soon be passing on his way to his bath. ..."

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past*.

Racked with physical and emotional anguish, ...

Monica Crowley, *Nixon in Winter*.

... like the Fisher King of myth, ...

Rich Cohen, *Lake Effect*.

... Amfortas ...

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

... was torn between wanting to share the pain and wanting to isolate himself.

Monica Crowley, *Nixon in Winter*.

Ah, ah, comme c'est melancolique, tout ca!

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

"... Gurnemanz' reverie on the causes of Amfortas' suffering is interrupted by the arrival of the wildly disheveled Kundry, ...

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past*.

... on horseback, ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id*.

... with balsam from Arabia for Amfortas' bath. Gurnemanz explains that no one knows of Kundry's origin, that Titurel, father of Amfortas, found her lying rigid in the forest when he selected this spot for the home of the Grail and its knights. She comes and goes, apparently under a curse. ..."

And so on.

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past*.

At this point . . .

Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*.

. . . I stood up . . .

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

. . . for a moment . . .

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*.

. . . at which he took my hands and thrust me back in my armchair.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

prenez pitie de moi

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, September 29, 1881).

. . . Maestro, . . .

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

Enough of talking.

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

What's that?

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Der Rosenkavalier*.

We're simply wasting daylight.

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

Ah!—Ah!

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

Let us try, then, not to synopsise the narrative but to reduce the story to its essentials. In the temple of Monsalvat, Amfortas and his knights have undertaken to guard the Holy Grail and the Holy Spear that once stabbed Christ in the side. Outside, in a rival fortress, lives the wicked magician Klingsor, who once tried to become a knight of the Grail but was rejected as unworthy.

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past*.

Desperate to quell his raging passions, Klingsor even castrated himself, but was still rebuffed.

***The New Grove Book of Operas*.**

Ach! Oh! And a gutteral sound in German.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

Klingsor used Kundry to seduce Amfortas. Klingsor thus gained possession of the sacred spear and inflicted an incurable wound on Amfortas. This . . .

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past*.

... telltale wound ...

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time.*

... can be healed only by a youth of complete innocence, namely Parsifal.

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past.*

"That's the way it happens, exactly as it's written."

Truddi Chase, *When Rabbit Howls.*

I see ...

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

... Frau Cosima ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

... with a lithe fellow who must be a young Wagner.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

—and, yes ...

Henry James, *The Ambassadors.*

... the lady might have said "I should like a portrait of my husband."

Henry James, *The Real Thing.*

At 12 o'clock a sitting for the French painter Renoir, ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, January 15, 1882).

... in her diary Cosima spelled his name "Renouard."

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (editors' note).

This artist, belonging to the Impressionists, who paint everything bright and in full sunlight, amuses R. with his excitement and his many grimaces as he works . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, January 15, 1882).

How would you like it done?

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

"What a stupid question," he said.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Many Years.*

He paused. "How bad do I look? I'm getting myself deliberately tired so I'll be able to sleep tonight. . . ."

Monica Crowley, *Nixon in Winter.*

I suggest full face.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

Il n'écoutait pas.

William Faulkner, *Le Domaine (The Mansion in French Translation).*

"You want, of course, full resemblance."

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Many Years.*

He says that will be fine.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

He smiled with me, but only in that the closed corners of his mouth contracted more firmly and he shut his eyes a little.

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus.*

Of the very curious blue-and-pink result R. says it makes him look like the embryo of an angel, an oyster swallowed by an epicure.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, January 15, 1882).

C'était bien ça;

William Faulkner, *Le Domaine (The Mansion in French Translation).*

The conversation, which lasted for about three-quarters of an hour, seems to have consisted mostly of remarks by Wagner in bad French and embarrassed interjections by the painter . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner.*

. . . thereby consummating the Babel of confusion . . .

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus.*

. . . between the two men.

Anthony Trollope, *The Prime Minister.*

I was pleased anyway not to have made a complete fiasco;

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

Then, too, . . .

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit.*

. . . I was pleased to be able to . . .

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden.*

. . . preserve for future generations . . .

J.H. Fabre, *Social Life in the Insect World.*

. . . a little souvenir of that admirable head.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

Later, Renoir recalled this day and . . .

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright.*

. . . Wagner's . . .

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner.*

. . . extraordinary discourse on the importance of the "the detail" in art and in life.

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

Renoir's pencil had traced the contours of that marvelous head with its bulging brow; but the flesh drooped, the narrow eyes could barely focus, and the expression . . .

Robert Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, His Music*.

. . . an expression of character . . .

Henry James, *The Art of Fiction*.

. . . was one of infinite weariness. Death looked out of the rubber mask Wagner's face had become.

Robert Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, His Music*.

If you say you don't see it (character in *that—allons donc!*), this is exactly what the artist who has reasons of his own for thinking he *does see* it undertakes to show you.

Henry James, *The Art of Fiction*.

On the morning of the day . . .

Adam Gopnik, *The City and the Pillars: Taking a Long Walk Home*.

. . . the aging composer . . .

Paul Mitchinson, *The Shostakovich Variations*.

. . . sat for the painter—or, rather, fidgeted . . .

Andrew Rawnsley, *Loneliness of the long-distance premier*.

. . . the village, . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Judgment*.

Bayreuth and its surroundings—

Simon Williams, *Bayreuth: Summer Pilgrimage*.

. . . was as beautiful as it had ever been.

Adam Gopnik, *The City and the Pillars: Taking a Long Walk Home*.

'Wahnfried' (Wagner's house at Bayreuth),

Wilfrid Blunt, *The Dream King: Ludwig II of Bavaria*.

. . . an Italianate villa, . . .

Johns Hopkins Whiting School of Engineering, *Seeking Gold in a Baltimore Landmark*.

—I call it a villa, but it was rather a large house with palatial pretences, . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Many Years*.

. . . looked splendid with its . . .

Joy Hall, *Knebworth Twinning Association Newsletter*.

. . . large wrought iron door that opened into a lush garden.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna 1938*.

The big doorway opened into a proportionately great hall hung with brown. The roof was in shadow, and the windows, partially glazed with coloured glass and partially unglazed, admitted a tempered light.

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

I shall not attempt to describe that interior: but imagine a building, say in Middlesbrough, erected to the glory of his particular god by a Victorian millionaire, and you get the idea.

Victor Gollancz, *The Ring at Bayreuth: And Some Thoughts on Operatic Production.*

Wagner had . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans.*

. . . just finished . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Judgment.*

. . . putting the final touches to . . .

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, *Letter to an Unknown Friend in Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

. . . the composition sketch of *Parsifal* . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, His Music.*

. . . sealed it in an envelope with slow and dreamy deliberateness, and with one elbow propped on his desk was looking out the window at the river, the bridge, and the hills on the farther bank with their tender . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Judgment.*

. . . autumn leaves . . .

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House.*

. . . flaming gold, touched with some horizontal bars of purple and crimson. Below was the valley . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine.*

The view from . . .

Andre Aciman, *Barcelona.*

. . . the window . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Judgment.*

. . . on this clear sunny morning belongs to any Impressionist painting.

Andre Aciman, *Barcelona.*

Bayreuth lies in a wide valley on the upper basin of the Roter Main River. In its early years, the counts of Andechs-Meranien gave it the protection of a fortified castle.

Darwin Porter and Danforth Prince, *Frommer's 99 Germany.*

On this day . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from *August.*

. . . a day that was so quiet and still . . .

Erich Maria Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

. . . the Castle, . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Castle.*

. . . set in a park, full of formal as well as English-style gardens . . .

Darwin Porter and Danforth Prince, *Frommer's 99 Germany.*

... had never seemed so gleaming and luxuriant—
Adam Gopnik, *The City and the Pillars: Taking a Long Walk Home.*
... and Autumn, Refulgent as an oriflamme, ...
Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from “August.”
... drew ...
Oliver Herford, *Confessions of a Caricaturist.*
... all eyes by its many glories.
Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*, Excerpt from “August.”
On the neighboring shore ...
Walt Whitman, Excerpt from “Crossing Brooklyn Ferry.”
... in the Old Town ...
Aharon Appelfeld, *The Kafka Connection: A Displaced Writer Revisits a Haunted City of His Youth.*
... flower vendors ...
Angela Wibking, *The Best of Barcelona.*
... unpack autumn branches from the boxes they arrived in
this morning. “That came over the bridge?” someone asks, surprised at the thought of ...
Adam Gopnik, *The City and the Pillars: Taking a Long Walk Home.*
... a farmer from the country ...
Julian Hawthorne, *The History of the U.S.: The Shot Heard Round the World.*
... freighting ...
M.R. Montgomery and Louise Kennedy, *An Unexpected Pleasure: A New Thoreau Book.*
... white and red morning glories, and ...
Walt Whitman, Excerpt from “Autumn Rivulets” (“There was a child went Forth”).
... waiting patiently ...
Adam Gopnik, *The City and the Pillars: Taking a Long Walk Home.*
... with horse and buggy ...
Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of the Island.*
... just to bring in blossoming autumn branches. The vendor nods.
Adam Gopnik, *The City and the Pillars: Taking a Long Walk Home.*
In the afternoon R. goes walking in the garden ...
Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Thursday, October 25, 1877).*
—the leaves just beginning to fall, and the light on the leaves left on the trees
somehow making them at once golden and bright green.
Adam Gopnik, *The City and the Pillars: Taking a Long Walk Home.*
At last a good night for R., and work.
Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Thursday, October 25, 1877).*

He worked lovingly at the orchestration, at times producing only a few measures a day.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner, The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

The joy that certain sonorities had caused him, the increase of strength they had given him wherewith to discover others, led the listener on too from one discovery to another, or rather it was the creator himself who guided him, deriving, from the colours he had just hit upon, a wild joy which gave him the strength to discover, to fling himself upon others which they seemed to call for, enraptured, quivering as though from the shock of an electric spark when the sublime came spontaneously to life at the clang of the brass, panting, intoxicated, unbridled, vertiginous, while he painted his great musical fresco, like Michelangelo strapped to his scaffold and from his upside-down position hurling tumultuous brush-strokes on to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

Toward the end of . . .

Gore Vidal, *The Meaning of Timothy McVeigh*.

. . . the previous year, . . .

Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle*.

. . . Richard Wagner made a visit to the southern Italian town of Ravello where he was shown the gardens of the thousand-year-old Villa Rufolo. "Maestro," asked the head gardener, "do not these fantastic gardens 'neath yonder azure sky that blends in such perfect harmony with yonder azure sea closely resemble those fabled gardens of Klingsor where you have set so much of your latest interminable opera, *Parsifal*? Is not this vision of loveliness your inspiration for Klingsor?" Wagner muttered something in German. "He say," said a nearby translator, "How about that?"

How about that indeed, I thought as I . . .

Gore Vidal, *The Meaning of Timothy McVeigh*.

. . . ink in another page he gave to me; he works, tells me afterward that he is seizing every opportunity to conjure up a little musical paradise, as, for example, when Amfortas is carried to the lake.

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, October 25, 1877).

The world of musical impressionism arose from the opera's wondrous orchestral textures.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

Although his health was deteriorating, no terminal illness could mar the satisfaction he derived from hours of productive endeavor at his desk.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Wagner, an artist who in general had built upon and summarized the achievements of his contemporaries, was . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner, The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . in his old age . . .

Robert Alter, *Genesis: Translation and Commentary*.

... following new paths.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner, The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

He would jokingly repeat ... —

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna 1938*.

Whoever hears will laugh at me ...

Robert Alter, *Genesis: Translation and Commentary*.

... but I like to remind people ...

Terry Rager, *Live From ... the Stratosphere*.

Parsifal ...

Siegfried Wagner, *Erinnerungen*.

... is not an old work of my youth but a youthful work of my old age ...

Conrad Susa, *Music of Unseen Worlds* quoting Wagner.

... a legacy I am proud to leave.

Isaac Stern and Chaim Potok, *My First 79 Years*.

Parsifal, ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... a work that was unlike anything he—or anyone else—had done before ...

Helen A. Cooper, Thomas Eakins *The Rowing Pictures*.

... is probably the most highly personal musical invention of Wagner—it places the emphasis for the first time on uncertainty, on ...

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal* quoting Pierre Boulez.

... fluctuating chromatic harmonies ...

Otto Friedrich, *Before the Deluge: A Portrait of Berlin in the 1920's*.

... on indetermination ...

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal* quoting Pierre Boulez.

—and I tell you that ...

Hermann Levi, *Letter to His Father (Rabbi Levi of Giessen)*.

... a patient listener ...

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Legends of the Province House: II. Edward Randolph's Portrait*.

... will palpably sense the distinct quality conferred by the actual experience ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... of delayed disclosure ...

Alwyn Berland, *Light in August: A Study in Black and White*.

... of tonality—

Arnold Schoenberg, *Style and Idea*.

... which creates initially a sense of discontinuity.

Alwyn Berland, *Light in August: A Study in Black and White*.

The key to the mysteries of ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... *Parsifal* ...

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

... is found by and large in the mind of ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... the listener for whom ...

iClassics.com, *Classical Music and More*.

... the music ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... represents a rejection of ...

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal* quoting Pierre Boulez.

... diatonic ...

George Meredith, *The Egoist*.

... immutability, an aversion to definitiveness in musical phrases as long as they have not exhausted their potential for evolution and renewal.

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal* quoting Pierre Boulez.

Narrative coherence is achieved ...

Alwyn Berland, *Light in August: A Study in Black and White*.

... in *Parsifal* ...

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal*.

... by slow accretion, rather like a mosaic in which individual pieces have limited significance but which, when placed together, achieve an intelligible and beautiful form.

Alwyn Berland, *Light in August: A Study in Black and White*.

I should like to be able to announce ...

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past*.

... to you, the reader, ...

Upton Sinclair, *The Brass Check: A Study of American Journalism*.

—or better, future reader, since at the moment there is still not the slightest prospect that my manuscript will ever see the light of public day, ...

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

I should like to announce that ...

***The Trial of Adolf Eichmann*.**

... this book has some underlying theme, some stout thread that almost invisibly ties together all these diverse stories and transforms them into a unified historical work.

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past*.

I puzzled over this problem ...

Nora Farber, *Minnehaha Academy Geometry Portfolio Page*.

... of narrative unity ...

Kevin L. Stoechr, *Home Page*.

... for some weeks, ...

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*

... as if ...

Charles Dickens, *Dombey and Son*.

... a dark inscrutable workmanship ...

William Wordsworth, *The Prelude*.

... struggled within me to ...

Thomas Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*.

... achieve coherence

Kathleen Roskos, *Achieving Coherence—The Ohio Literacy Initiative*.

And so it was that after ...

Chris Brady, *A Trip to Galapagos or The Hazards of Crossing the Line*.

... a still winter night ...

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

... months after this problem first became evident, ...

University of Pennsylvania, *CNS Neuronal Cytology for the Brain and Behavior Course on Neuropathology*.

... I awoke with the impression that some question had been put to me, which I had been endeavoring in vain to answer in my sleep, as what—

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

What unifying theme could possibly connect ... the rituals of Wagner's *Parsifal* ... with ...?

Otto Friedrich, *The Grave of Alice B. Toklas: and Other Reports from the Past*.

It was as if my *inner* self ...

Maalok, *Hats Off!*

... a second self—

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*.

... had become his own Sphinx; he was answering ...

Leon Edel, *The Life of Henry James*.

—or attempting to answer—

SuperKids, *Who Wants To Be a Millionaire Kids Edition*.

... his own riddles.

Leon Edel, *The Life of Henry James*.

Aware that ...

Grace Marmor Spruch, *Did Moby Dick Break Boyle's Law?*

... the nature of my work ...

Linda Fairstein, *The Dead-House* (author essay).

... provokes that question ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... the question of 'Coherence', ...

Chakravarthi Raghavan, *Continuing Conceptual Divides at the WTO*.

... I wish to assert that ...

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

... I am fond of meandering designs;

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

Well, what more is there to say?

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

To the last syllable ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Modern English Version).

... this book proceeds more by association than by orderly progression, ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... though (of course) ...

Charles Dickens, *Dombey and Son*.

... some motifs recur throughout.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

I suspected that ...

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

... Wagner either as man or artist ...

Ernest Newman, *Wagner as Man and Artist*.

... launching out into a new world whose possibilities he was not quite sure

...

Humphrey Searle, *The Music of Liszt*.

... must, like I ...

Jim Lesses, Excerpt from *When I Was Younger*.

... have found it difficult to ...

Charles Dickens, *Dombey and Son*.

... describe what happened when, half-consciously following the thread of an idea, he made his way through the intricate ramifications of his ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

... vast artistic design.

Anthony H. Harrison, *Pre-Raphaelitism and Tractarianism.*

What with all the disasters, feuds, and emotional outbursts, the grotesque and irksome incidents that pressured him, he sometimes marveled at his ability to produce anything at all.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

—Strange! How ...

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book

(August 19, 1865).

... my spirits obey ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest.*

... as I sit down ...

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus.*

... whole and solitary, at this miraculous loom. It is the only thing that befits me. The world *I* cannot shape ...

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book

(August 19, 1865).

... through my so powerful art ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Modern English Version).

... I must merely forget:

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book

(August 19, 1865).

I bring with me ...

H. Rider Haggard, *Morning Star.*

... the fresh air of ...

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella.*

... my own world, ...

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *At the Earth's Core.*

... and that which does not belong to ...

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella.*

... Me, ...

Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, *The Sound of Music* (Excerpt from *Do-Re-Mi*).

... does not exist for me.

Mark Twain, *The Mysterious Stranger.*

That is why I can begin to live only when I am able to ...

Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Richard Strauss, *Arabella.*

... create my own world.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, *Life and Death And Other Legends and Stories.*

Had I not created my whole world, I certainly would have died in other people's.

Anais Nin, *The Diary of Anais Nin*.
 And that is why, dear reader, . . .

Jason Lethcoe, *The Future Door*.
 . . . I can begin to live only when I am able to exalt something glorious . . .

Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Richard Strauss, *Arabella*.
 . . . alternately soaring and descending, . . .

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.
 . . . eagle-like . . .

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.
 . . . above me

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella*.
 Be it for good or ill, . . .

Richard Wagner, *Götterdämmerung*.
 . . . I will assert that . . .

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.
 . . . life, powers, passions, all I see in other beings, . . .

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.
 . . . must simply serve . . .

Bruce J. Evensen, *Review of John Taylor, Body Horror: Photojournalism, Catastrophe and War*.
 . . . as inspiration . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Chance*.
 . . . for my work.

Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*.
 Will assert as well that . . .

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.
 . . . in me . . .

Charles Dickens, *Tale of Two Cities*.
 . . . as in him, . . .

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.
 . . . the accent lies on the conjunction of poet and musician, as a pure musician I would not be of much significance.

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Monday, August 16, 1869)*.
 Symbols, especially words as symbols, fascinated . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind and His Music*.
 . . . Wagner the librettist . . .

Barry Millington, *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*.

... and the power of his poetry often rests upon allusion latent in the phrase; much is covert and much implied. Often he sets up a stage situation whose externals mime one tale while his sinewy and punning diction unfolds another.

It is tempting to believe that in ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind and His Music*.

... *Parsifal* ...

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

... Wagner wished, at least subconsciously, to hint at ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind and His Music*.

... a Joseph identification

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

—that is to say, ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... a secret affinity with ...

Jack Kroll, *Ladies and Gentlemen—Lenny Bruce*.

... the son of one of the ...

Steve Wulf, *A Triumph of Will*.

... Hebrew Patriarchs.

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

It is difficult to imagine that ...

David E. Lipman, *Me'am Loez on VaYayshev: Joseph and His Brothers*.

... the Wagner who was one day to make even his Kundry speak in puns was completely unaware of the implications of ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind and His Music*.

... his occasional allusions to ...

Benjamin B. Warfield, *The Person of Christ According to The New Testament*.

... the Joseph legend of the Old Testament ...

Web Gallery of Art, *Joseph and the Wife of Puthiphar*.

... while he was occupied with ...

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

... the composition of *Parsifal*.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, *Bluebeard*.

Wait: I'll show you.

Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler*.

I am ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... in possession of papers, of priceless manuscripts, which ...

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

... Richard Wagner ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... bequeathed to me, and to no one else, in a will written during a period of health or, if I may not put it that way, during a period of comparative and legal sanity, papers I shall use to document my presentation—

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

Yes. This. Here.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

Wednesday, January 9

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, January 9, 1878).

And it might have been today, I remember it so clearly. We were in the dining room of our house ...

Italo Calvino, *The Baron in the Trees*.

... and Richard said to me ...

Lincoln Center Theater Platform Series, *A Conversation with Spalding Gray*.

"I'm now making my two Pharaohs, ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, January 9, 1878).

... i.e., Amfortas and Titurel ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (editors' note).

... sing their duet."

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, January 9, 1878).

Ha, ha!—

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

"How easy it would be if I could

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, July 18, 1871).

... could ...

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book (editor's note).

... just write arias and duets!"

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, July 18, 1871).

Yes!—

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

Yes, that's what he said.

Mark Squires, *E-Zine on Wine*.

And he said:

***Genesis*.**

Now everything has to be a little musical portrait, but it must not interrupt the flow—

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, July 18, 1871).

He then added:

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

—I'd like to see anybody else do that!

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, July 18, 1871).

We laughed.

Thomas Mann, Doctor Faustus.

It was one of those rare days that winter when it did not snow, and the sun, usually hidden by low, thick gray storm clouds, seemed particularly brilliant.

Monica Crowley, Nixon in Winter.

Skating for the children, R.'s cold weather has arrived! Last night we dreamed more or less the same thing—that I was arranging concerts . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, January 10, 1878).

. . . of chamber music . . .

Boris Pasternak, Dr. Zhivago.

. . . for somebody and R. was jealous. We laugh . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, January 10, 1878).

. . . at the way in which [our] . . .

Donald P. Spence, Narrative Truth and Historical Truth: Meaning and Interpretation in Psychoanalysis.

. . . thoughts converged.

Boris Pasternak, Dr. Zhivago.

At lunch he announces . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, January 10, 1878).

. . . half jokingly (which is to say half seriously):

Elmer Bendiner, A Time For Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations.

"My Pharaohs are locked in battle," and tells me I will be amazed to see what he has done with the words "zu diesem Amt verdammt zu sein" ["to be condemned to this office"].

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, January 10, 1878).

Beyond the windows, lay the wintry garden, the flower-beds covered with straw, the grottoes snowed under, the little temples forlorn.

Thomas Mann, Tristan.

With R. and the children on the ice.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, January 10, 1878).

Amused, . . .

Joseph Conrad, Chance.

. . . Richard talks about . . .

Adam Phillips, The Beast in the Nursery.

. . . the hiss of skaters on the ice . . .

Michael Crichton, Rising Sun.

. . . to-ing and fro-ing

Adam Phillips, *The Beast in the Nursery*.

The temperatures, well below freezing, kept most people inside, sheltered from the brutal cold and the white veil of winter that waited just outside their doors.

Monica Crowley, *Nixon in Winter*.

Richard goes to town . . .

Quentin Tarantino, *From Dusk Till Dawn*.

. . . in his carriage . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

. . . to fetch me, and I return home with him. Two lean cows remind him of Pharaoh's dream, which keeps him occupied the whole way home.

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Monday, January 14, 1878).

All around him lay coldness—

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

. . . the difficult air of the iced mountain's top,

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.

. . . and yet . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

'No matter,' he had said, . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

No matter, since . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

. . . he himself creates his own milieu.

**K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*
quoting Viktor Tausk.**

Wholly artificially, like a tropical plant in the winter garden, I must shut myself off against the atmosphere of reality, there is no other way.

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 -- The Brown Book*
(August 19, 1865).**

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long.

Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*.

I can only cocoon myself, weave for you . . .

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 -- The Brown Book*
(August 19, 1865).**

. . . you, my reader, my . . .

Darren Bleuél on Darren Bleuél (*A sort-of inspirational essay*).

. . . conjectural reader, . . .

**Britannica.com, Review of Jorge Hernandez Martin, *Readers & Labyrinths:*
The Detective Fiction in Borges, Bustos, Donecq, & Eco.**

Brother-animal. You.

**K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Ceas of Tausk Contra Freud*
quoting *The Freud Journal of Lou Andreas-Salome*.**

Oh—to work!!—

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book*
(September 9, 1865).**

Ay, . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

. . . to my task!—

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.

Now does my project gather to a head:

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

The second act shows . . .

John Tasker Howard, *The World's Great Operas*.

. . . the cloud-piercing towers of . . .

**Kurt Loder, *At Ground Zero: My Neighborhood Vanished* (Rolling Stone
9.11.01).**

Klingsor's magic castle.—

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

The hour's now come; the very minute bids . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

. . . Klingsor . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Klingsor's Last Summer*.

. . . work . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

. . . his magic arts to rouse Kundry from her deep sleep . . .

John Tasker Howard, *The World's Great Operas*.

. . . and then order her . . .

Gareth Patterson, “*The Killing Fields*.”

. . . to seduce Parsifal. Kundry protests, but Klingsor
mocks her for her remorse and insists that she overcome the power of this youth whom he
recognizes as the "Guileless Fool" who may break his power. The castle sinks in the
darkness and . . .

John Tasker Howard, *The World's Great Operas*.

. . . lo and behold, . . .

**Andrew Levin, *Mysteries of the Cligevea: And Other Stunners From The
Upstart Science of Female Desire*.**

. . . the scene changes to a luxuriant garden.

John Tasker Howard, *The World's Great Operas*.

Here, vivid blooms give way to muted greens and grays and beiges, in spiky, droopy and phantasmagoric shapes. Towering needle-leaved tree ferns shade the curving gravel walks with greenish gloom.

Edwin Kiester, Jr., 'Not your average backyard gardener'.

Perhaps the mysteries of evolution and the riddles of life that so puzzle us are contained in the green of the earth, among the trees and the flowers . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

Parsifal enters and is surrounded by enticing flower girls . . .

John Tasker Howard, *The World's Great Operas*.

. . . just like the *Arabian Nights*, . . .

Peter Hellman, *Coming Up Harlem: A Revival of the Fabled New York Community Inspires Pride and Controversy* quoting Duke Ellington.

. . . all running to and fro for flowers, and laughingly flinging them . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

. . . upon him until he is . . .

Shaykh Abu 'Ali Nabeel al-Awadhi, *A Party in Paradise and a Party in Hell*.

. . . almost smothered with blossom.

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

Their existence is as limited as that of women in a harem and they look like rare hothouse plants.

Julius Meier-Graefe, *Auguste Renoir in Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

Kundry appears as a woman of bewitching beauty.

John Tasker Howard, *The World's Great Operas*.

Never forthcoming about her personal life, she was "both flamboyant and mysterious . . ."

Edwin Kiester, Jr., 'Not your average backyard gardener'.

At the time, she seemed . . .

Robert Coles, *Anna Freud: The Dream of Psychoanalysis*.

. . . to live in two different worlds, one in which sexuality hardly existed and one in which it was all too frighteningly present.

Joseph Fernando, *The Exceptions: Structural and Dynamic Aspects*.

She puts her arms around Parsifal and kisses his lips. For the first time Parsifal knows passion, but he also feels what seems to be the pain of Amfortas' wound. He realizes how Amfortas was tempted to sin in these same gardens. Pushing Kundry aside he denounces her.

John Tasker Howard, *The World's Great Operas*.

I saw her look at me with a mixture of admiration and distaste. She was not accustomed to being spoken to in this manner. I knew that. She was looking at me and possibly wondering who I was, what I really wanted, what I intended to do . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

The withholding of any explanation as to his background, his motivations, or his intentions, coupled with the lucidity and immediacy of . . .

Alwyn Berland, *Light in August: A Study in Black and White*.

. . . his denunciation . . .

Mark Twain, *The Mysterious Stranger*.

. . . is powerful, . . .

Alwyn Berland, *Light in August: A Study in Black and White*.

. . . explosive . . .

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Agent*.

. . . even terrifying.

Alwyn Berland, *Light in August: A Study in Black and White*.

I realized that if I followed my desires, I would be eternally damned.

David E. Lipman, *Me'Am Loez on VaYashev: Joseph and His Brothers*.

Like some of her plants, Madame—she never answered to any other name—could be quite prickly.

Edwin Kiester, Jr., 'Not your average backyard gardener.'

Kundry calls to Klingsor. The magician hurls the Sacred Spear at Parsifal. Instead of hitting Parsifal, the Sacred Spear hangs in mid-air over his head. Parsifal grasps it and makes the sign of the cross. Kundry falls unconscious and the castle sinks in ruins.

John Tasker Howard, *The World's Great Operas*.

Without doubt, what is musically the most precious and artful moment comes with

. . .

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

. . . the whole tower . . .

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

. . . the castle and the garden. . .

Nipponia, *Okayama Castle*.

. . . vanishing suddenly . . .

Tim Friend, *Maya Lived as Urban Farmers*.

. . . astonishingly, impossibly—gone.

Kurt Loder, *At Ground Zero: My Neighborhood Vanished* (Rolling Stone 9.11.01).

The themes of innocence and purity, sexual indulgence and suffering, remorse and sexual renunciation are treated in *Parsifal* with a subtle intensity and depth of compassion that probe deeply into the unconscious and make the opera in some ways the most visionary of all Wagner's works.

***The New Encyclopaedia Britannica* ("Richard Wagner," by Deryck V. Cooke and others).**

Parsifal provides another glaring association of the maternal with the erotic. Describing [Parsifal's mother's] love for her son, Kundry asks, "Then, when her frenzied arm embraced you, were you perchance afraid of her kisses?" Nowhere else in pre-Freudian literature can one find such an overt reference to sexuality in early childhood.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

He has been much criticized for this strongly personal treatment of a religious subject, which mingles the concepts of sacred and profane love; but in the light of later explorations in the field of psychology his insight into the relationship between religious and sexual experience seems merely in advance of its time.

***The New Encyclopaedia Britannica* ("Richard Wagner," by Deryck V.**

Cooke and others).

It had always been my dream to be at a Wagner Festival in Bayreuth and especially to see *Parsifal*, which at that time could be seen only at this Wagnerian Mecca.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

A scene I hadn't thought of in decades entered my mind:

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

. . . Levi in *Parsifal*.

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Great Conductors*.

Hermann Levi was the most accomplished conductor in the German Empire who was also a Jew. A cultivated and versatile musician, he was born at Giessen in 1839, the son of a rabbi whom he greatly cherished and often astounded.

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

His phenomenal career ignored the legal fact of his status, and after his swift elevation it no longer came in question.

Thomas Mann, *Joseph and His Brothers*.

Friend and adviser of Richard Wagner, he conducted the first performance of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth in 1882.

***The New Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*.**

Performing at Bayreuth ought to have been a particularly gratifying experience for a conductor who has dedicated as much time to Wagner's music as I have, but in the end it caused me endless suffering.

Sir Georg Solti, *Memoirs*.

Hermann Levi was then staying at Wahnfried . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

. . . the palatial villa Richard Wagner built for his family . . .

Nora London, *Aria for George*.

. . . participating in the final preparations for *Parsifal*. He had taken a walk into Bayreuth . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

... the walk would be good for his health. He enjoyed the well-kept gardens that led to the theater ...

Nora London, *Aria for George*.

... and returned to Wahnfried to have lunch with the Wagner family, but arrived at the house a little late.

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

We were all waiting for him to appear at table, for he had sent word to us to begin lunch without him.

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* quoting Paul von Joukowsky, Letter to Malwida von Meysenbug Describing the Death of Wagner.**

I was seated on the other side of ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... Nietzsche's sister Elisabeth and Lou von Salome

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

I remember ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... the ladies ...

Philip Roth, *Portnoy's Complaint*.

... chatting in lowered voices ...

Gustave Flaubert, *Voyage en Egypte*.

—going on and on and on

Alex Comfort, *The New Joy of Sex: A Gourmet Guide to Lovemaking for the Nineties*.

What were they talking about?

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

Pure gossip, I thought.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

In any event, Levi ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

... the poor conductor, ...

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Wednesday, June 29, 1881).**

When he returned ...

Louis Ginzberg, *The Legends of the Jews*.

Wagner stood "in the hall, ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

... at the door ...

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Tuesday, December 23, 1879).**

... watch in hand, and ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

... looking at the timepiece ...

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

... said in a highly ceremonious, serious tone, ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

... as if prearranged, ...

Arnold Schoenberg, *Survivor from Warsaw*.

'You are ten minutes late! Unpunctuality is half infidelity! He who keeps others waiting is an egotist.'

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

I must emphasize the fact that there was not a trace of personal jocularity or clownishness in his pose, manner, or behaviour. On the contrary, there was complete seriousness, an absence of any humorous appeal ...

Thomas Mann, *Mario and The Magician*.

This little lecture over, Wagner in his normal voice asked Levi to go ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

... up the stairs ...

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella*.

... to his room and read a letter he had put on his table. Levi, as usual, obeyed. What he read was an anonymous denunciation from Munich entreating Wagner "to keep his work pure, and not allow a Jew to conduct it." In addition, the letter threw "suspicions" on Levi's "character" and his "relations to Wahnfried."

We know that these suspicions were the accusation that Hermann Levi was having an affair with Cosima Wagner. The charge was absurd, but talk of love affairs touched the Wagners at a sensitive spot.

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

Did Wagner for a moment look at both his wife, almost a quarter of a century his junior, and her special friend, the handsome, soulful Jew, two years younger, and, remembering her vagabond nocturnal habits at Villa Pellet, wonder whether he had finally been cast as ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

... Poor Potiphar!

Thomas Mann, *Joseph and His Brothers*.

When Levi sat silent at lunch, "profoundly upset and indignant," Wagner, whose sadism was evidently not yet sated, asked him why he was being so quiet. Levi ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

... holding out the letter ...

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella*.

... replied that he could not understand why Wagner had not simply torn the libel up without showing it to him. Wagner's response was shrewd but is suspect: "If I had shown the letter to no one, had I destroyed it, perhaps something of it would have rankled within me. But now I can assure you that not the slightest memory

will remain with me." Abreaction, we know, is a satisfying form of discharge; abreaction at the expense of another must have been doubly satisfying.

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

How did all this affect me? Any extensive comment would be superfluous and banal; I was, to put it tersely, enveloped in an aura of hatred and dismay.

Peter Gay, *My German Question: Growing Up in Nazi Berlin*.

It is, of course, rather more an observer's than a participant's tale

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal*.

And yet the fact remains, . . .

Mark Twain, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

. . . I had the misfortune to witness such a scene.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

Paradoxically, my baggage of atrocious memories became a wealth, a seed . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . a motivation to create . . .

Albert Rothenberg, *Creativity and Madness*.

. . . and it seemed . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

. . . it seemed to me that, by writing, I was growing like a plant.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

Alone in the evening, we become involved in a deep and far-ranging conversation.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, October 30, 1882).

Life was an enigma to them whose solution they could discover only with each other.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

It was one of those . . .

Rich Cohen, *Lake Effect*.

. . . quiet moments when petty concerns seem to melt away.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I then find it difficult to recapture the right mood for *Elective Affinities*.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, October 30, 1882).

The sun had set, and already twilight and mist were settling on the lake.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

R. says, "How curious—when I was thinking today about Levi's visit, there came into my mind the verse . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, July 1, 1878).

. . . of Schiller's . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

‘ . . . the lake is wild and wants its sacrifices.’”

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, July 1, 1878).

Wagner . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II).

. . . could not deny there were other thoughts too, of things permissible and impermissible, which would not be stilled.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

“ . . . What will she do when she has lost me? Will she . . .

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers* quoting Sigmund Freud.

. . . she was, to be sure, still very young—

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

. . . Will she lead a life of ascetic austerity?”

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers* quoting Sigmund Freud.

And then, working on these thoughts, his imagination would evoke one possibility after another. If he was not to . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

. . . survive her . . .

W.H. Hudson, *Green Mansions*.

... then he would make over to her the possession of his estate. There she would live as an independent person, there she should be happy, even—when his self-tormenting imagination took him that far—happy with somebody else.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

On going to bed, very dismal thoughts ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, September 30, 1869).

... an alien state of mind, anxious and disturbing ...

J. Moussaieff Masson and T. C. Masson, *Buried Memories on the Acropolis: Freud's Response to Mysticism and Anti-Semitism*.

For a moment ...

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

... as fate would have it, ...

Thomas Hardy, *Two on a Tower*.

... we find ourselves ...

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

... staring out the window ...

Randall Parrish, *Love Under Fire*.

... towards the lake.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

We are reminded of the words of the poet:

All that is to live in endless song

Must in life-time first be drown'd.

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism* quoting Friedrich Schiller, *The Gods of Greece*.

There is a place where time stands still.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

It is old, untouched and unchanged by modern life. It is ...

The Diary of Anais Nin: Volume 1 – 1931-1934.

... Bayreuth, ...

Willa Cather, *A Wagner Matinee*.

... a place where ...

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

... Space and Time are one.

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

One would think that I ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Letter to Karl von Gersdorff*.

... I of all people, ...

H.G. Wells, *The Secret Places of the Heart*.

... would not go there of my own free will; and yet in the past year I have been there twice, and twice in the year before that.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Letter to Karl von Gersdorff*.

How curious—

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Monday, July 1, 1878).

I remember here, in passing, that ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... the King of Bavaria ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

... early in his reign (1866) had visited ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

... the beautiful synagogue, ...

Gottfried Wagner, *The Twilight of the Wagners: The Unveiling of a Family's Legacy*.

... the Altneuschul synagogue,

Aharon Appelfeld, *The Kafka Connection: A Displaced Writer Revisits A Haunted City of His Youth*.

... in Bayreuth, ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans*.

... and pledged ...

Robert Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

... before the assembled spectators ...

Franz Kafka, *An Imperial Message*.

... to follow his father's example in working toward Jewish emancipation.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

The Altneuschul, which was built around 1270, is the oldest functioning synagogue in Europe.

Aharon Appelfeld, *The Kafka Connection: A Displaced Writer Revisits A Haunted City of His Youth*.

No building ever came into being as easily as did this temple—or rather, this temple came into being the way a temple should.

Franz Kafka, *The Building of the Temple*.

Jewish legend has it that, after the destruction of the Second Temple in Jerusalem, angels brought a stone from the rubble; it was placed in the Altneuschul's foundation on the condition that, when the Messiah arrived, the stone would be returned to the Holy City.

Aharon Appelfeld, *The Kafka Connection: A Displaced Writer Revisits A Haunted City of His Youth*.

There had been ...

Aldous Huxley, *Crome Yellow*.

... Jews ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... in Bayreuth since the beginning of the thirteenth century ...

Gottfried Wagner, *The Twilight of the Wagners: The Unveiling of a Family's Legacy*.

... though without ever getting beyond, even in their most flourishing periods, the status of an extremely tiny minority. They were never much loved or much hated; stories of unusual persecutions have not been handed down. Nevertheless, ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

—the fact remained—Wagner was an anti-Semite and ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans*.

... I was a Jew:

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... and the son of a rabbi.

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans*.

(Nietzsche had described ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

... the Grand Old Man ...

Republican National Committee, *The Origins of 'GOP'*.

... as “an *old*, unchanging man.”)

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

Regardless of the depth of his character flaw—and I had no doubt that it was a trench of considerable magnitude—I was sure ...

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

... we could ...

Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

... do business together.

Victor Hugo, *Toilers of the Sea*.

‘You are much more likely to be able to do business with someone else’, ...

Hugo Young, *The Iron Lady: A Biography of Margaret Thatcher*.

... I thought, ...

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

... if you have a realistic assessment of their approach, their strengths, their fears, and you do not go starry-eyed thinking that one day ...

Hugo Young, *The Iron Lady: A Biography of Margaret Thatcher*.

... anti-Semitism ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans*.

... will collapse like a pack of cards, because it will not.’

Hugo Young, *The Iron Lady: A Biography of Margaret Thatcher.*

In the midst of . . .

Herman Gollob, *Me and Shakespeare: Adventures with the Bard.*

. . . a sojourn . . .

Henry James, *The Ambassadors.*

. . . in Bayreuth . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans.*

. . . then already prolonged to six months . . .

Henry James, *The Ambassadors.*

I recall that on several occasions I went . . .

Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery.*

. . . to the synagogue, . . .

Dan Levin, *Spinoza.*

. . . where once again . . .

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick.*

. . . my hazy childhood memory of . . .

Aharon Appelfeld, *The Kafka Connection: A Displaced Writer Revisits A Haunted City of His Youth.*

. . . the peculiar music of the *shul* . . .

Daniel J. Boorstin, *Cleopatra's Nose: Essays on the Unexpected.*

. . . grew into something tangible.

Aharon Appelfeld, *The Kafka Connection: A Displaced Writer Revisits A Haunted City of His Youth.*

He was remembering—memories within memories.

Robert Ludlum, *The Parsifal Mosaic.*

There came . . .

Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native.*

. . . a Shabbat during which we read chapters XXI, 10-XXV of Deuteronomy, and as the cantor was chanting the Torah portion, . . .

Herman Gollob, *Me and Shakespeare: Adventures with the Bard.*

. . . I was struck by . . .

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner.*

. . . the following lines:—

Charles W. Chesnutt, *The House Behind the Cedars.*

When a man has a son who is disobedient and out of control, and will not obey his father or his mother, or pay attention when they punish him, then his father and mother shall take hold of him and bring him out to the elders of . . .

Deuteronomy, 21:18-21.

. . . the Holy Community, . . .

Dan Levin, *Spinoza.*

... at the town gate. They shall say to the elders of the town, 'This son of ours is disobedient and out of control; he will not obey us, he is a wastrel and a drunkard.' Then all the men of the town shall stone him to death, and you will thereby rid yourselves of this wickedness. All Israel will hear of it and be afraid.

Deuteronomy, 21-18-21.

I sighed and settled back into my chair. I knew that ...

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

... it had always been ...

Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*.

... the goal of parents and pedagogues to divert a child's attention from the motives for their own behavior to the supposedly bad and sinful motives behind the child's desires and to convince the child to be grateful for the way he or she has been raised.

Alice Miller, *Thou Shalt Not Be Aware*.

I believe that it was at this moment that I first began to consider seriously whether ...

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

... Freud's unconscious dependence on this tradition ...

Alice Miller, *Thou Shalt Not Be Aware*.

... may have ...

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

... caused him to formulate the Oedipus complex, a theory that, in a new form, once again assigned all guilt to the child; this freed Freud from the painful isolation in which he found himself as a result of the discoveries he made in 1896 concerning parents' sexual abuse of their children. Shocking as people of that day found the idea of a child with sexual desires, this was still far more acceptable to the contemporary power structure, whose motives were disguised and buttressed by established methods of child-rearing, than was the whole truth about what adults do with their children, also in the area of sexuality.

Alice Miller, *Thou Shalt Not Be Aware*.

The week after the High Holy Days, as if in answer to penitential prayers, arrived the three books dealing with ...

Herman Gollob, *Me and Shakespeare: Adventures with the Bard*.

... the problem of guilt ...

Franz Kafka, *Letters to Milena*.

... I'd ordered with some trepidation. I tore open the cartons immediately, dreading that I'd find evidence that what I thought was an original approach to ...

Herman Gollob, *Me and Shakespeare: Adventures with the Bard*.

... Wagner's *Parsifal* ...

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal*.

... had been explored by savants past and present. But the out-of-print volumes from the past blessedly yielded no long-buried mines of interpretation that would explode in my face.

Herman Gollob, *Me and Shakespeare: Adventures with the Bard*.

There is a very clever essay in one of the books ...

Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*.

... I read, ...

Herman Gollob, *Me and Shakespeare: Adventures with the Bard*.

"Parsifal: A Betrayed Childhood: Variations on a Leitmotif by Alice Miller"

Isolde Vetter, *Wagner in the History of Psychology*.

... in which the author ...

Thomas Hardy, *Two on a Tower*.

... Martin Buber, ...

Aharon Appelfeld, *The Kafka Connection: A Displaced Writer Revisits A Haunted City of His Youth*.

... attempts a radical reinterpretation of *Parsifal* using the unconventional views of the psychoanalyst Alice Miller.

Isolde Vetter, *Wagner in the History of Psychology*.

Buber, who was a teacher at Hebrew University in those years, often lectured on Jewish guilt, in the course of which he was fond of quoting Kafka.

Aharon Appelfeld, *The Kafka Connection: A Displaced Writer Revisits A Haunted City of His Youth*.

Whereas the drama, in keeping with Freud's Oedipus theory ...

Isolde Vetter, *Wagner in the History of Psychology*.

... has been seen over and over again, ...

Franz Kafka, *The Animal in the Synagogue*.

... as the symbolic enactment of a necessary process of development by which the individual learns to conform, ...

Isolde Vetter, *Wagner in the History of Psychology*.

... the author ...

Thomas Hardy, *Two on a Tower*.

... seeks to turn this positive interpretation right side up. The process of development depicted here is not in the least necessary for Parsifal either as a boy or as adolescent. Rather it is necessary for the patriarchal society of the Grail brotherhood, which seizes the opportunity offered by the "pure fool," mistreating him as a sacrificial lamb and expecting him to solve the problems which their society has brought on itself.

Isolde Vetter, *Wagner in the History of Psychology*.

Oddly enough, the easiest route toward grasping the nature of these . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . ultimate realities . . .

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

. . . lies through a consideration of Wagner's . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . own words.

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

On this point it is best to let him speak through . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . his wife, Cosima

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

Note here.

Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself*.

Wednesday, April 14

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries (1870)*.**

Cosima tells us . . .

Conrad Susa, *Music of Unseen Worlds*.

In the evening finished *Oedipus* [*at Colonus* by Sophocles]; tremendous impression, and R. remarks: "A special feature of the Greeks, which I believe is not to be found among us, is the sanctity and divinity of the curse-laden individual who is being punished in behalf of a whole generation. . . ."—

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, April 14, 1870)*.**

It is a critique that all should consider seriously.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

To be sure, the . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . allegedly radical revision of . . .

Dana F. Sutton, Introduction to *Laelia* (1595).

. . . Wagner's *Parsifal* . . .

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal*.

. . . turns out to be not so impressive after all.

Dana F. Sutton, Introduction to *Laelia* (1595).

What came to puzzle him, then, as it puzzled others was . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . the serious treatment of the problem of guilt, at least so it seems to me.

Franz Kafka, *Letters to Milena*.

In *Parsifal* . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

... the elders ...

Deuteronomy, 21:18-21.

... unload their own sense of guilt onto the shoulders of the next generation in the person of Parsifal, ...

Isolde Vetter, *Wagner in the History of Psychology.*

... the curse-laden individual ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, April 14, 1870).

... thereby breaking that generation on the wheel of their demands and rendering its members sufficiently submissive as to rid them of their guilt, while in actual fact forcing them to accept the same obligation to atone for that guilt, an obligation which passes ineluctably from one generation to the next in a never-ending spiral.

Isolde Vetter, *Wagner in the History of Psychology.*

And so, at the place where time stands still, one sees ...

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams.*

... one generation ...

Franz Kafka, *The Animal in the Synagogue.*

... clutching ...

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams.*

... the next, ...

Franz Kafka, *The Animal in the Synagogue.*

... in a frozen embrace that will never let go.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams.*

Among the dreams which have been reported to me by ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

... Frau Wagner ...

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams.*

... there is one which has special claims upon our attention at this point.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

In a dream ...

Hermann Hesse, *Klein and Wagner.*

—*I saw a tongue of land surrounded by water. The waves were being driven forward and then back by the breakers.*

Sigmund Freud, *Dreams and Telepathy.*

Now I realized that ...

Franz Kafka, *The Vulture (Der Geier)*

... someone was singing on the water, ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, January 16, 1878).

... which was filling every depth, flooding every shore.

Franz Kafka, *The Vulture (Der Geier)*.

I said I did not care for it, then when we got nearer, . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, January 16, 1878).

. . . it was the figure of a . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

. . . half-grown lad, . . .

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

. . . vulnerable and alone . . .

Matthew Gurewitsch, *Bayreuth, Like Wagner, Survives the Critics*.

. . . who, still singing, sank . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, January 16, 1878).

. . . into the watery abyss, . . .

Erica Jong, *Fear of Flying*.

. . . saying, "Adieu, Papa, adieu, Mama"—

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, January 16, 1878).

A few moments later . . .

Ivan Turgenev, *Fathers and Sons*.

. . . the child is . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . cast ashore by the fury of the billows . . .

Lucretius, *De Natura Rerum*.

. . . but his eyes are closed and he has ceased to breathe.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

Yes, . . . that was the end. An end of horror, a fatal . . .

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

. . . end: for after . . .

Stephen Leacock, *My Discovery of England*.

. . . the rescuer . . .

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Monster Men*.

. . . has gone through all the procedures for reviving the drowned, the good man shakes his head and to . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

. . . the mother's . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Legacy of Cain*.

. . . hopeful questions replies at first with silence and then a gentle

No . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

And then?

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

Woe, alas!

William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*.

I saw . . .

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

. . . the mother . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . and imagined her gazing down on all the monstrous misery and saying to herself coldly: 'Well, it will all pass, and soon at that. Then it will be as if it never was, and we shall . . .

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

. . . forget it all.'

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation* quoting *The Clinical Diary of Sandor Ferenczi*.

Her own child, the wretch!

Sophocles, *Oedipus Rex*.

Did you ever hear of such a thing?

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Sharer*.

Wagner's Dream . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday-Monday, February 10-16, 1874).

. . . a fearful dream—if dream be the right word for a mental . . .

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

. . . happening . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . whose theater . . .

Amelia Gere Mason, *The Women of the French Salons*.

. . . seemed to be his own soul, . . .

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

—that dream . . .

Thomas Hardy, *Desperate Remedies*.

. . . is something that calls for explanation.

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

We are back, in fact, with psychology.

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal*.

The incredibly rich and compact Oedipus myth draws two paradoxical strands together in what is stated and what is only implied. The child, feared and cursed by his parents as the harbinger of mortality, curses them for his mortality—for life limited by death, and the consciousness thereof. The family both protects and exposes the child. To have needs met affirms one's vulnerability at the same

time that it proves love. The price of love—consciousness of vulnerability—like the price of life—consciousness of death—is high but need not be prohibitive.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

Freud designated a part of the oedipal drama to represent a universal and fateful experience in human life. I am not the first who noticed Freud's partial and discriminate use of the Oedipus myth. That part of the myth which Freud ignored is the crime of infanticide which the father committed when his son was born. The Oedipus tragedy was set into motion by a father who was afraid of his son with whom he became prematurely rivalrous.

Peter Blos, *Freud and the Father Complex*.

Freud's Oedipal theme—the son's hostility toward father and his lust toward mother—

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

. . . made it possible to continue to treat the child, now seen as having sexual desires, as the object of adults' didactic (or therapeutic) efforts.

Alice Miller, *Thou Shalt Not Be Aware*.

His theory justifies the father's fear as a response to the son's rage; there is no paternal guilt.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

And so, in the end, . . .

Jack London, *The Enemy of All the World*.

An analysis aimed at working through the Oedipus complex like raising a child to be unaware, serves to mask the abuse and mistreatment of children on the part of the adults who have control over them.

Alice Miller, *Thou Shalt Not Be Aware*.

It cannot be otherwise!—

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book*.**

But yet . . .

Lucretius, *De Natura Rerum*.

—a question for psychiatrists—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Attempt at Self-Criticism*.

Where can a traumatized small child find protection except in the arms of the one powerful enough to have originally inflicted the haunting pain?

J. Moussaeff Masson and T. C. Masson, *Buried Memories on the Acropolis: Freud's Response to Mysticism and Anti-Semitism*.

I had been searching for an illustration for the jacket of the British edition of *Thou Shalt Not Be Aware*; I didn't want to leave the selection to chance but thought it important that I myself find an appropriate visual representation of the work's

underlying theme. Two Rembrandt depictions of the sacrifice of Isaac—one in Leningrad, the other in Munich—came to mind. In both . . .

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

. . . of the paintings . . .

Edith Wharton, *The House of the Dead Hand*.

. . . the motifs of his dream-like vision are fixed; the same fragments of outward reality occur again and again in the stream of his fantasy; and . . .

Isaac Deutscher, *Marc Chagall and the Jewish Imagination*.

. . . the colors, as if prepared from bitumen, are generally dense and dark and only fitfully luminous—creating an unceasing viscous movement . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . a single dream dreamt and painted in . . .

Isaac Deutscher, *Marc Chagall and the Jewish Imagination*.

. . . the body of his . . .

Robert Lewis Stevenson, *Markheim*.

. . . work as . . .

Elia W. Peattie, *An Astral Onion*.

. . . an immense multitude of variations.

Isaac Deutscher, *Marc Chagall and the Jewish Imagination*.

The theme . . .

Maynard Solomon, *Beethoven*.

. . . of the sacrifice of Isaac . . .

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

. . . remains throughout as an anchor to prevent fantasy from losing contact with the outer world, but it too dissolves into the memories, images, and feelings which underlie its simple reality. In this the theme is like the manifest dream—a simple, condensed sequence of images masking an infinity of latent dream thoughts.

Maynard Solomon, *Beethoven*.

Rembrandt . . .

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

. . . described how he carried his thoughts with him for a long time before setting to work: “Then the working-out in breadth, length, and height and depth begins in my head, and since I am conscious of what I want, the basic idea never leaves me. It rises, grows upward, and I hear and see the picture as a whole take shape and stand forth before me . . .

Maynard Solomon, *Beethoven* quoting Beethoven.

. . . like a human form, . . .

Ann Radcliffe, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*.

. . . as though cast in a single piece. . . .”

Maynard Solomon, *Beethoven* quoting Beethoven.

The creation of . . .

Kim A. Woodbridge, *Literary Sources of Frankenstein*.

. . . the artist's vision—

Henry James, *The Ambassadors*.

. . . is the 'child'. It must, like human children, resemble the parents; and yet it must also be different, an individual in its own right.

Anthony Storr, *The Dynamics of Creation*.

There is no way of knowing what Rembrandt wanted to convey . . .

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

. . . with his . . .

Otto Rank, *Art and Artist*.

. . . creations which sent me out into dangerous realms.

The Diary of Anais Nin: Volume 1 – 1931-1934.

He refused to idealize the figures in his Biblical paintings; he suspected that those Old Testament Hebrews looked pretty much like the Jews of . . .

Will and Ariel Durant, *The Age of Reason Begins: From Rubens to Rembrandt*.

. . . seventeenth-century . . .

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

. . . Amsterdam; he pictured them so, and in consequence they rise from myth or history into life.

Will and Ariel Durant, *The Age of Reason Begins: From Rubens to Rembrandt*.

I had been struck by the fact that in both of the Rembrandt versions . . .

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

. . . of the binding of Isaac . . .

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

. . . I already knew, Abraham is grasping his son's head with his left hand and raising a knife with his right; his eyes, however, are not resting on his son but are turned upward, as though he is asking God if he is carrying out His will correctly. At first I thought that this was Rembrandt's own interpretation and that there must be others, but I was unable to find any. In all the portrayals of this scene that I found, Abraham's face or entire torso is turned away from his son and directed upward. Only his hands are occupied with the sacrifice.

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

God asks him to prove *his* obedience by agreeing to give *as a blood sacrifice* his son Isaac. As soon as Abraham agrees, he is, of course, permitted to sacrifice, instead, an animal.

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

An evocative scene.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

If we could only invite Isaac into our group and hear his voice! How would he recall the events on Moriah?

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

Who can say?

Arthur Miller, *The Ride Down Mt. Morgan*.

The main problem is that this is one of those stories that is meant to be used not religiously, but mystically. Mystics have a tendency to use outrageous symbols.

Bill Moyers, *Genesis: A Living Conversation*.

I remember that when as a child I read the *Midrash*, I came across a story and a description of a scene which gripped my imagination.

Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

It reminded me of . . .

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

. . . the problem of . . .

Franz Kafka, *Letters to Milena*.

. . . the Creator and His Creations;

Cynthia Ozick, *The Impious Impatience of Job*.

. . . the problem of . . .

Franz Kafka, *Letters to Milena*.

. . . visioning and revisioning, . . .

Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, *The Anatomy of Prejudices*.

—and finally, . . .

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

. . . of all things! . . .

Zane Grey, *The Spirit of the Border*.

. . . the sacrifice of Isaac—

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

It was the story of Rabbi Meir, the great saint and sage, the pillar of Mosaic orthodoxy, and co-author of the *Mishnah*, who took lessons in theology from a heretic, Elisha ben Abiyuh, called Akher (The Stranger).

Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

One day while . . .

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*.

. . . Rabbi Meir . . .

Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

. . . was working . . .

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*.

... Akher ...

Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

... *The Stranger* ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... stood beside him, watching with engrossment. He was scratching out one ...

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*.

... Word ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

... after another ...

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*.

... as the new formulations were sketched, trimmed, contoured, synthesized.

Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, *The Anatomy of Prejudices*.

The stranger said tranquilly:—

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

... Rabbi Meir, ...

Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

... 'I would not like to be a ...

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*.

... word.'

Anthony Trollope, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*.

'Why not?' he asked. 'Because then you might scratch me out ...

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*.

... as a sacrifice ...

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

... and blow me away.'

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*.

That's a curious association of ideas, is it not ... ?

Charles Dickens, *Nicholas Nickleby*.

But how complex and dreamlike a tale!

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

When, at what point in his life, did Isaac abandon religion for good and all? This was, of course, a gradual process. But there is no doubt that ...

Tamara Deutscher, Introduction to Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

... this one ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... particular episode, highly dramatic, which appealed to Isaac's sense of the theatrical, sealed the final break. Here again, though only remotely, the personality of Isaac's father contributed something to his son's development.

Tamara Deutscher, Introduction to Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

As I looked at the pictures, I thought to myself, "The son, an adult at the peak of his manhood, is simply lying there, quietly ...

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

... waiting for what would happen next.

Edward Crankshaw, *The Shadow of the Winter Palace: Russia's Drift to Revolution, 1825-1917*.

In some of the versions he is ...

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

... as ...

Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*.

... calm and obedient ...

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

... as an artist's model;

Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*.

... in only one is he in tears, but not in a single one is he rebellious."

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

There was enough in this scene to puzzle an orthodox Jewish child. Why, I wondered, did ...

Isaac Deutscher, *The non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

... none of the paintings

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

... depict ...

Joseph Conrad, *The Rescue*.

... any questioning in Isaac's eyes, questions such as "Father, why do you want to kill me, why is my life worth nothing to you? Why won't you look at me, why won't you explain what is happening? How can you do this to me? I love you, I trusted you. Why won't you speak to me? What crime have I committed? What have I done to deserve this?"

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

From such a situation, one would think, a troubled and complex personality would be likely to emerge.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

My heart, it seems, was with the heretic ...

Isaac Deutscher, *The non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

... the rebel ...

**K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*
quoting Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.**

When I was thirteen, or perhaps fourteen, I began to write a play about ...
Isaac Deutscher, *The non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

... the question of ...

John I. Durham, *The Biblical Rembrandt: Human Painter in a Landscape of Faith*.

... what would happen if Isaac, instead of reaching for the knife,
were to use every ounce of his strength to free his hands so that he could remove
Abraham's hand from his face?

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

I could not find the answers, and did not get beyond the first act.

Isaac Deutscher, *The non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays*.

One word more:

H. Rider Haggard, *Child of Storm*.

When you think of me, think of Rembrandt—a little light and a great deal of
darkness.

Sigmund Freud, as attributed by Martin S. Bergmann.

One of Freud's basic psychoanalytic strategies is to hide his face and act as a
blank screen. This self-effacing performance encourages the patient to ...

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

... initiate and dominate the stage ...

Rosemary H. Balsam, *Neutrality and Loewald's Metaphor of Theater*.

... to transfer his or her emotional attachments onto Freud in a first step
toward working through childhood complexes.

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

The analyst ...

Rosemary H. Balsam, *Neutrality and Loewald's Metaphor of Theater*.

... sits quietly, ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

... watches the play, while being in his mind also a co-actor.

Rosemary H. Balsam, *Neutrality and Loewald's Metaphor of Theater*.

The analytic psychodrama leaves Freud's image an enigma, because within
the walls of his office he surrenders his identity to the phantoms that haunt his
patients ...

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

... continually ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

... attending to the form of the moment of communication while bearing in mind the whole session as it echoes and repeats the form of the patient's life drama—

Rosemary H. Balsam, *Neutrality and Loewald's Metaphor of Theater*.

Transference to a shaman is an ancient, worldwide technique of healing, widely studied by anthropologists and scholars of the history of religion. Shamanism preceded psychoanalysis and will survive it; it is the purest form of dynamic psychiatry.

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages*.

Freud might have founded psychoanalysis, but he did so, consciously or not, on much older foundations laid by practicing shamans throughout the world and over the millennia.

Michael Ripinsky-Naxon, *The Nature of Shamanism*.

We are concerned here, in particular, ...

Richard Day and Ronald H. Davidson, *Magic and Healing: An Ethnopsychanalytic Examination*.

... at this moment in our journey ...

Radio Interview of President William Jefferson Clinton by CBS News (December 11, 1999).

... with the individuals ...

Richard Day and Ronald H. Davidson, *Magic and Healing: An Ethnopsychanalytic Examination*.

... who have been ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... referred to as “lightening conductors of common anxiety”—medicine men, sorcerers, shamans—who articulate a personal reformulation through the role of *healer* and who seek, by the alleviation of group anxiety, their own sense of identity and security.

Richard Day and Ronald H. Davidson, *Magic and Healing: An Ethnopsychanalytic Examination*.

To both ...

Isaac Deutscher, *Marc Chagall and the Jewish Imagination*.

... the analyst and ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... the Shaman ...

Jack London, *The Son of the Wolf*.

... metaphor is essential.

Isaac Deutscher, *Marc Chagall and the Jewish Imagination.*

The shaman conveys metaphors addressed to the spirit world through drumming, chants, dance, myths, drama, or more appropriately, psychodrama . . .

Michael Ripinsky-Naxon, *The Nature of Shamanism.*

. . . and by means of this . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy.*

. . . fills the void wrought in the texture of existence by the incomprehensible experience of suffering. He serves as the link . . .

Charles Ducey, *The Life History and Creative Psychopathology of the Shaman.*

. . . that connects mystery to mystery, the known with the unknown . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation.*

. . . and straight away, that is to say, out of himself, . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Genealogy of Morals.*

. . . the shaman . . .

Jack London, *The Law of Life.*

. . . creates . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Genealogy of Morals.*

. . . a metaphorical bridge . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation.*

. . . between the everyday human world and the realm of the ineffable, the unconscious, or, in his subjective belief, the supernatural, and like Persephone he inhabits both worlds. He must experience the alien within himself as a prerequisite for interpreting and conferring significance upon the suffering of those who consult him for help against illness or misfortune. The personal experience of the alien, which resembles a mental disorder, is a major source of the apparent effectiveness of his form of psychotherapy, as it encourages the development of a greater than normal psychological sensitivity for his ever-renewed attempts to heal himself and his culture mates.

Charles Ducey, *The Life History and Creative Psychopathology of the Shaman.*

To put it in a nutshell:

Pawel Dybel, *The Dilemmas of Psychoanalytic Interpretation.*

The shaman, . . .

Charles Ducey, *The Life History and Creative Psychopathology of the Shaman.*

. . . the man of magic . . .

**Richard Day and Ronald H. Davidson, *Magic and Healing: An
Ethnopschoanalytic Examination.***

. . . so singularly capable of *suffering*, . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy.*

. . . is ill for conventional reasons and in a conventional way;
his conflicts are simply unusually intense; he is like everyone else, only more so.

George Devereux, *Normal and Abnormal.*

. . . like everyone else, only more so.

George Devereux, *Normal and Abnormal*.

This phrase startled me.

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

All of a sudden I thought of something. . . . I suddenly remembered . . .

J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*.

I have been to—guess whom?—to the master, Richard Wagner!

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

Ah, what a day for me, dear gods!

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

Oh, you should have been there!

But how could you have been?

Charles Kuralt, *Horowitz in Moscow*.

Very well.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

I will tell you all about it just as it happened. I will copy the words down exactly as I wrote them in my notebook.

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

Now to my task.—

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.

I arrived at the right hour but . . .

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

He made us wait. That is probably the way to put it. He heightened the suspense by his delay in appearing.

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

'Where's-----?' said I, naming our host.

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven.

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

Wagner's . . .

Rexford G. Tugwell, *The Democratic Roosevelt*.

. . . practice, on such occasions, of making dramatic entrances at . . .

Edmund Morris, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*.

. . . well past . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Door in the Wall*.

. . . the appointed hour, and regally offering his arm to the lady who will sit at his right, looks suspiciously like imperial pomp.

Edmund Morris, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*.

Wagner himself, . . .

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

...says Henry James, "is distinctly tending—or trying—to make a court."

Edmund Morris, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*.

Wagner . . .

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

... scoffs cheerfully at such gibes. "They even say I want to be a prince myself! Not I! I've seen too many of them!"

Edmund Morris, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*.

At last Wagner appeared in company with Cosima and Goldmark . . .

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

... Goldmark . . .

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.

He was clearly Jewish, with a wrinkled, sad face. The eyes seemed to say, "I have seen it all. You can't shock me, you can't even annoy me."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I bowed to Cosima very respectfully, but she evidently did not think it worth while to honor me with a single glance.

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

He had known Frau Cosima Wagner since his visit to Bayreuth, and now he was . .

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

... to be . . .

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

... introduced to the composer himself, a vigorous and powerful man of sixty-six years.

The composer presided over a large and complex enterprise, more like an imperial court than an ordinary household. There was Cosima, . . .

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

... once called . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II).

... the Baroness, . . .

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

... herself a regal figure, the daughter of Franz Liszt and his mistress, the countess d'Agoult. Cosima was the ruler and manager of the household. There were five children—three of whom Wagner had fathered while Cosima was still married to her first husband, . . .

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

... the Baron . . .

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

... Hans von Bulow. There was a nurse, an English governess, and a tutor for the children.

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

Frau Wagner now became the fascinating hostess, the brilliant and experienced woman of the world. She talked on a variety of subjects with the greatest cleverness and apparently with equal freedom, whether the idiom happened to be German, French, or English.

Thomas Stockham Baker, *The First Interview with Frau Wagner*.

She had perused the works of the poets and knew them by heart; she had studied philosophy and the sciences, arts and accomplishments; and she was pleasant and polite, wise and witty, well read and well bred.

Richard F. Burton, *The Arabian Nights*.

The guests stand about the room in groups or round the table at the window or are seated in a circle by the fireplace.

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

Neither then nor later was I at the heart of things, but I did experience firsthand the workings of charisma. I . . .

Charles B. Strozier, *Heinz Kohut: The Making of a Psychoanalyst*.

... sat there a good while: there was a great deal of talk; it was all very friendly and lively and jolly.

Henry James, *An International Episode*.

As he sat there he . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Nostromo*.

... found in the world without as actual what was in his world within as possible.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

Do you understand? I—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

I fancied that . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

... the actual things . . .

U.S. District Court (Southern District of New York), *U.S. v. One Book Called "Ulysses."*

... about me . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

... passed through my mind like the fragments in a kaleidoscope . . .

Eleanor Roosevelt, *This I Remember*.

... while, simultaneously . . .

Henry James, *A Round of Visits*.

... in a penumbral zone

U.S. District Court (Southern District of New York), *U.S. v. One Book Called "Ulysses."*

... I experienced ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

... *residua* of past impressions, some recent and some drawn up by association from the domain of the subconscious.

U.S. District Court (Southern District of New York), *U.S. v. One Book Called "Ulysses."*

Cosima was a woman of beauty and intelligence; Wagner himself, ...

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

I can describe him to you if you care to hear it:

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

Wagner, ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... aside from being (as ...

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

... Henry James ...

Charles B. Strozier, *Heinz Kohut: The Making of a Psychoanalyst*.

... a young American ...

Henry James, *An International Episode*.

... noted a little irritably), a fount of wisdom, was a man of immense personal charm.

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

Not a particularly impressive exterior. High domed forehead; sandy hair.

Alan Furst, *The World at Night*.

The windbeaten features etched into his burnished face seemed almost pastoral, but the hawlike nose presented a vulturine suggestion, the dark brown eyes boring into the soul, dissecting it.

Douglas Quinn, *The Catalan Gambit*.

Eyeglasses in thin silver frames, lawyer eyeglasses, worn in a way that suggested he only took them off before he went to sleep. And a small predatory mouth, prominent against a fair complexion that made his lips seem brightly colored. He was not unpleasant in any way ...

Alan Furst, *The World at Night*.

... one could describe ...

Sax Rohmer, *The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu*.

... so, what was wrong with him? Perhaps, ...

Alan Furst, *The World at Night*.

... I thought to myself, ...

Joseph Conrad, *The Anarchist*.

... it was a certain gap, between an unremarkable presence, and, just below, a glittering and pungent arrogance that radiated from him like the noonday sun.

Alan Furst, *The World at Night*.

Herr Wagner ...

William Mason, *Memories of a Musical Life*.

... was powerful, and believed it was in the natural order of things that he should be.

Alan Furst, *The World at Night*.

I've heard it said ...

Richard Wagner, *Götterdämmerung*.

... that Wagner, ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... an autodidact with a ferocious literary appetite,

Peter J. Boyer, *The Jesus War: Mel Gibson's Obsession*.

... was always at his best in small select companies of this kind, where he could ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... play the professor ...

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

... do most of the talking and was listened to with respectful admiration, free from interruption by pestilent people, such as ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... the academicians ...

TIME, *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Paradox of Power*.

... and cynical commentators ...

Rexford G. Tugwell, *The Democratic Roosevelt*.

... of this wicked world, who presumptuously advanced opinions of their own instead of humbly taking down the tables of the law as they came straight from Sinai.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

He was obviously, I believe, hiding the weaknesses in his nature, covering the areas which were most vulnerable to hurt, concealing ...

Rexford G. Tugwell, *The Democratic Roosevelt*.

... above all ...

David C. Large, "Wagner's Bayreuth Disciples" in *Wagnerism in European Culture and Politics*.

... his need to be accepted by the very people he scorned.

Doris Kearns, *Lyndon Johnson & The American Dream*.

In the symphony of his public performance these discordances . . .

Rexford G. Tugwell, *The Democratic Roosevelt*.

. . . the contrarieties within, . . .

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

. . . sometimes seemed to him intolerable, and control of his resentment was difficult.

Rexford G. Tugwell, *The Democratic Roosevelt*.

Prof. Nietzsche, the philologist, announces a visit, . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, June 5, 1869).

. . . Wagner . . .

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

. . . wishes to put him off, . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, June 5, 1869).

. . . but Cosima, . . .

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

—her conscience not allowing her to assent to this proposition—

Henry James, *An International Episode*.

. . . would insist . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . in her regal way, . . .

Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court*.

. . . that he come.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, June 5, 1869).

Cosima, . . .

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

. . . contributing her diplomatic best, . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . smoothed over all disagreements . . .

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

. . . logically and without undue passion

**Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court* quoting Justice
Ruth Bader Ginsburg.**

It was she who created and maintained the structure of the court, upon which the whole . . .

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

. . . of Wagner's . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . great work depended.

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master*.

I hear the sound of steps muffled by the thick carpets. It is the master, wearing his velvet garment with wide sleeves lined in black satin.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to an Unknown Friend in *Renoir: A Retrospective*, Nicholas Wadley, ed.

Wagner and his personal party . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . had emerged from . . .

Henry James, *An International Episode*.

. . . the library where he had been busy with his old editions . . .

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

. . . and he . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

. . . calls for *Hebrew* wine!

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, July 2, 1881)*.**

He was continually acquiring old books, first editions, in many languages, costly and crumbling trifles.

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

Wagner had . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . an extraordinary appreciation for learning; . . .

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.

. . . and, like . . .

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

. . . the faithful Jews with whom the composer surrounded himself . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . revered the cultural heritage of the past.

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.

Nietzsche . . .

Truddi Chase, *When Rabbit Howls*.

. . . who was dressed entirely in black, . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . with pink vest and green bowtie, . . .

Fantasy Costumes, *Neon Bunny*.

. . . and seemed to Wagner like some figure out of a tale by Hoffmann, had finally . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . appeared.

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

"Good evening, Professor!"
Sigmund Freud, *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life.*
 Hearing him approach, . . .
Edward Field, Excerpt from *Three Frankenstein Poems.*
 . . . Wagner . . .
K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*
 . . . welcomes him:
Edward Field, Excerpt from *Three Frankenstein Poems.*
 It's high time!
Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.*
 The Professor . . .
Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow.*
 . . . seizes the fingers of . . .
Edmund Morris, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt.*
 . . . his host, . . .
Joseph Conrad, *The Rescue.*
 . . . and wrings them with surprising power. "It's a very full and very firm grip," . . .
Edmund Morris, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt.*
 . . . said Wagner, . . .
Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*
 . . . If you press my hand any harder I won't be able to hold cards for three days. Come on! I'll introduce you! Why do you draw back?
Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella.*
 "Come in, my friend," and . . .
Edward Field, Excerpt from *Three Frankenstein Poems.*
 . . . the Old Man . . .
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust.*
 . . . takes . . .
Edward Field, Excerpt from *Three Frankenstein Poems.*
 . . . the Professor . . .
Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Agent*
 . . . by the arm.
Edward Field, Excerpt from *Three Frankenstein Poems.*
 (*He walks on with WAGNER.*)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust.*
 I glanced casually toward the main door and there stood General Grant. None of the other guests recognized him, but then he is not, to say the least, a vivid-looking man.
Gore Vidal, *1876: A Novel.*
 Liszt arrived at last . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

There's papa!

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella.*

... embraced his daughter ...

Gustave Flaubert, *Emma Bovary.*

... and walked on, allowing ...

Anthony Trollope, *The Prime Minister.*

... Frau Wagner ...

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams.*

... to walk by his side.

Anthony Trollope, *The Prime Minister.*

One of the women murmured:

Guy de Maupassant, *The Hand.*

There he is. Don't you think he's elegant?

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella.*

"Papa! Come along!"

Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary.*

An admiring group, huddled by the doorway ...

Henry Adams, *Democracy: An American Novel.*

—Papa, viens donc!

Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary.*

... is hushed into admiring awe.

Edna Ferber, *The Homely Heroine.*

They sat down, they unfolded their stiff table napkins. The immense room was carpeted, the walls were covered with eighteenth-century paneling ...

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs.*

Frau Wagner ...

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams.*

... gestures to ...

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella.*

... her father ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

... to sit down beside her.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella.*

The Great Liszt

The Great Liszt Opera Paraphrases.

If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby.*

Very relaxed, indeed even very cheerful mood . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, July 2, 1881).

The family table, with its seven places was lost in the void. It was drawn up close to the large French window . . .

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

. . . that opened onto . . .

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Out of Time's Abyss*.

. . . the Winter Garden.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella*.

The principal dish at . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

. . . what Renoir later called a "fairylend dinner"

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets, American Playwright*.

. . . had been croquettes made of turnip greens . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

. . . an entree of . . .

John Kendrick Bangs, *The Enchanted Typewriter*.

. . . Newcastle salmon, . . .

Charles Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

. . . pink and moist, . . .

Jacques Pepin, *The Apprentice: My Life in the Kitchen*.

. . . and spinach Farfalle.

Il Trullo – *The Best of Italy*.

The entree was fish, but the wine was red.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

Renoir, . . .

Gertrude Stein, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*.

. . . the French painter . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, January 15, 1882).

. . . said that it was all a lot of nonsense, provided the wine and fish were good; he was certain that the majority of those who upheld the orthodox view could not, blindfolded, have distinguished a glass of white wine from a glass of red.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

The waiter . . .

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella*.

. . . "Theodore," . . .

Edmund Morris, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*.

. . . whose name I had but recently learned—

Jack London, *Mutiny of the Elsinore*.

. . . bustles in the kitchen, popping in frequently to refill our glasses.

Frank Rich, *Conversations with Sondheim.*

... wine?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.*

No!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Genealogy of Morals.*

To drink good wine ... what is better?

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff.*

Nietzsche!

**Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*
quoting Cosima Wagner, Letter to Richard Strauss.**

... come drink a little wine with me. I have here a wine that is exquisite.

Oscar Wilde, *Salome.*

The Kaiser ...

Barbara Tuchman, *The Guns of August.*

... himself sent it me.

Oscar Wilde, *Salome.*

No!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Genealogy of Morals.*

Taste it ...

Homer, *The Odyssey.*

Alcohol is bad for me: a single glass of wine or beer in one day is quite sufficient to turn my life into a vale of misery—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo.*

O Theodor! Here he is, Theodor!

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella.*

Quick, Water here!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.*

... a glass of water ...

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella.*

Forgive me ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil.*

(emptying the glass in one go and holding it up in his right hand)

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella.*

... around the middle of life, to be sure, I decided more and more strictly against all "spirits": I, an opponent of vegetarianism from experience, just like Richard Wagner, who converted me, cannot advise all more spiritual natures earnestly enough to abstain entirely from alcohol. Water is sufficient.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo.*

But friend, ...

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.*

... The wine is mixed weak and pale.
Richard Wagner, *Gotterdammerung*.
 I shall not say another word.
Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.
(The waiter leaves.)
Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella*.
(aside) What does he want here?—
Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.
 Who is he?
Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.
 Judging by the audacity of his bearing, and the expression of his face, ...
Honore de Balzac, *The Two Brothers*.
 ... *The Young Philosopher* ...
Charlotte Turner Smith, *The Young Philosopher: A Novel*.
 ... cared little for public opinion; he expected, no doubt, to take his ...
Honore de Balzac, *The Two Brothers*.
 ... station among other human beings.
Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*.
 ... this freakish stranger,
 who walks with sorrow, and with danger,
 whether from heaven or from hell,
 this angel, this proud devil, tell,
 what is he? Just an apparition,
 a shadow, null and meaningless, ...
Alexander Pushkin, *Eugene Onegin*.
 ... a German provincial ...
Henry W. Nevinson, *Goethe: Man and Poet*.
 ... in Harold's dress,
 a modish second-hand edition,
 a glossary of smart *argot* ...
 a parodistic raree-show?
Alexander Pushkin, *Eugene Onegin*.
 Such were his thoughts ...
Jack London, *To Build a Fire*.
 ... *Wagner's Thoughts* ...
Colette Simonot, *Wagner's Thoughts on Christianity and Anti-Semitism*.
 ... the thoughts of a great man ...
Alexander Pushkin, *The Moor of Peter the Great*.
 ... a man wise in his own conceit
Proverbs, 26:12.

—At supper the Jewish problem . . .
Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, November 14, 1882).
. . . is considered at length.

Jon William Toigo and Margaret Romao Toigo, Review of *The Holy Grail of Data Storage Management*.

Well, then!
Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.
. . . to speak of Heine . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.
. . . what a memorable phenomenon this artist Jew has been among Germans!

Thomas Mann, *Notiz Uber Heine*.
“He is the bad conscience of our whole era,” . . .
Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, December 13, 1869).
. . . said Wagner, . . .

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.
. . . very ironical in tone . . .
Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, March 3, 1872).

“the most unedifying and demoralizing matters one can possibly imagine, and yet one feels closer to him than to the whole clique he is so naively exposing.”

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, December 13, 1869).
Heine once said that Jews . . .

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.

Wh-What?
Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.
Heine once said that Jews are like the people among whom they live, only more so.
Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.

What does that mean?
Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.
. . . the meaning was transparent:

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.
Germans and Jews were a serious, sober, thorough people . . .
Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.
. . . with a . . .

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.
. . . long history of disunity, of uncertain nationhood, . . .
Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the*

German Empire.

—that is to say, . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

. . . their sense of identity was precarious . . .

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire.*

—Go on!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Genealogy of Morals.*

Have you made anything of this torrent of words?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.*

—proceed.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred.*

I understood nothing of it!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.*

Rarely have you understood me, and rarely too have I understood you.

Heinrich Heine, *Buch der Lieder.*

(*aside*) I don't like him!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.*

"I don't like him."—Why?—"I am not equal to him."—Has any human being ever answered that way?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil.*

What a fuss!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.*

Freud shook his head.

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime.*

The doctor was the only person in the room who sat normally. All the rest were lolling eccentrically with an air of exaggerated and assumed ease.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

I glanced over at . . .

Anna Katherine Green, *Initials Only.*

. . . *Nietzsche* . . .

T.Z. Lavine, *From Socrates to Sartre: The Philosophic Quest.*

. . . who was attired in . . .

Fergus Hume, *The Green Mummy.*

—did I mention?

Louisa May Alcott, *Jack and Jill.*

. . . an undertaker-style suit. He was hunched over the table, simultaneously reading and chewing.

Jacques Pepin, *The Apprentice: My Life in the Kitchen* describing Jean-Paul Sartre dining at La Rotonde.

The conversation was lagging.

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud.*

as I was listening . . . I felt as if I were falling asleep

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation.*

. . . aware of having been adrift far off in the unknown. What was it that had sent him there, he wondered?

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence.*

Meantime . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

. . . preoccupied and distracted . . .

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler.*

. . . I had been humming a tune to myself which I recognized as Figaro's aria from *Le Nozze di Figaro* . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

Taking no part in the discussion and unmoved by any of the issues raised in it, . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

. . . Doctor Freud . . .

Billa Zanuso, *The Young Freud.*

. . . neither spoke nor smiled.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

He knew that they were united against him, that they despised him: for his origins, for the blood which flowed in his veins . . .

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs.*

You are not one of them, said the inner voice; you and your tribe . . .

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire.*

I dont belong here

William Faulkner, *Light in August.*

Freud was by this time however deeply immersed in . . .

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud.*

. . . the prevailing banality . . .

Albert Speer, *Inside the Third Reich.*

. . . and simply shrugged his shoulders.

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud.*

At length . . .

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence.*

Several voices cried out:

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg.*

Quiet!

Candide (Excerpt from "*Quiet*," lyrics by Richard Wilbur).

Enough on this subject.

Oscar Wilde, *Salome*.

And now . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

—finally!—

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.

At last!

Embracing Mahler's World: Peter Franklin Welcomes the Arrival in English of the Latest Volume in de La Grange's Epic Biography.

The fish course came on. The servants hurried with it from the sideboard through the length of the room. They handed round with it a creamy sauce and poured out a Rhine wine that prickled on the tongue. The conversation turned to . . .

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

. . . A visit to the opera where I saw . . .

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud*.

. . . a production of "Cosi Fan Tutte," . . .

Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court*.

. . . Mozart's . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . "piece de resistance"—

Philip Roth, *Portnoy's Complaint*.

Delightful!

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

I have always wondered . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The History of the Psychoanalytic Movement*.

What on earth has given opera its prestige in western civilisation—a prestige that has outlasted so many different fashions and ways of thought?

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

Yes.

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

Why are people prepared to sit silently for three hours listening to a performance of which they do not understand a word and of which they very seldom know the plot?

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

Bravo!

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

Why do quite small towns all over Germany and Italy still devote a large portion of their budgets . . .

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

More generous than Croesus.

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

. . . to this irrational entertainment?

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

What do you ask?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

No doubt there are many reasons for this, but I think . . .

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

Partly, of course, because it is a display of skill, like a football match. But chiefly, I think, because it is irrational. 'What is too silly to be said may be sung'—

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

. . . true but boring, . . .

Matt Ridley, *Genome: The Autobiography of a Species in 23 Chapters*.

—well, yes; but what is too subtle to be said, or too deeply felt, or too revealing or too mysterious—these things can also be sung and only be sung. When, at the beginning of Mozart's . . .

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

I forget. Ah! Ah!

Oscar Wilde, *Salome*.

Cosima fan tutte.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, September 30, 1869).

(*looking up, surprised*) What's that?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Forks stopped midway. Eyebrows arched. Silence.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

There was a pause in the conversation at that moment, as a hand gently placed a bottle of wine from Orvieto on our table then . . .

John A. Walker, *The Zephyrman*.

"What then?"

Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, *Venus in Furs*.

—the hostess corrected herself, diplomatically,—

Citoyenne Jacqueline, *A Woman's Lot in the Great French Revolution*.

Così fan tutte

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans*.

"Ah, yes— . . ."

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

Frau Cosima . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

. . . became visibly embarrassed . . .

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

... beneath her mask ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, March 24, 1878).

... of imperturbability.

W.D. Howells, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*.

She sat motionless, with lowered lids.

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

Doctor Freud ...

Billa Zanuso, *The Young Freud*.

... whose glance ...

Henry David Thoreau, *Walking*.

... changed to a stare of astonishment and mystification ...

W.D. Howells, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*.

... poured out wine into a slender glass ...

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

... his hostess's face!

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler*.

... it glowed a dark ruby red.

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

"Cosi Fan Tutte," ...

Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court*.

"Oh, it's glorious! But it belongs to one particular style and time ..."

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, March 24, 1878).

... the 18th century ...

Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court*.

... the rococo period, ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... a vanished age ...

Winston Churchill, *My Early Life: 1874-1904*.

But there is more than this.

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

I like the story of Mozart sitting at table absentmindedly folding and refolding his napkin into more and more elaborate patterns, as fresh musical ideas passed through his mind. But this formal perfection was used to express two characteristics which were very far from the Rococo style.

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

"Is that so?"

W.D. Howells, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*.

Explain yourself.

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

"What are the characteristics ...?"

W.D. Howells, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*.

Tell me.

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

One of them was that peculiar kind of melancholy, a melancholy amounting almost to panic, which so often haunts the isolation of genius. Mozart felt it quite young. The other characteristic was almost the opposite: a passionate interest in human beings, and in the drama of human relationships. How often in Mozart's orchestral pieces—concertos or quartets—we find ourselves participating in a drama or dialogue; and of course this feeling reaches its natural conclusion in opera.

Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation*.

In *Così fan tutte*, our disquiet extends to the moral universe, overthrowing traditional expectations of love and fidelity, valorizing irony as the *condition humaine*.

Maynard Solomon, *Mozart: A Life*.

... revolutionary ideas ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

Precisely!

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

The social order remains intact, the marriages take place, but the heart is permanently seared. Here the untangling at the close leaves a bitter residue, a sense of love's uncertainty, a universal sense of betrayal and moral instability.

Maynard Solomon, *Mozart: A Life*.

... but the libretto written by da Ponte is frankly a farce—a farce with deep underlying meaning, to be sure, but nevertheless a libretto with an artificially arranged construction.

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.

—one is amazed by the soul he managed to breathe into such a text.

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Sunday, May 29, 1870)*.

The conversation veered and tacked to and fro ...

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

—but then ...

William Shakespeare, *King Lear*.

... it circled round a point of purely abstract interest, ...

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

—namely, ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... the emergence of the English title:

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

"Cosi" is the one about the two lotharios who make a bet that their girlfriends will be faithful, disguise themselves as Albanian soldiers, try to seduce each other's girlfriend and find that the women aren't faithful after all.

Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court.*

That . . . seems very familiar to me.

Lorenzo Da Ponte, *Don Giovanni.*

. . . talk of love affairs . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans.*

" . . . Yes, . . . very familiar . . . "

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time.*

I suggested . . .

Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court.*

. . . to the others . . .

Henry James, *The Turn of the Screw.*

. . . that perhaps . . .

Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court.*

. . . the conceit of . . .

William Shakespeare, *Sonnet No. XV.*

. . . *Così fan tutte* . . .

Maynard Solomon, *Mozart: A Life.*

. . . was hard to reconcile with the sexual double standards of the 18th century, which were central to the plot and reflected in the traditional translation of the title: "Never Trust a Woman."

Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court.*

Frau Cosima . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

. . . as I recall, was wearing a black velvet cape, and she looked at me indulgently with her unblinking eyes. The Italian title, she pointed out, was in the third person plural. "They are all like that" would be a more accurate translation, she suggested. And so, she said, . . .

Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court.*

. . . like a judge who is compelled to judge . . .

John Fowles, *The Aristos.*

. . . there was no reason to assume from the title that Mozart and his librettist, Lorenzo da Ponte, approved of male infidelity any more than they approved of female infidelity, or that they thought women inherently more or less trustworthy than men.

Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court.*

Well now, I hope you followed that.

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff.*

The lady protests too much, methinks.

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet.*

Così fan tutte le belle!

Non c'è alcuna novità.
Lorenzo Da Ponte, *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

... or translated,
Stanley Maloy, *The Central Dogma: DNA Makes RNA Makes Protein*.
Every woman's alike!
There's nothing new about it.

Lorenzo Da Ponte, *Le Nozze di Figaro*.
No matter!

Oscar Wilde, *Salome*.
In any case, ...

Gilbert K. Chesterton, *All Things Considered*.
We know for sure that ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.
The little man from Salzburg ...

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.
... Mozart ...

Philip Roth, *Portnoy's Complaint*.
... was a miracle.

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.
... *the light of inspiration* ...

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.
... all that he did is unparalleled, ...

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler* quoting Mahler.
... past all parallel—

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Don Juan*.
unpar

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.
... certainly one of the most beautiful ...

Charles Darwin, *The Descent of Man*.
alleled

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.
That's most certain!

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

During the course of the eighteenth century, Western man woke up to the perception, discernment and enjoyment of psychological details of a subtlety and refinement such as the world had not known before. This, I believe, was brought about far more by Mozart's music than by the poetry of the time.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.
Well spoken!

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

"The poor fellow, with his broad nose and a mouth (so it's said) literally like a pig's snout, he had a real feeling for beauty! I'm only now learning to appreciate him fully. What aristocracy, what beauty . . . how everything in him was just instinct, not that he couldn't do it any other way."—

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, November 29, 1878).

. . . wherever he reached out his hand, the greatest art arose!

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler* quoting Mahler.

. . . he had nothing but scorn for the musician who indulged in cheap or meretricious effects.

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.

"There you see the true German . . ."

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, April 14, 1872).

"Would you believe that Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann are as alive to me as almost anyone I know? It has been true for many years, and there I am talking about men I do not know in life no less!"

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright* quoting Odets.

But . . . Mendelssohn . . .

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Lives of the Great Composers*.

My dear, dear Mendelssohn . . .

Richard Wagner, *Letter to Felix Mendelssohn*.

. . . half-Lutheran, half-Jew . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

. . . the marks of his race stood out strong in his face—

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

"He has shown us that a Jew may have the amplest store of specific talents, may own the finest and most varied culture, the highest and the tenderest sense of honor—yet without all these preeminences helping him, were it but one single time, to call forth in us that deep heart-searching effect which we await from Art. . . ."

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius* quoting Wagner, *Jewry in Music*.

On such levels there is, however, no place for the gnat Mendelssohn to vaunt himself.—

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, July 6, 1869).

"He exaggerates more than a little," said Freud.

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Sigmund Freud*.

Everyone talked around Freud, glancing at him continuously to gauge his mood.

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime*.

Wagner did not let his denunciation rest; . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

... but rather, ...

William Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*.

Would you believe it?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

... started up once more ...

Mark Twain, *Following the Equator: A Journey Around the World*.

... on the subject of Heine's remark ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, June 16, 1870).

... indeed harangued, like a possessed prophet, as though ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... a new world ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... had been revealed to him by Jehovah on Sinai or,

rather, by Wotan on Valhalla.

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

Something terrible was going on inside him ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... for his ...

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

... eyes were red and he looked slightly deranged.

Thomas Mann, *The Blood of the Walsungs*.

It had grown very still in the room.

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

There was a long pause. Then—

Judith Rossner, *August*.

—who knows what had come into his head!—he suddenly ...

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler*.

... flared up ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... quite furious ...

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler*.

What does that mean?

Oscar Wilde, *Salome*.

... Jews are like the people among whom they live ...

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.

Bah – bah – bah – bah – bah!

John LeCarre, *The Night Manager*.

What useless chatter all that is; as if you could answer!

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

What?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Just see how things look in that respect!

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

Say it!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

—"they are drunken ideas." "If one were chemically to analyze this witticism[of Heine's," Wagner said, "]which seems like a stroke of genius, one would discover at its base the Jewish outsider, who speaks about the conditions of our life as an Iroquois would speak of our railroads. Behind this 'drunken idea' lie experiences in student life, when someone is abused as a scholar, and out of this insult comes a drunken duel; here, too, the Jew is an outsider, he notices what is raw and flat, but he has no feeling for the ideals of our nature."

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, June 16, 1870).

"Nonsense," says the Professor . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

" . . . Among Germans, his type

**Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*
quoting Nietzsche.**

. . . Wagner's type, . . .

Ernest Newman, *A Study of Wagner*.

. . . is simply alien, peculiar, uncomprehended, incomprehensible."

**Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*
quoting Nietzsche.**

The Professor does not succeed in . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

. . . concealing his . . .

Henry James, *Hawthorne*.

. . . anger and disgust at Wagner's tactlessness.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

Our host . . .

Henry James, *The Death of the Lion*.

. . . becomes very, very annoyed

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, December 18, 1882).

Was he to be taught lessons in manners by a man . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

. . . one generation . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

... younger than himself? To be punished for his frankness by a rebuke?

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

The Professor feels an involuntary twinge. Uppermost in his heart is hatred for . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

. . . Wagner's tyranny.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

He wears a mechanical smile, but his eyes have clouded, and he stares fixedly at a point in the carpet . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

" . . . May heaven have mercy on the European intellect if one wanted to subtract the Jewish intellect from it."

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Letter to His Mother or His Sister*.

Attention must be paid!

Arthur Miller, *Death of a Salesman*.

Aye, to whom?

O. Henry, *To Him Who Waits*.

. . . the Jews.

George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*.

Why the Jews?

Dennis Prager and Joseph Telushkin, *Why the Jews?: The Reason for Antisemitism*.

. . . what is due them?

O. Henry, *Schools and Schools*.

What Europe owes to the Jews?—Many things, good and bad, and above all one thing of the nature both of the best and the worst: the grand style in morality, the fearfulness and majesty of infinite demands, of infinite significations, the whole Romanticism and sublimity of moral questionableness—and consequently just the most attractive, ensnaring, and exquisite element in those iridescences and allurements to life, in the aftersheen of which the sky of our European culture, its evening sky, now glows—perhaps glows out. For this, we artists among the spectators and philosophers, are—grateful to the Jews.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

What does this mean? Is he just mad?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

—that's all gibberish!—

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book*
(September 11, 1865).**

You should be boiled in oil. Then the oil should be boiled and your skin ripped off with forceps. After that they should rub salt over you and then bake you with a flour coating. Bake till brown and then serve with paprika dressing. You hound!

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright* quoting a humorous letter.

Indeed!

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

This was more than Wagner could stand.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

"Oh, yes, our German culture would be completely icebound if it were not for this *Schmierocco*!"

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, January 7, 1883).

Franz Liszt, who . . .

Gerald D. Turbow, *Art and Politics: Wagnerism in France*.

. . . has entirely succumbed to Herzl's influence, . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

. . . turned to his pupil August Stradel and remarked:

Alan Walker, *Liszt and the Twentieth Century in Franz Liszt: The Man & His Music*.

. . . because the Jews form a Nation that does not want to, can not, and should not disappear, that Nation must engender a State.

Theodore Herzl, *The Jewish State: An Attempt to Solve the Jewish Question*.

"This old humbug", . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . my dear father-in-law, . . .

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

. . . rows about the Jews . . .

Hans Christian Andersen, *The Shoes of Fortune*.

. . . and would have them . . .

Andrew Barton Paterson, *White-when-he's-wanted*.

. . . reconquer Palestine through their "own efforts."

Gottfried Wagner, *Twilight of the Wagners: The Unveiling of a Family's Legacy* quoting Liszt.

The whole table stared at . . .

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

. . . Wagner, . . .

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

. . . who was embarrassed at finding himself the cynosure of all eyes.

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

Wagner's tactlessness . . .

Robert Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

... would have wrung a reply from a lesser man. But Liszt remained silent.

Alan Walker, *Liszt and the Twentieth Century in Franz Liszt: The Man & His Music.*

The ensuing cacophony of fulminations ...

Jon Ralston, *When egos take control.*

... is almost Schoenbergian.

Alan Walker, *Liszt and the Twentieth Century in Franz Liszt: The Man & His Music.*

The Jews ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil.*

... Nietzsche remarked ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner, The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

... are beyond any doubt the strongest, toughest, and purest race now living in Europe; they know how to prevail even under the worst conditions (even better than under favorable conditions), by means of virtues that ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil.*

Enough! Enough!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.*

—That really is naive!

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book

Virtue ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Mixed Opinions and Maxims.*

... Nietzsche says ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner, The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

... *has not been invented by the Germans.*—Goethe's nobility and lack of envy, Beethoven's noble hermit's resignation, Mozart's charm and grace of the heart, . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Mixed Opinions and Maxims.*

Have you finished yet?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg.*

—are these in any way German qualities?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Mixed Opinions and Maxims.*

No longer able to control his rage ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

... Richard Wagner, ...

Albert Rothenberg, *Creativity and Madness.*

... the foremost moral bigmouth today—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Genealogy of Morals.*

Are you perhaps referring to me?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

... unexcelled even among his own ilk, the anti-Semites ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Genealogy of Morals*.

Say on, say on—

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.

Well then! Wagner ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

... grieving over what he regarded as Nietzsche's ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... latest defection ...

B.M. Bower, *The Lookout Man*.

... turned on him viciously, demanding ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... in a shrill, breaking voice ...

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw*.

... that he be quiet—how dare he make such a fuss about ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... the Jews ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

... whom Wagner called ...

M. Owen Lee, *Wagner's Ring*.

... the congenital enemies of humanity and all that is noble in it ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

'Only the Aryan hero, incarnation of the Good, can rescue the world from the threat of destruction, and we Germans could be the nation, before all others, chosen to bring this salvation to pass.'

Joachim Kohler, *Nietzsche and Wagner: A Lesson in Subjugation*.

Then, incredibly, ...

Fred McMillin, *WineDay*.

... when somebody said that Jesus was a Jew, ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Wednesday, January 12, 1881).

... Wagner ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

(stamping his foot)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

... replied that this was more or less like saying Mozart was a credit to the people of Salzburg.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, January 12, 1881).

Such insolence!

Moliere, *Tartuffe or the Hypocrite*.

The illogic is patent.

U.S. Supreme Court, *Zellman v. Simmons-Harris* (dissenting opinion of Justice David Souter).

Nietzsche took his castigation with surprising humility, perhaps because the very thoroughness of it took his breath away . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

I feel the urge to open the windows a little. Air! More Air!—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

There was instant silence.

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

Freud rose quietly . . .

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud*.

Such are the . . .

James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*.

. . . implications in that row . . .

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

. . . *Nietzsche contra Wagner* . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Nietzsche contra Wagner*.

. . . that obviously the whole . . .

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

. . . *Night* . . .

George S. Kaufman and Morris Ryskind, *A Night at the Opera*.

. . . is going to be filled with . . .

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

. . . anti-Semitic dogma and agitation . . .

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.

. . . as long as that row has anything to say about it.

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

"It's unspeakable," thought the doctor.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

The time had come, he knew and acted.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

"I can no longer endure this!"

E.L. Doctorow, *City of God*.

"It's to show me," he thought, "what would happen to me—"

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

... I and my people, ...

The Book of Esther.

... us Jews ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time* quoting Sigmund Freud, Letter to Charles Singer.

"what would happen to me—"

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

And now—now finally, at last—

Thomas Mann, *Mario and the Magician*.

... a deathly sense of the superiority of implication and analogy over direct action, and of silence over rash words, closed in on him ...

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

For Freud, ...

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

The hour ended here, ...

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud*.

The doctor got up ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

... turned to his host ...

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

... and tremulously wondered ...

W.D. Howells, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*.

... with amazement, with incredulity, with indignation, ...

H.G. Wells, *The Research Magnificent*.

"What must the sleepless nights of such a person be like? What occupied his thoughts?"

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Thursday, July 20, 1871)*.

He muttered without realizing what he was saying, and completely beside himself:

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

You are not one of them ... you and your tribe ...

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.

He shook his head.

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime*.

You are not one of them ...

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire*.

And he left, ...

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

... clamping his teeth on his cigar ...

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime*.

Wagner . . .

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

(as though suddenly making up his mind)

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella*.

. . . jumped up from the . . .

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

. . . table, . . .

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

. . . turned on his heel and walked away.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Anyone seeing . . .

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

. . . Wagner's face . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . at this moment . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

. . . would have thought that all the painters had failed to portray the face of Mephistopheles.

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

There was a moment's silence. Then the uproar began.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

"Yes, yes, he's right!"

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

Wagner's anti-Semitism? Despicable. Horrible. Unacceptable.

Daniel Barenboim, *The Great Composers: Wagner*.

"Oh yes, it's terrible, absolutely terrible."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

As a musician, too, he was only what he was in general: he became a musician, he became a poet because the tyrant within him, his actor's genius, compelled him.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

I prefer to say that the man who has given us what he has musically lies certainly outside my range of understanding.

George Steiner, *The Great Composers: Wagner*.

. . . could anyone be quite sure of understanding such a man?

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

"What? Doesn't this mean . . . ?"

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . mean it doesn't make me bitterly, bitterly disturbed, ill at ease[?] . . .

George Steiner, *The Great Composers: Wagner*.

To be sure . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

But that—to put it very vulgarly, if I may: that's my problem, and not his.

George Steiner, *The Great Composers: Wagner*.

Enough! Enough!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

You do not know who Wagner is: a first-rate actor.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

Excuse me, but . . . I've often heard it said that an actor could give lessons to a preacher.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

O nonsense!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

True, a trace of the old idealist tradition of the writer as teacher or prophet and preacher has clung to me. But I . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Reflections*.

Never mind.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

I place this perspective at the outset: Wagner's art is sick. The problems he presents on the stage—all of them problems of hysterics—the convulsive nature of his affects, his overexcited sensibility, his taste that required ever stronger spices . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

On ze contrary . . . !

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank* quoting Rank.

To a well-prepared dish each ingredient is important down to the last pinch of salt. But this is not to say that each of the ingredients is of equal importance—

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

Wagner's music is one of, as they say in the Law Court—it's Exhibit A.

George Steiner, *The Great Composers: Wagner*.

It may be time for his admirers to consider rescuing what is valuable in . . .

Gertrude Himmelfarb, *Judging Richard Posner*.

. . . Wagner's music . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

. . . from the extravagances of the master himself.

Gertrude Himmelfarb, *Judging Richard Posner*.

—No, wait a moment!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *On The Genealogy of Morals*.

To say it plainly: Wagner does not give us enough to chew on. His *recitativo*—little meat, rather more bone, and a lot of broth—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

Suddenly Wagner came back, red in the face and obviously angry.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

Why, sir! What are you saying?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

To be sure, . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Attempt at Self-Criticism*.

. . . as far as the Wagnerian "leitmotif" is concerned, I lack all culinary understanding for that. If pressed, I might possibly concede it the status of an ideal toothpick, as an opportunity to get rid of remainders of food.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

General Grant . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Sunday, July 15, 1877).

. . . took his ease, chewed his cigar, looked at the people coming and going like any other war veteran . . .

Gore Vidal, *1876: A Novel*.

. . . come home . . .

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

. . . to grow old, to sit on the courthouse steps of an evening and watch others live.

Gore Vidal, *1876: A Novel*.

"Perhaps the gentleman . . .

William O. Douglas, *Go East Young Man: The Early Years—The Autobiography of William O. Douglas*.

. . . that, Professor?—

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., *The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table*.

. . . is right."

William O. Douglas, *Go East Young Man: The Early Years—The Autobiography of William O. Douglas*.

I doubt it.

Antonin Scalia, *A Matter of Interpretation: Federal Courts and the Law*.

I well remember my first meeting with . . .

William H. Rehnquist, *Foreword to Reason and Passion: Justice Brennan's Enduring Influence*.

. . . Nietzsche—what restlessness, what bizarreness, what severe psychopathology!

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

'Is this conflict really necessary?'

**Jeffrey Rosen, *The New Look of Liberalism on the Court* quoting Justice
Ruth Bader Ginsburg.**

I was always of the opinion that in a group like ours we should speak so fully that no opportunity for argument should be provided by overmuch narrowness in the meaning of the things said.

Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*.

Poor woman!

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

Her proposal . . .

Elizabeth Gaskell, *Wives and Daughters*.

. . . was met by a few smiles but mostly by stony silence.

**William O. Douglas, *The Court Years: 1939-1975—The Autobiography of
William O. Douglas*.**

She let it rest with that.

***The Niebelungenlied*.**

What after all was the lady to do?

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

“As I stood there . . .

**William O. Douglas, *Go East Young Man: The Early Years—The
Autobiography of William O. Douglas*.**

. . . shredded bits of . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . the wordy wit . . .

Henry David Thoreau, *On the Duty of Civil Disobedience*.

. . . of Goethe . . .

**William O. Douglas, *Go East Young Man: The Early Years—The
Autobiography of William O. Douglas*.**

—a singularly frivolous and whimsical fellow;—

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

. . . came . . .

**William O. Douglas, *Go East Young Man: The Early Years—The
Autobiography of William O. Douglas*.**

. . . murmuring . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . back to me.”

**William O. Douglas, *Go East Young Man: The Early Years—The
Autobiography of William O. Douglas*.**

This *casus* makes me chuckle.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . said he; —

Henry David Thoreau, *On the Duty of Civil Disobedience*.

I was not surprised when . . .

Howard Zinn, *Foreword to Stephen M. Kohn, American Political Prisoners: Prosecutions Under the Espionage and Sedition Acts*.

. . . Wagner, . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century* quoting Dresden City Police Commission, *Warrant for the Arrest of Richard Wagner for the Crime of Sedition*.

. . . restless and . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Tuesday June 8, 1869).

. . . annoyed, . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . jumps up from his chair and . . .

The Electronic Observer Online, *Baldwin Screams: "We Would Stone Henry Hyde."*

. . . turns to . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . Goethe among others.

DuBois Learning Center, *Shades of Black: Bert Williams*.

Stop!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Oh, to have to bear this insanity . . .

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book*.**

. . . as though I . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . was on trial and having a difficult time in court!

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Tuesday, June 27, 1882).**

"A queer thing, that . . .

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

. . . one always has to go on chewing the same thing over and over!"

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* (Monday, March 6, 1871).**

Wagner was beside himself and kept on . . .

***Verwandlung: The Transformation Scenes in Wagner's Parsifal*.**

. . . glaring at the others.

Joe Klein, *In God They Trust*.

His sharp eyes emitted the contempt and mockery of someone who knows everything better than everyone else but feels that the world begrudges him his success and refuses to acknowledge it out of envy.

Isaac Bashevis Singer, *A Rabbi Not Like My Father*.

How arrogant they seem, these gluttons, making free here in your house!
Homer, *The Odyssey*.

Indeed!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

And . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

What a hideous yelling!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

. . . raucous . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

. . . loathsome . . .

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

. . . like the tune of a . . .

Joseph Conrad, *The End of the Tether*.

. . . Rat-Catcher

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book, Satirical Poem*
"To Georg Herwegh."**

How these men weary me! They are ridiculous! They are altogether ridiculous!

Oscar Wilde, *Salome*.

Things are not well with me. My poor nerves!

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

". . . though I am accused of something, I cannot recall the slightest offense that might be charged against me. But that even is of minor importance, the real question is, who accuses me? What authority is conducting these proceedings? Are you officers of the law? None of you has a uniform, unless your suit"—here he turned to Franz—

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

. . . Liszt paid no attention.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

"Tut!" says . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

. . . the Abbe . . .

Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*.

(to himself)

Lorenzo da Ponte, *Così fan tutte*.

. . . with something like contempt.

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

Heavens! My dear child married to an old man . . .

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella*.

. . . like this one.

Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*.

What is it?

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella*.

Liszt apparently replied that he shared . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . the opinion of the others . . .

Jane Austen, *Sense and Sensibility*.

. . . but could not, as a man of the cloth, be heard to say so publicly.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Frau Cosima . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

. . . a deeply pained expression on her face . . .

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Arabella*.

. . . turned to her father.

H.G. Wells, *Soul of a Bishop*.

Papa!

Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*.

At half past eight the Italian salad will be served; so now is the prescribed moment for the Professor to go out into the wintry darkness to post his letters and take his daily quantum of fresh air and exercise.

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

Strauss joined us—

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*.

God, Nietzsche! If only you had known him. He never laughed and always seemed taken aback by our jokes.

**Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*
quoting Cosima Wagner, Letter to Richard Strauss.**

Yes, he has a sombre look.

Oscar Wilde, *Salome*.

One comes across queer ducks sometimes.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

I realize now that there was something already wrong . . .

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

. . . when he first . . .

Henry James, *The Pupil*.

. . . came to our house, ate nothing, said 'I am a vegetarian,' I said to him, 'You are an ass!'

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Saturday, January 14, 1882).

Actually, you called him Cottontail.

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

"So I did, so I did."

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys on the Flying Rings*.

He had his diplomatic smile on—the one that makes him look exactly like a rabbit.

Simon Gray, *Butley*.

Raw pompous upstart!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

All the same, the presence of . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, July 18, 1882).

George Eliot

Frederick R. Karl, *George Eliot: Voice of a Century. A Biography*.

. . . pleases him. He jokes with her about their writings: "The whole world reads yours, I read only my own, because in all others I find embarrassing contradictions. But not in mine—I do what the Talmud says about God, who reads the Bible."

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, July 18, 1882).

George Eliot . . .

Frederick R. Karl, *George Eliot: Voice of a Century. A Biography*.

. . . started, half rose, listened a moment, then began to laugh and said:—

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

A book that is completely without contradictions would be a rare achievement.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

R. is vexed . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, December 7, 1882).

One wonders whether Miss Eliot, who had recently written *Daniel Deronda*, discussed it with . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . her host . . .

Henry James, *The Ambassadors*.

. . . the author of *Jewry in Music*.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

Visitors came and went.

Richard Wagner, *Die Walkure*.

Hermann Levi, the newlywed Gravinass, and the lanky Countess Usedom, who always amused the children by bending down to kiss their father's hand, in return for which she received a peck on the cheek.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Ivan Herzl, the celebrated young leading man at the Stadttheater . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

. . . had to leave early—

Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

. . . for an engagement at the Opera.

Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

Wagner was in his postprandial mood . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . cheerful again, bubbling over with wit . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, January 7, 1883).

. . . passing from one individual or group to another with a rough-and-ready joke on his lips.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

—A theory about the stars amuses him: if the light we see from stars is now several thousand years old, he says, then they must be seeing us as we were at the time of Abraham!

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, June 28, 1881).

Oh, what a . . .

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

. . . curious scientific phenomenon . . .

Tom Stoppard, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*.

—an astounding phenomenon indeed!

Salo Wittmayer Baron, *A Social and Religious History of the Jews*.

(Is this true, or . . .

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

. . . a celestial . . .

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and Schools of the Ages*.

. . . jest?)

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

When Levi . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

. . . tells us that his father is a Rabbi,

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, January 13, 1879).

. . . an influential Rabbi . . .

George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*.

. . . our conversation comes back to the Israelites—the feeling that they intervened too early in our cultural condition, that the human qualities the German character might have developed from within itself and then passed on to the Jewish character have been stunted by their premature interference in our affairs, before we have become fully aware of ourselves . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, January 13, 1879).

"Nonsense," says the Professor, who has entered and is tossing off his things in the cloak-room. He says no more; opens the glass door and without a glance at the guests

turns swiftly to the stairs. Takes them two at a time, crosses the upper hall and the small room leading into . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

"Oh dear, . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

. . . Cosima crowed . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him."

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

Cosima by now regarded Nietzsche with mixed feelings.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

I have to tell you: The most amazing thing's occurred . . .

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

I was astonished to . . .

Mark Twain, *Innocents Abroad*.

. . . learn this evening . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, May 11, 1871).

(reaching into her pocket and taking out a letter)

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

. . . that Prof. Nietzsche has now dedicated his . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, May 11, 1871).

. . . lecture on . . .

Jack London, *The Taste of The Meat*.

. . . Homer, which he once dedicated to me, to his sister . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, May 11, 1871).

What?

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

. . . and with the same poem.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, May 11, 1871).

But wait—there's more.

Mike D'Angelo, Review of *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*

. . . the paper, the ink, the form and shape, were the same.

William Faulkner, *Light In August*.

Could that be true? It stretches credulity.

Jeffrey Birnbaum, *Al Gore's Clinton Moment*.

"Shameful!"—

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

I had to laugh at first, but then . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, May 11, 1871).

. . . I now . . .

Henry James, *The Turn of the Screw*.

... see it as a dubious streak, an addiction to treachery ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, May 11, 1871).

You're joking!

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

... what a fop he is ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, February 4, 1883).

Listen.

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

He has written a letter ...

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

... with an identical dedicatory poem ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... a little manuscript poem to ...

Charles Dickens, *Going into Society*.

... as many people as possible ...

Claude Lanzmann, *Shoah*.

What a contrivance!

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

So I told our story ...

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

... to Wagner ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... and in reply he burst out: 'Intolerable ...'

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

"That bad person ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, August 2, 1878).

... Nietzsche! ...

**Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*
quoting Cosima Wagner, Letter to Richard Strauss.**

... an enemy to me inveterate ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... has taken everything from me, even the weapons ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, August 2, 1878).

... that he ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... counts as his plunder ...

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

... and with ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... which he now attacks me. How sad that he should be so perverse—so clever, yet at the same time so shallow!"

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, August 2, 1878).

Wagner remarked to Cosima that Nietzsche had no ideas of his own . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... and that he (Wagner) . . .

An Open Letter from Glenda Miskin.

... is only now beginning to understand certain . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, March 25, 1882).

... sober realities of . . .

Niki Scevak, *The Lost Tribe*.

... Shakespeare's *Tempest*—

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... such as . . .

George Steiner, *Errata: An Examined Life*.

... Caliban's cry, . . .

M. Wintner, *The Art and Power of Language: Storytelling, Translating, Transforming*.

"You taught me language, and my profit on't is, I know how to curse."

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable* quoting William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

I must say, . . .

Jack London, *The People of the Abyss*.

... his first book, *The Birth of Tragedy*, where he points so clearly to the distinction between music and the other fine arts, found me in complete accord.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... but the next book . . .

Richard Harding Davis, *The Man Who Could Not Lose*.

What was its name?

Frances Hodgson Burnett, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

All Too Human

George Stephanopoulos, *All Too Human: A Political Education*.

Repulsive.

Virginia Woolf, *The Voyage Out*.

"Useless!"

Jules Verne, *Around the World in 80 Days*.

... even more useless than knowledge of the chemical composition of water is to a sailor in danger of shipwreck.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*.

Everyone was silent for a minute.

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

The Professor takes in only the general scene.

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

Miss Lou von Salome . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

. . . Lou, as she was called . . .

E. J. Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

. . . swept up to him, flounced her short satin train—like a fish waving its fin—and vanished in the crowd.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

The room looked at him like an alien countenance composed into a polite grimace;

. . .

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

. . . his gaze seemed directed far away towards unexplored regions of the human soul.

Lou Andreas-Salome, *Friedrich Nietzsche in Seinen Werken*.

Where was I? I recognized nothing; I scarcely recognized Wagner.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

"Queer," thinks the Professor. "You would think a man would be one thing or the other— . . . It's a psychological contradiction."

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

. . . the highest achievements of beauty . . . on the one hand . . .

George Steiner, *The Great Composers: Wagner*.

I, too, do not underestimate it; it has its peculiar magic.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

. . . and the awfulness on the other?

George Steiner, *The Great Composers: Wagner*.

Without a doubt!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Be that as it may—

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

'Tis hard to reconcile . . .

William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*.

. . . the circus of . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

. . . embarrassing contradictions.

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Tuesday, July 18, 1882)*.

I say to myself:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

"Purely from the aspect of his value to Germany and German culture, Richard Wagner remains a big question mark, perhaps a German misfortune—fateful, at all events. But what does that matter? Is he not very much more than a German phenomenon? It would even seem to me that he belongs nowhere less than he does in Germany, where nothing is ready for him."

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*
quoting Nietzsche.

... the clock has struck ten ...

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Marie d'Agoult, ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (translator's introduction).

... la grande mere ...

Guy de Maupassant, *The Vagabond*.

... was talking ...

Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*.

... and playing with the children—Daniel and Blandine von Bulow, Isolde, Eva, and Siegfried Wagner.

Phyllis Stock-Morton, *The Life of Marie d'Agoult, alias Daniel Stern*.

'You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frere!'

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

... she remarked abruptly, whereupon ...

Willa Cather, *The Bohemian Girl*.

... the Countess ...

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

... grinned and the children giggled.

Willa Cather, *The Bohemian Girl*.

"The children ought to go to bed," ...

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

... Wagner remarked

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

He said, Marie, Marie ...

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

It's getting late, my dear, ...

Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*.

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

"Run along up to bed now; no excuses!"

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

But she pleads for another quarter of an hour; she has promised already, and they do love it so!

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

Rubinstein came and . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

There he is!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

. . . entertained us at the piano, . . .

Emma Goldman, *Living My Life*.

. . . playing . . .

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

. . . a theme from Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (*Notte e giorno faticar*),

John N. Burk, *The Life and Works of Beethoven*.

. . . in transcription.

The Internet Science Room, *DeoxyRibonucleic Acid*.

There are those who question . . .

Embracing Mahler's World: Peter Franklin Welcomes the Arrival in English of the Latest Volume in De La Grange's Epic Biography.

. . . Rubinstein's . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, January 23, 1876).

. . . magpie approach, often incorporating (although not uncritically) loosely paraphrased passages from . . .

Embracing Mahler's World: Peter Franklin Welcomes the Arrival in English of the Latest Volume in De La Grange's Epic Biography.

. . . Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, . . .

Clifford Odets, *Letter to Margaret Brenman-Gibson*.

. . . and others.

Embracing Mahler's World: Peter Franklin Welcomes the Arrival in English of the Latest Volume in De La Grange's Epic Biography.

But the man is . . .

Zane Grey, *The Light of Western Stars*.

. . . a master miniaturist, capable of sketching a variety of emotional states in a few quick tone strokes.

Maynard Solomon, *Beethoven*.

The elegant Liszt . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . accompanied by his daughter, Cosima, and . . .

Alan M. Dershowitz, *Reversal of Fortune: Inside the von Bulow Case*.

. . . the others come in unnoticed to listen

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, January 8, 1883).

Music was the prime loosener, with it thought slipped its moorings and meandered in lethargic maelstroms over deeps of after-dinner ease.

George Steiner, *The Portage to San Cristobal of A.H.*

It was a glorious moment, noted Cosima, "when Richard, who was seated opposite me (on the little sofa beside the piano), suddenly crawled toward me across the floor and tried to kiss my feet. I seized his head and he tiptoed back to his seat, whispering . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

. . . something . . .

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet.*

. . . about the faulty arrangement: "That is just like the Germans—always carrying on about Mozart, and then they produce such editions!"

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Tuesday, July 6, 1869).*

' . . . When you find a thing like . . .

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler.*

. . . these transcription errors . . .

J.B. Chittick, *What is HIV/AIDS?*

. . . in your score, it's as if someone of noble birth were suddenly to discover a swineherd in his family tree!

Natalie Bauer-Lechner, *Recollections of Gustav Mahler.*

Despite its obvious imperfections, . . .

Ernst Breisach, *On the Future of History: The Postmodernist Challenge and Its Aftermath.*

. . . the music was . . .

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Last Tycoon.*

. . . something new — something extraordinary and beautiful and simple & intricately patterned.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Letter to Maxwell Perkins in Letters of Note.*

The Professor . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow.*

. . . his cheek on his fist, in a thoughtful, Byronic pose . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

. . . does not succeed in identifying it, though he listens attentively to the end, after which there is great applause . . .

Thomas Mann, *Disorder and Early Sorrow.*

After that the musicians play a late Beethoven quartet.

Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance.*

Is that one of the Beethoven string quartets?

Daniel Ellsberg, *Personal Communication with Gary Freedman.*

"Yes!"

Philip T. Barford, *Beethoven's Last Sonata.*

"It must be! It must be!"

Daniel Gregory Mason, *The Quartets of Beethoven.*

What supernatural delight!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

Beethoven. . . . There is something in him of Nietzsche's superman, long before Nietzsche.

Romain Rolland, *Portrait of Beethoven in His Thirtieth Year*.

How such a work makes me perfect! One becomes a "masterpiece" oneself.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

There is no "message." Its "truth" is simply what it is.

Philip T. Barford, *Beethoven's Last Sonata*.

—how harmful for me is this Wagnerian orchestral tone! I call it *sirocco*. I break out into a disagreeable sweat. My good weather is gone.

This music seems perfect to me. It approaches lightly, supplely, politely. It is pleasant, it does not sweat.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

Everyone clapped, and ices and cool drinks were carried around the noisy, milling, shuffling crowd.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

The reception-room was spacious and beautiful.

Thomas Mann, *Tristan*.

Its pistachio-colored curtain, gleaming piano top, aquarium, olive-green upholstery, and potted plants resembling seaweed made it look like a green, sleepily swaying sea bed.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

A gilt bamboo jardiniere, in which the primulas and cinerarias were punctually renewed, blocked the access to the bay window . . .

Edith Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*.

—When we are talking about the attachment of certain Jews to him, he [Wagner] says, "Yes, they are like flies—the more one drives them away, the more they come."

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Sunday, September 12, 1880).

Wagner . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II).

. . . says he respects . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, December 21, 1871).

. . . the conductor, Levi . . .

G.B. Shaw on *Parsifal*.

. . . though, . . .

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

. . . for the very reason that he calls himself Levi straight out, not Lowe or Lewin, etc.

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, December 21, 1871).

At least he kept his name. Not like the others who try to hide their origins.

Charles Wood, *Wagner*.

I could not help thinking. . . .

This acute remnant of an unresolved father conflict, attached as it was to something as personal as one's name, makes it understandable why . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

My! what's that? Is he out of his mind? Where does he get such thoughts from?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Talent, but no genius.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, January 7, 1870).

Waste of time.

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Wagner was going into his room without paying any attention to me when the maid

...

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

. . . Mademoiselle Fischer, . . .

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

. . . said to him in a beseeching voice: "Ah, Herr Wagner, it is a young musician who wishes to speak to you; he has been waiting for you a long time."

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

I cannot bring myself to see him now.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

The young lady nodded her head . . .

Isaac Asimov, *Treasury of Humor*.

. . . Ah, Herr Wagner, . . .

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

"All right! All right!"

James Joyce, *An Encounter*.

The boy has waited long and patiently; he must not leave unsatisfied.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

I had to wait in a lofty drawing-room with three long windows from floor to ceiling that were like three luminous and bedraped columns. The bent gilt legs and backs of the furniture shone in indistinct curves. The tall marble fireplace had a cold and monumental whiteness. A grand piano stood massively in a corner; with dark gleams on the flat surfaces like a sombre and polished sarcophagus. A high door opened—closed.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

He then came out of his room, . . .

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

I rose.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

[He] looked at me, and said: "I have seen you before, I think. You are . . ."

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

... Rabenstein?

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

Ah, no, no!

Richard Wagner, Letter to Mathilde Wesendonk (April 7, 1858).

... pardon the slip!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

... Raben?

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

I must confess that ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... I was born ...

Matt Ridley, *Genome: The Autobiography of a Species in 23 Chapters*.

... Rabensteiner, ...

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

... a Jew:

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

... but I sign ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... *Raben* ...

Richard Wagner, *Gotterdammerung*.

... as a pen name ...

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

... now and then.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

I thought as much!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

For a moment the old man was silent.

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar*.

I looked at him, lost in astonishment.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

There was something electric about him. It was as if he had single-handedly changed the molecular structure of the room. It struck me that what I'd heard about certain celebrities was true: they had It, whatever the hell It was. Star power isn't a myth; it is tangible and forceful.

**Michael Bergin, *The Other Man: A Love Story*. John F. Kennedy Jr.,
Carolyn Bessette, & Me.**

He went in front of me and opened the door of the reception room, which was furnished in a truly royal style. In the middle of the room was a couch covered in velvet and silk. Wagner himself was wrapped in a long velvet mantle bordered with fur.

When I was inside the room he asked me what I wanted.

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

If one could only get some pointers, . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . Maestro, . . .

Pierre-Auguste Rodin, *Letter to an Unknown Friend*.

. . . it would be easier to grope one's way ahead.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

What are you saying?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

"Highly honored master, for a long time I have wanted to hear an opinion on my compositions, and it would be . . ."

Here the master interrupted me and said: "My dear child, I cannot give you an opinion of your compositions; I have far too little time; . . .

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

My thoughts are minutes.

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time* quoting Shakespeare.

. . . I can't even get my own letters written. I understand nothing at all about music (*Ich verstehe gar nichts von der Musik*)."

I asked the master whether I should ever be able really to do anything, and he said to me: "When I was your age and composing music, no one could tell me then whether I should ever do anything great. You could at most play me your compositions on the piano; but I have no time to hear them. When you are older, and when you have bigger works, and if by chance . . .

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

. . . we meet again . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . you shall show me what you have done. But that is no use now; I cannot give you an opinion of them yet."

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

It was inconceivable how he had existed, how he had succeeded in getting so far. . .
"I went a little farther," he said, "then still a little farther—till I had gone so far that I . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

—well, never mind."

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys on the Flying Rings*.

"I had immense plans," he muttered irresolutely.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

He added seriously:

Primo Levi, *Beyond Judgement*.

"I have never been to any university, neither have I ever heard a classroom lecture, and one of the greatest difficulties I . . .

**Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*
quoting Moses Mendelssohn.**

. . . like the rest of mankind and perhaps even more so; . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . one of the greatest difficulties I had to surmount was that I had to obtain everything by my own effort and industry."

**Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*
quoting Moses Mendelssohn.**

When I told that master that I took the classics as models, he said: "Good, good. One can't be original at first." And he laughed and then said. "I wish you, dear friend, much happiness in your career. Go on working steadily, and if . . .

Hugo Wolf, *Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, Hugo Wolf*.

. . . we should meet again . . .

Anton Chekhov, *The Sea Gull*.

. . . show me your compositions."

Upon that I left the master, profoundly moved and impressed.

Hugo Wolf, *Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, Hugo Wolf*.

I said to myself:

Wilkie Collins, *The Legacy of Cain*.

How decent of so great a personage to be so human with . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . a burning amateur, . . .

William Golding, *Free Fall*.

. . . like me.

L. Frank Baum, *The Wizard of Oz*.

The communication was brief . . .

Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*.

. . . (not worth mentioning), but the memory remained—I knew at that moment that I would never forget it and simultaneously I knew or thought I knew . . .

Franz Kafka, *Letters to Milena*.

. . . what the others . . .

Edith Nesbit, *The Story of the Treasure Seekers*.

. . . the rest of the tribe . . .

Jack London, *To The Man on the Trail*.

. . . would say.

Edith Nesbit, *The Story of the Treasure Seekers*.

I dashed to the library at the first opportunity;

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

Once there, . . .

Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*.

. . . I turned with respect to . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . Hermann Levi—

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans*.

Levi, . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . who was by no means free of vanity or unaware of his own position, . . .

Herbert Kupferberg, *The Mendelssohns: Three Generations of Genius*.

. . . that is, as . . .

Aldous Huxley, *Crome Yellow*.

. . . a Jew in a gentile world, . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans*.

. . . looked at me with an amused, vaguely ironic expression:

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

. . . ambivalent at its heart.

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans*.

He said:

***Genesis*.**

My friend, you . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . could throw away . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time* quoting Sigmund Freud, Letter to His Fiancée.

. . . all things—

George Gordon, Lord Byron, Excerpt from *Don Juan*.

. . . make common cause with . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . the devil . . .

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

. . . as one would carry on a love affair.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

And all for what?

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

—and all for an old man;

Edwin Arlington Robinson, *The Three Taverns*.

. . . for a great moment . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time* quoting Sigmund Freud, Letter to His Fiancée.

—one moment . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . with such a person . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

. . . as Wagner

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

But then, . . .

Emile Zola, *The Debacle*.

. . . Wagner's disciples . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

. . . whether Jew or gentile . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans*.

. . . were all . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

. . . like that, and remained like that, always.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

At the end of the evening . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . Wagner and Nietzsche . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work His Century*.

. . . went outside. The moon had risen.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

. . . the darkness was punctuated by the distant howls of dogs . . .

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

Please, where do you want to go now?

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

Do you want to accompany? or go on ahead? or go off alone?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*.

The patient . . .

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

Nietzsche

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Nietzsche contra Wagner*.

. . . answered:

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

We'll go together.

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

Wagner was not in the best of moods, and . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work His Century*.

... just as ...

Henry James, *Washington Square*.

... *the clock has struck eleven* ...

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

... Nietzsche found himself being driven back ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... home ...

Homer, *The Odyssey*.

... "through a drizzle" by his host and hostess.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Now they drove in silence, their lips tightly closed against the cold, occasionally exchanging a word or two, and absorbed in their own thoughts.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

Wagner's comments were ...

National Commission on Service-Learning: *A Report from the First Meeting*.

... limited to three phrases: "Eleven o'clock," "I don't agree," and "goodbye."

Elmer Bendiner, *A Time For Angels: The Tragicomic History of the League of Nations*.

After they had said goodnight, Wagner angrily censured him to Cosima.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

I do not belong to those who demand that anyone should be chained and sell themselves forever out of 'gratitude.' He has been given a great deal and accomplished much in return.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank* quoting Sigmund Freud.

He goes his own way.

Richard Wagner, *Die Walkure*.

So quits!

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank* quoting Sigmund Freud.

Let him visit me no more.

John N. Burk, *The Life and Works of Beethoven* quoting Beethoven.

I saw no occasion for expressing my special tenderness; I was honest and hard. But he is gone now and we have to bury him ...

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank* quoting Sigmund Freud.

And isn't now precisely the moment when, insofar as we comprehend this, it is all over?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

A new beginning, after that farewell?

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

“Never.”

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

A return—after that parting? Impossible!

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*.

Nietzsche later wrote . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

I thought his memory was like the other memories of the dead that accumulate in every man's life—a vague impress on the brain of shadows that had fallen on it in their swift and final passage; but before the high and ponderous door, between the tall houses of a street as still and decorous as a well-kept alley in a cemetery. I had a vision of him opening his mouth voraciously . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

. . . the way Homer renders a heart-eating cyclops . . .

Toni Morrison, *Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination*.

. . . as if to devour all the earth with all its mankind. He lived then before me; he lived as much as he had ever lived – a shadow insatiable of splendid appearances, of frightful realities; a shadow darker than the shadow of night, and draped nobly in the fields of a gorgeous eloquence. The vision seemed to enter the house with me –

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

In an instant the streets became totally black.

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

With the weight of the world on his shoulders, he disappeared from view . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . into the night air. Into the cold.

John LeCarre, *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*.

He merely looked back with the expression of a thousand warriors down through time.

Truddi Chase, *When Rabbit Howls*.

The full moon comes out . . .

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

. . .and, for . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

. . . an unforgettable moment . . .

E. Phillips Oppenheim, *The Pool of Memory*.

. . . the now peaceful alley . . .

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

. . . glittered in a still and dazzling splendour . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

All's hushed as midnight yet.

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

The watchman walks slowly up the alley, and disappears round the corner.

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

The night swirled around him, the courtyard . . .

Alan Furst, *The World at Night*.

. . . of his Albergo . . .

Samuel Irenæus Prime, *The Irenæus Letters*.

. . . only a hundred feet away, . . .

Mary Roberts Rinehard, *Dangerous Days*.

. . . the wet cobblestone gleaming in the faint spill of light from blacked-out windows. He forced himself to look around:

Alan Furst, *The World at Night*.

The dog howls, the moon shines. Sooner would I die, die rather than tell you what my midnight heart thinks now.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.

That evening finally put an end to my illusions.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

I was anxious to deal with this shadow by myself alone,—and to this day I don't know why I was so jealous of sharing with anyone the peculiar blackness of that experience.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

That's all I'm going to tell about. I could probably tell you what I did after I went home . . . but I don't feel like it. I really don't.

J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*.

It was Freud's belief that . . .

Philip Rieff, *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist*.

. . . every human being develops a particular cliché in the experience of . . .

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

. . . 'love' and 'hate'

Peter Blos, *Son and Father: Before and Beyond the Oedipus Complex*.

Freud could have called it simply a repetition, but he chooses to frame this particularity in the linguistic terms of "a cliché, (or even several), which in the course of a life is regularly repeated . . ."

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

. . . like an old tale . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*.

. . . exhaustless in its variations, and ever sung anew

Richard Wagner, *Prelude to Tristan und Isolde*.

Life follows the literary patterns of a printed and reprinted cliché. Childhood relationships are the prototypes, and adults—like belated authors in literary tradition—are exposed to the danger of simply reproducing their exemplars.

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

For those critics receptive to the arguments of depth psychology, there is no question but that Wagner's documented hatred of Jews was intimately connected to the composer's uncertainty regarding his paternal heritage. It is possible, they argue, that Wagner feared that his father was Jewish. It has become a staple of Wagnerian scholarship that Wagner never knew whether his father was Carl Friedrich Wilhelm Wagner, who died six months after the composer's birth, or the actor, poet, and portrait painter Ludwig Heinrich Christian Geyer, whom Wagner's mother married nine months after the death of her first husband and whom Wagner may have suspected of being a Jew.

Marc A. Weiner, *Richard Wagner and the Anti-Semitic Imagination*.

To those who . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Legacy of Cain*.

. . . inquired about . . .

Mary Roberts Rinehart, *The Circular Staircase*.

. . . his father's . . .

Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*.

. . . name and origin . . .

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

. . . Wagner would . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His work, His Century*.

. . . often take the fifth instinctively.

Anthony Storr, *Music and the Mind*.

To the end of reckoning . . .

William Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*.

. . . the Geyer he loved had to be denied.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

I: "Father Geyer must surely have been your father." R.: "I don't believe that."
"Then why the resemblance?" R.: "My mother loved him at the time—elective affinities."

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, December 26, 1878).

Geyer was in all probability his real father . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

—Did he himself grasp that, this shrewdest of all self-deceivers?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*.

I confess my mistrust of every point attested to only by Wagner himself. He did not have pride enough for any truth about himself; nobody was less proud. Entirely like Victor Hugo, he remained faithful to himself in biographical questions, too—he remained an actor.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

It is strangely moving to observe Wagner in 1870 asking Nietzsche, who was looking after the publication of *Mein Leben* [*My Life*], to order a vulture (Geyer) engraved . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . in gold leaf on the cover . . .

Eben Moglen, *Holmes' Legacy and the New Constitutional History*.

. . . as a decorative emblem for the autobiography. And Wagner takes special pains to urge that this bird be drawn with the characteristic vulture ruff about its neck so that it be easily recognized for what it represented.

The Geyer had in fact become Wagner's crest . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

Sometimes, despite the proverb, intelligent judgment of a book begins with the shape of the cover.

Eben Moglen, *Holmes' Legacy and the New Constitutional History*.

(I still recall the strange excitement I felt at the thought that a coat of arms could hide as well as reveal).

George Steiner, *Errata: An Examined Life*.

What's in a name?

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*.

A clue to the reasons for Wagner's duplicity concerning his paternal parentage may well lie in Nietzsche's famous play upon words to the effect that a Geyer is almost an Adler. In German "Geyer" means "vulture," while "Adler" is the word for "eagle"; and both names representing birds are also frequently encountered German-Jewish names.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

Of course, human nature and human bigotry being what it is, these beautiful names in no way beautified a despised people. Rather the people denatured the names, which became "Jewish" and therefore objects of derision.

Isaac Asimov, *In Memory Yet Green.*

He was known as Richard Geyer at least until his confirmation at the age of fourteen, six years after Geyer's death; sometime thereafter he . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

. . . changed his name to . . .

Johannes Ehrmann, *Float Like a Butterfly.*

. . . Wagner. Not only had the Norns of destiny in a malevolent hour given the boy a Jewish name; they had also placed his birth on the Bruhl, the center of the Leipzig Jewish quarter, and had, to crown their mischief, given his features a hawklike cast with a prominent nose, pointed jaw, and high, intellectual brow; . . . in short, the boy had physical characteristics which ignorance and prejudice associate exclusively with the Jews. It is not unlikely that young Richard Geyer was considered Jewish by various classmates and townsfolk and that his denial was expressed by a vigorous anti-Semitism.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

He never forgot the humiliation of being referred to as a Gentile in synagogue and a Jew in school.

Lawrence J. Friedman, *Identity's Architect: A Biography of Erik H. Erikson.*

I had seen and known . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August.*

. . . Jews . . .

Richard Wagner, *Judaism in Music.*

. . . since I could remember. I just looked at them as I did at rain, or furniture, or food or sleep. But . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August.*

. . . possibly traceable to some early impressions . . .

Mary Roberts Rinehart, *The Confession.*

. . . I seemed to see them for the first time not as people, but as a thing, a shadow in which I lived, we lived, . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August.*

. . . we Germans . . .

Louisa May Alcott, *Little Women.*

. . . all other people.

William Faulkner, *Light in August.*

I must admit that this historical survey leaves many a gap and in many points needs further confirmation. Yet . . .

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism.*

No one who occupies himself with dreams can, I believe, fail to discover that it is a very common event for a dream to give evidence of knowledge and memories which the waking subject is unaware of possessing.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

R. tells me . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, December 23, 1879).

. . . a dream in which . . .

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*.

. . . he had been taken to a large Jewish synodal meeting, at which two large Jews standing at the door had received him respectfully! —

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, December 23, 1879).

. . . and feels almost sorry when he wakes and the interesting illusion is destroyed.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

I couldn't tell then . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

. . . Richard said, . . .

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*.

. . . whether I saw it or dreamed it.

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

An undated memory:

Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Words*.

One day when I was quite small I slipped out and tried to find the synagogue, . . .

George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*.

. . . about which I had heard much . . .

Edgar Allan Poe, *The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether*.

. . . but I lost myself a long while till a peddler questioned me and took me home.

George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*.

He asked so many questions . . .

Frances Hodgson Burnett, *T. Tembarom*.

. . . the old peddler:

Andrew Lang, *The Blue Fairy Book: The Bronze Ring*.

Where are you from?

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

"Come out with the truth," he said.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

Who is your father?

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

My father?

Charlotte M. Yonge, *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*.

Who sent you this way?

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

"Give me an answer!"

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

Your name, then?

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

Wagner, . . .

E.M. Forster, *The Longest Journey*.

. . . I stammered.

John Buchan, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*.

"No, no,"

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

. . . Geier!

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Land That Time Forgot*.

My father, missing me, had been in much fear, and was very angry. I too had been so frightened at losing myself that it was long before I thought of venturing out again.

George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*.

Was he a Jew, like his . . . stepfather, or a Gentile . . . ?

Lawrence J. Friedman, *Identity's Architect: A Biography of Erik H. Erikson*.

Throughout his life Wagner was consumed by a strange love-hate for the Jews.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . he constantly navigated the Jewish-Gentile divide.

Lawrence J. Friedman, *Identity's Architect: A Biography of Erik H. Erikson*.

R. and I discuss the curious attachment individual Jews have for him; he says Wahnfried will soon turn into a synagogue!

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Monday, January 13, 1879)*.**

Once they have been brought together, though, God help them!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

—I am, of course, speaking of the anonymous letter linking Cosima Wagner with Levi—

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

A young man asks permission to call and R. receives him: "A very handsome Jew," he tells me afterward, "or metis [half-caste]"—fair-haired and sweet. R. observes that we ought to give Fidi . . .

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, August 7, 1879)*.**

(Siegfried)

Victor Klemperer, *I Will Bear Witness. A Diary of the Nazi Years: 1942-1945*.

. . . a crooked nose.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Thursday, August 7, 1879).

The whole ambivalence that once upon a time was directed against the father is now transferred against the son.

K.R. Eissler, *Goethe: A Psychoanalytic Study 1775-1786.*

Ironically, research has so far failed to produce a single demonstrably Jewish ancestor on the Geyer family tree. But Richard could not have known this.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

... his lifelong quest to discover the identity of his father would remain unfulfilled.

Lawrence J. Friedman, *Identity's Architect: A Biography of Erik H. Erikson.*

This to me—

Wilkie Collins, *The Legacy of Cain.*

... without question, ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf.*

... is the most tragic condition a man could find himself in—not to know what he is and to know that he will never know.

William Faulkner, *Light in August*, editor's note quoting Faulkner.

That hysterical anti-Semitism which continued unabated throughout his life may well have grown from attempts to evince an Aryan purity.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

The phantom of Wagner's possible contamination with Jewish hemoglobin struck horror into the hearts of good Nazi biologists and archivists; they delved anxiously into Geyer's own and, much to the relief of Goebbels and other Nazi intellectuals, it was found that Geyer, like Wagner's nominal father, was the purest Aryan; Wagner's possible illegitimate birth was of no concern to the racial tenets of the Nazi Weltanschauung.

Nicholas Slonimsky, Laura Kuhn and Dennis McIntire, *Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians.*

On examining a persistent prejudice we invariably find that it contains the projection on to the outsider of repudiated impulses, thoughts, and feelings. These are first denied and repressed, then they are projected. Although at times these projections find qualities in their target that may make the resultant accusations seem justified, i.e., reality adequate, their sweeping, generic, stereotyped applications to ever wider discrepant groups reveals their true nature. The 'scapegoat addict,' as [one observer] has called the person possessed by prejudice, sharply splits love from hate, and by assigning everything evil to the member of the out-group he glorifies himself and those whom he shelters in the in-group. Now, after such object and impulse splitting has occurred, the repudiated drive can be discharged.

Martin Wagh, *National Socialism and the Genocide of the Jews.*

At the end of World War II hundreds of the Nazis who participated in the systematic murder of 6,000,000 Jews and 5,000,000 Gypsies, Poles, and other "inferior" peoples slipped through the Allied net, many of them by means of O.D.E.S.S.A., the SS contingency escape apparatus. For cautionary more than vengeful reasons—to remind humanity that human nature is actually capable of acts that strain credulity—one of the survivors of the Nazi death camps, Simon Wiesenthal, has dedicated his life to documenting the genocide that occurred in Europe under Hitler and hunting down the perpetrators of that crime who are still at large. . . .

In 1954 the [Jewish Historical Documentation Center in Linz, Austria] was closed and its files given to the Yad Vashem archives in Israel—except one: the dossier on Adolf Eichmann, the inconspicuous technocrat who, as chief of the Gestapo's Jewish department, had supervised the implementation of the "final solution." . . .

Wiesenthal never relaxed in his pursuit of the elusive Eichmann, who had disappeared at the time of Germany's defeat in World War II. Finally, through the collaborative efforts of Wiesenthal and Israeli agents, Eichmann was located in Buenos Aires, Argentina, under the alias of Ricardo Klement, in 1959.

Current Biography—Simon Wiesenthal. 1975.

The fugitive had . . .

Grant Allen, *Hilda Wade*.

. . . had the misfortune to attract the notice of someone who was willing to go to any lengths to catch him out.

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

Captured and brought to Israel for trial, Eichmann was found guilty of mass murder and executed on May 31, 1961.

Current Biography—Simon Wiesenthal. 1975.

There is little to be added to what the reader already knows about . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

. . . the person of the prisoner.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

He contrived to vanish . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

. . . into the shelter . . .

Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle*.

. . . of South America, . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . and worked his way from town to town . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

. . . in Argentina . . .

Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle*.

. . . until eventually he came to . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

... find a suitable ...

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

... place of refuge.

Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

Here he established himself in the manner we have described, rendered himself both unassailable and inaccessible, and, with a conscience darkened by his past but in the knowledge that the second half of his life was a repudiation of the first, settled to live peaceably and hopefully with only two objects in mind—to conceal his true identity and sanctify his life, and to escape from men. ...

Had anyone told him that a day would come when the name, the hideous words ...

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

... Adolf Eichmann ...

Hannah Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil*.

... would suddenly resound in his ears like a thunderclap, coming like a blaze of light out of the darkness to tear aside the mystery in which he had ...

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

... disguised himself, ...

Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

... had anyone said this to him he would have stared in amazement, thinking the words insane.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

Wiesenthal does not usually track down the Nazi fugitives physically. In fact, he rarely leaves Austria. His chief task is gathering and analyzing information. ...

Painstakingly, Wiesenthal culls every pertinent document and record he can get his hands on and goes over and over the many personal accounts told him by individual survivors. With an architect's structural acumen, a Talmudist's thoroughness, and a brilliant talent for investigative thinking, he pieces together the most obscure, incomplete, and apparently irrelevant data to build cases solid enough to stand up in a court of law. ...

According to some observers he looks something like a plainclothes cop; others note that his friendly, cheerful manner belies the fact that his full-time occupation is tracking down murderers. ...

"When history looks back," Wiesenthal explains, "I want people to know the Nazis weren't able to ...

Current Biography—Simon Wiesenthal. 1975.

... slaughter ...

Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle*.

... 11,000,000 people and get away with it."

Current Biography—Simon Wiesenthal. 1975.

One knows another person only inasmuch as one has experienced the same. To be analyzed oneself means nothing else but to be open to the totality of human experience which is good and bad, which is everything.

Erich Fromm, *The Art of Listening*.

All psychology so far has got stuck in moral prejudices and fears; it has not dared to descend into the depths.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

I heard a sentence from Dr. Buber recently about Adolf Eichmann, that he could not have any particular sympathy with him although he was against the trial, because he found nothing of Eichmann in him. Now, that I find an impossible statement. I find the Eichmann in myself, I find everything in myself; I find also the saint in myself, if you please.

Erich Fromm, *The Art of Listening*.

It may be said that the results which the Gestapo tried to obtain by means of the camps were varied; the author was able to identify [several], although intimately related, Gestapo goals[, including the following aim, which seemed preeminent]: to break the prisoners as individuals and change them into docile masses from which no individual or group act of resistance could arise . . .

Bruno Bettelheim, *Individual and Mass Behavior in Extreme Situations*.

From his own observations when he was a prisoner in Dachau and Buchenwald, Bettelheim concluded that the prisoners who gave up and died were those who had abandoned any attempt at personal autonomy; who acquiesced in their captors' aim of dehumanizing and exercising total control over them.

Anthony Storr, *Solitude: A Return to the Self*.

He himself preserved his life and sanity by deliberately and . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Identity and the Life Cycle*.

. . . methodically going through the four parts of each of the Beethoven quartets, which [he] knew individually by heart . . .

Yehudi Menuhin, *Theme and Variations*.

. . . in order to preserve . . .

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

. . . some measure of . . .

Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

. . . personal autonomy in the face of overweening government power.

Linda Greenhouse, *Justices Restrict Forced Medication Preceding a Trial: Mental Competency Issue*.

Most authorities who have studied creative people agree that one of their most notable characteristics is independence. This shows itself particularly in the fact that they are much more influenced by their own, inner standards than by those of the society or profession to which they happen to belong. In a study of architects in which the subjects were divided into three groups according to their creativity, the most creative group were primarily concerned with meeting an inner artistic standard of excellence which they discovered within themselves; the least creative group with conforming to the standards of the architectural profession. It is not unlikely that this trait of independence may be related to the precocity of ego development noted by Freud in obsessionals. To be primarily 'inner-directed' argues the early development both of the ego and also of a sensitive superego; a conscience providing an inner standard to which reference is made, and which is likely to demand a higher performance than any collective, professional group could ask.

Anthony Storr, *The Dynamics of Creation*.

Beyond this, the creative scientist[, in particular,] has a tendency toward passionate involvement in the specific conceptual problems with which he works[—often independent of mainstream thinking]—and this indicates even more personal and unconscious involvement. In this, creative scientists are similar to musical composers who invest formal sound relationships with the deepest kind of personal emotion.

Albert Rothenberg, *Creativity and Madness*.

And while it is true . . .

J. Wilbur Chapman, *The Personal Touch*.

. . . that scientists are discovering something which is already there, like the double helix, whereas artists create something which has never previously existed, like the C-sharp minor quartet of Beethoven . . .

Anthony Storr, *Churchill's Black Dog, Kafka's Mice, and Other Phenomena of the Human Mind*.

. . . it is also true that . . .

Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

. . . for scientists . . .

Jack London, *The Enemy of All the World*.

—that is, . . .

Sigmund Freud, *Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming*.

. . . creative scientists . . .

Albert Rothenberg, *Creativity and Madness*.

. . . the act of . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . puzzling about . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

. . . natural phenomena . . .

Charles Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

... probably has the same emotional roots as fervent concerns with chromaticism and diatonicism in music.

Albert Rothenberg, *Creativity and Madness*.

I had, of course, heard about ...

Robert C. Gallo, *Virus Hunting: AIDS, Cancer, and The Human Retrovirus—A Story of Scientific Discovery*.

... such a creative scientist ...

Richard Pierre Claude, *Science in the Service of Human Rights*.

... whose name, I believe, was ...

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*.

... Temin

Robert C. Gallo, *Virus Hunting: AIDS, Cancer, and The Human Retrovirus—A Story of Scientific Discovery*.

Who?

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

Howard M. Temin

Handbook of the Central High School of Philadelphia.

I knew he was a very bright biologist. I also knew that the most famous part of his work was controversial. Later I would come to see him as one of the most insightful and important biologists of our time. During the 1960s Temin and a few others thought that RNA tumor viruses did something unique in all biology: they reproduced themselves by going through a DNA form. In other words, these viruses could somehow convert their RNA genetic information into DNA. This notion was met with almost uniform incredulity.

Chiefly because genetic information was known to go only from DNA to DNA or from DNA to RNA, some critics went further and ridiculed the experiments and the idea (called the DNA provirus hypothesis, because the DNA form was known as the provirus).

Robert C. Gallo, *Virus Hunting: AIDS, Cancer, and The Human Retrovirus—A Story of Scientific Discovery*.

Something unseemly attended the ...

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time*.

... hypothesis, ...

Robert C. Gallo, *Virus Hunting: AIDS, Cancer, and The Human Retrovirus—A Story of Scientific Discovery*.

... in the eyes of scientists and ...

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time*.

... tedious academicians.

Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

Something facile. Something flukish. In an earlier era, . . .

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time*.

. . . Temin . . .

Handbook of the Central High School of Philadelphia.

. . . might have been accused of witchcraft for proposing such . . .

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time*.

. . . a solution to the problem.

Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Lost World*.

As it was . . .

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time*.

. . . Temin . . .

Handbook of the Central High School of Philadelphia.

. . . stood alone against the vested . . .

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time*.

. . . research . . .

Arthur Conan Doyle, *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*.

. . . interests of the scientific establishment. He became entrenched in this position by virtue of his own high standards and the high degree of skepticism expressed by his opponents.

Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time*.

These first impressions at the University, . . .

Sigmund Freud, *An Autobiographical Study*.

. . . said the scientist, . . .

Ambrose Bierce, *The Man and the Snake*.

. . . had one consequence which was afterwards to prove important; for at an early age I was made familiar with the fate of being in the Opposition and of being put under the ban of the "compact majority."

Sigmund Freud, *An Autobiographical Study*.

. . . 'compact majority' . . . (the phrase . . .

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

—would you believe it?—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

. . . is lifted from Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*)

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable.*

A slight fellow, with curly, brown hair, a narrow face, thick glasses, and a persistent manner, [Temin] simply refused to give up. It's easy to imagine him regaling his fellow virologists, most of them his seniors, in his thin voice, expounding on the promise of his provirus theory, and producing over the years a stream of articles and lectures advancing his theory—all to no avail. For the theory was simply too unorthodox to be entertained readily by a conservative scientific community. In the absence of any direct evidence, it could hardly have much of an impact. "Teminism"—that's what his provirus theory began to be called and none too kindly.

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses.*

To be condemned to the opposition fed his bent, he thought, "for a certain independence of judgment."

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time.*

If he wanted to be taken seriously, Temin would simply have to prove his case.

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses.*

With this determination, work ethic and talent he demonstrated, you knew he would be successful.

Student Advantage, Inc., *Former Seminole Staton Earns PGA Tour Card: Staton Moves Up After Playing on the Nike Tour.*

And yet—

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo.*

Unnoticed by all but a few . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

The experience plunged him into a deep chasm of psychological distress.

Kevin Trent Bergeson, *Greyhound Bus Trip Forces Salt Lake Man to Confront Existential Void.*

"My investigations are going rather badly," he wrote to his father . . . "I am almost afraid that all the tests I have conducted this year will fail and that I will have no important piece of work to show for my efforts by the end of the year. Well, there is still hope. But then, one must be a little mad to take on what I have taken on."

Patrice Debre, *Louis Pasteur.*

"If I told . . .

Kevin Trent Bergeson, *Greyhound Bus Trip Forces Salt Lake Man to Confront Existential Void.*

. . . the others . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Demian.*

... about the unspeakably dark psychological abyss over which I now hover at every waking moment, they'd have me committed for sure," he said

Kevin Trent Bergeson, *Greyhound Bus Trip Forces Salt Lake Man to Confront Existential Void*.

One afternoon—

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

While working in his laboratory, he looked up at one point because he heard someone come in.

Albert Rothenberg, *Creativity and Madness*.

And suddenly there . . .

Anton Chekhov, *The Black Monk*.

. . . stalked in . . .

James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*.

. . . a wiry, tough man with a . . .

Ernest Jones, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*.

. . . peremptory manner, but . . .

Charles Dickens, *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Rather than being his expected collaborator, the visitor was a representative of his scientific rival, a man who had criticized him sharply. Then, while the visitor worked in another part of the laboratory, the scientist arrived at a ground-breaking solution of a problem he had worked on for years.

Albert Rothenberg, *Creativity and Madness*.

"There is a saying . . ."

Andrew Pollack, *Scientists Enlist H.I.V. To Fight Other Ills*.

—until the fateful . . .

Andrew O'Hehir, *Sharps and Flats*.

. . . event happens to you, you never believe it will happen—but then it happens.

Wayne Koestenbaum, *Listening to Schwartzkopf: The Reich and the Soprano* quoting Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Der Rosenkavalier*.

Well, then!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

After years of trying, Temin himself had finally come up with evidence for his provirus theory. In an experiment on Rous sarcoma virus similar to that performed by [virologist David] Baltimore, he and his colleague Satoshi Mizutani had arrived at the identical conclusion:

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses*.

Showing amazing adaptability, . . .

Deborah E. Lipstadt, *The Eichmann Trial*.

... the virus ...

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses.*

... a kind of atavism ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil.*

... sheathed in an envelope ...

Kevin Trent Bergeson, *Greyhound Bus Trip Forces Salt Lake Man to Confront Existential Void.*

... contains an enzyme capable of producing DNA from the virus's genetic core of RNA.

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses.*

The hunt was over.

Deborah E. Lipstadt, *The Eichmann Trial.*

The problem was solved!

Arthur Leo Zagat, *The Land Where Time Stood Still.*

Temin and Baltimore wrote up their results and sent them off to the journal *Nature* within two weeks of each other, and on June 27, 1970, the papers appeared together under the general title "Viral RNA-dependent DNA polymerase." Almost immediately microbiologist Sol Spiegelman of Columbia University not only confirmed their findings but found a similar enzyme in no less than six other RNA tumor viruses. Although *Nature* cautioned that the results were "very preliminary" and "heretical," the journal's reaction was nevertheless hugely enthusiastic. "Central Dogma Reversed," headlined the editorial. "The discovery of the unprecedented enzyme which obviously has profound implications for the whole of molecular biology, as well as for the mechanism of cancer induction by RNA viruses, is an extraordinary personal vindication for Dr. Howard Temin. If ever a man was in a position to say ...

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses.*

"... I told you so!"

Daniel Gregory Mason, *The Quartets of Beethoven.*

... it is he."

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses.*

I was surprised that among so many men of genius who had directed their inquiries towards the same science, that I ...

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein.*

... Dr. Howard Temin ...

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses.*

... alone should be reserved to discover so astonishing a secret.

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*.

What a reversal!

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

Soon thereafter Nature dubbed the enzyme reverse transcriptase, imparting a certain intriguing flavor to this hitherto unknown enzyme and the process it facilitates. And not long after that, in reference to their proclivity for reversing the usual order of life, these RNA tumor viruses became known as retroviruses, another evocative designation that has stuck. Five years later, with Renato Dulbecco of the Salk Institute, who had shown how DNA viruses can cause cancer, Temin and Baltimore shared the Nobel Prize for Physiology or Medicine. Retroviruses were on the viral map to stay.

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses*.

To be creative, in short, is to be unpredictable; it is to be decidedly suspect in the world of affairs. The creative aspect of life is rightly viewed as action. Never simply contemplative, the creative act at its highest brings about notable differences in things, thoughts, works of art, and social structures.

George D. Stoddard, *Creativity in Education*.

I could not imagine a theatre worth my time that did not want to change the world, any more than a creative scientist could wish to prove the validity of everything that is already known.

Arthur Miller, *Timebends*.

What is to be changed fights back, perhaps with success. Even in science, the truly novel or radical person has a hard time of it. For this, we need not go back to the ancient Greeks, or even to Copernicus, Galileo, or Darwin. In our day an Einstein or an Oppenheimer is viewed with different emotions by different elements of society.

George D. Stoddard, *Creativity in Education*.

As long as the utility reigning in moral value judgments is solely the utility of the herd, as long as one considers only the preservation of the community, and immorality is sought exactly and exclusively in what seems dangerous to the survival of the community—there can be no morality of "neighbor love." Supposing that even then there was a constant little exercise of consideration, pity, fairness, mildness, reciprocity of assistance; supposing that even in that state of society all those drives are active that later receive the honorary designation "virtues" and eventually almost coincide with the concept of "morality"—in that period they do not yet at all belong in the realm of moral valuations; they are still extra-moral. An act of pity, for example, was not considered either good or bad, moral or immoral, in the best period of the Romans; and even when it was praised, such praise was perfectly compatible with a kind of disgruntled disdain as soon as it was juxtaposed with an action that served the welfare of the whole, of the *res publica*.

In the last analysis, "love of the neighbor" is always something secondary, partly conventional and arbitrary-illusory in relation to fear of the neighbor. After the structure of society is fixed on the whole and seems secure against external dangers, it is this fear of the neighbor that again creates new perspectives of moral valuations. Certain strong and dangerous drives, like an enterprising spirit, foolhardiness, vengefulness, craftiness, rapacity, and the lust to rule, which had so far not merely been honored insofar as they were socially useful—under different names, to be sure, from those chosen here—but had to be trained and cultivated to make them great (because one constantly needed them in view of the dangers to the whole community, against the enemies of the community), are now experienced as doubly dangerous, since the channels to divert them are lacking, and, step upon step, they are branded as immoral and abandoned to slander.

Now the opposite drives and inclinations receive moral honors; step upon step, the herd instinct draws its conclusions. How much or how little is dangerous to the community, dangerous to equality, in an opinion, in a state or affect, in a will, in a talent—that now constitutes the moral perspective: here, too, fear is again the mother of morals.

The highest and strongest drives, when they break out passionately and drive the individual far above the average and the flats of her conscience, wreck the self-confidence of the community, its faith in itself, and it is as if its spine snapped. Hence just these drives are branded and slandered most. High and independent spirituality, the will to stand alone, even a powerful reason are experienced as dangers; everything that elevates an individual above the herd and intimidates the neighbor is henceforth called evil; and the fair, modest, submissive, conforming mentality, the mediocrity of desires attains moral designations and honors. Eventually, under very peaceful conditions, the opportunity and necessity for educating one's feelings to severity and hardness is lacking more and more; and every severity, even in justice, begins to disturb the conscience; any high and hard nobility and self-reliance is almost felt to be an insult and arouses mistrust; the "lamb," even more the "sheep," gains in respect.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Hesse had always been an individualist but had never been able or willing to accept the full consequences of his individualism and had not been averse to compromise. He had tended to be more mindful of the expectations and comforts of society than responsive to the self, and had become something of a socialized outsider. Self-consciousness now became defiant individualism. He would no longer adjust, society had to change, and it would change, for the Western world was in decline and a new culture was in the offing. In the meantime, responding to his self-will (*Eigensinn*) and not to herd-will (*Herdensinn*), Hesse would follow Nietzsche's path of individuation through cold ethereal realms, prepared not only to . . .

Joseph Mileck, *Hermann Hesse: Life and Art*.

. . . confront the pit of despair that constantly lurks at the fringe of human

consciousness . . .

Kevin Trent Bergeson, *Greyhound Bus Trip Forces Salt Lake Man to Confront Existential Void*.

. . . but to extol loneliness and suffering in the manner of the Nietzschean elect. Ours was a world of and for the herd man (*Herdenmensch*), a dated society. A better world of tomorrow could be ushered in by an enlightened few girded for a Nietzschean transvaluation of values.

Joseph Mileck, *Hermann Hesse: Life and Art*.

And then?

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

"Well, I think," he went on, "one can give this story about Cain quite a different interpretation. Most of the things we're taught I'm sure are quite right and true, but one can view all of them from quite a different angle than the teachers do—and most of the time they then make better sense. For instance, one can't be quite satisfied with this Cain and the mark on his forehead, with the way it's explained to us. Don't you agree? It's perfectly possible for someone to kill his brother with a stone and to panic and repent. But that he's awarded a special decoration for his cowardice, a mark that protects him and puts the fear of God into all the others, that's quite odd, isn't it?"

"Of course," I said with interest: the idea began to fascinate me. "But what other way of interpreting the story is there?"

He slapped me on the shoulder.

"It's quite simple! The first element of the story, its actual beginning, was the mark. Here was a man with something in his face that frightened the others. They didn't dare lay hands on him; he impressed them, he and his children.

We can guess—no, we can be quite certain—that it was not a mark on his forehead like a postmark—life is hardly ever as clear and straightforward as that. It is much more likely that he struck people as faintly sinister, perhaps a little more intellect and boldness in his look than people were used to. This man was powerful: you would approach him only with awe. He had a 'sign.' You could explain this any way you wished. And people always want what is agreeable to them and puts them in the right. They were afraid of Cain's children: they bore a 'sign.' So they did not interpret the sign for what it was—a mark of distinction—but as its opposite. They said: 'Those fellows with the sign, they're a strange lot'—and indeed they were. People with courage and character always seem sinister to the rest. It was a scandal that a breed of fearless and sinister people ran about freely, so they attached a nickname and myth to these people to get even with them, to make up for the many times they had felt afraid—do you get it?"

"Yes—that is—in that case Cain wouldn't have been evil at all? And the whole story in the Bible is actually not authentic?"

"Yes and no. Such age-old stories are always true but they aren't always properly recorded and aren't always given correct interpretations. In short, I mean Cain was a fine fellow and this story was pinned upon him only because people were afraid . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

. . . afraid he might . . .

Henry James, *The Beast in the Jungle*.

. . . infect them with the same . . .

Kevin Trent Bergeson, *Greyhound Bus Trip Forces Salt Lake Man to Confront Existential Void*.

. . . unorthodox . . .

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses*.

. . . outlook on life . . ."

Kevin Trent Bergeson, *Greyhound Bus Trip Forces Salt Lake Man to Confront Existential Void*.

The story was simply a rumor, something that people gab about, and it was true in so far as Cain and his children really bore a kind of a mark and were different from most people."

I was astounded.

"And do you believe that the business about killing his brother isn't true either?" I asked, entranced.

"Oh, that's certainly true. The strong man slew a weaker one. It's doubtful whether it was really his brother. But it isn't important. Ultimately all men are brothers. So, a strong man slew a weaker one: perhaps it was a truly valiant act, perhaps it wasn't. At any rate, all the other weaker ones were afraid of him from then on, they complained bitterly and if you asked them: 'Why don't you turn around and slay him, too?' they did not reply 'Because we're cowards,' but rather 'You can't, he has a sign. God has marked him.' The fraud must have originated some way like that. . . ."

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

[I]t is not always easy, indeed it is perhaps impossible, to assign an absolute value to right and wrong: it is in the nature of crime to create situations of moral conflict, dead ends of which bargaining or compromise are the only conditions of exit; conditions which inflict yet another wound on justice and on oneself.

When an act of violence or an offense has been committed it is forever irreparable: it is quite probable that public opinion will cry out for a sanction, a punishment, a "price" for pain; it is also possible that the price be useful inasmuch as it makes amends or discourages a fresh offense, but the initial offense remains and the "price" is always (even if it is "just") a new offense and a new source of pain.

Primo Levi, *Symposium in Simon Wiesenthal, The Sunflower: On The Possibilities and Limits of Forgiveness.*

"Hermann's theft of figs discovered."

From the entries in his mother's diary and from the extensive exchange of letters between both parents and various members of the family, which have been available since 1966, it is possible to guess at the small boy's painful path.

Alice Miller, *The Drama of the Gifted Child.*

Today, . . .

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Outlaw of Torn.*

. . . at the hotel, . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius.*

. . . the boy . . .

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Outlaw of Torn.*

. . . decides to make fireworks for himself and sets fire to the curtain!

Great alarm. He speechless, draws attention to the fire by rattling the door, and disappears through the back door; . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Sunday, June 13, 1875).*

. . . the boy's father . . .

W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage.*

. . . changing his clothes, puts out the fire in a state of complete nudity; as he is doing so, something happens which he has so often experienced in dreams: the entire Kurhaus sees the fire from outside and storms in to put it out; . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Sunday, June 13, 1875).*

. . . the father . . .

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Outlaw of Torn.*

. . . has trouble withdrawing in his ridiculous state. In good spirits afterward, . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Sunday, June 13, 1875).*

. . . the little fellow . . .

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Outlaw of Torn*.

... surely cured forever of playing with matches, I almost ill with shock.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, June 13, 1875).

The boy ...

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Outlaw of Torn*.

... does not want to sleep in his room anymore, thinks it is still burning!

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Sunday, June 13, 1875).

The next morning, ...

Peter J. Boyer, *The Jesus War: Mel Gibson's Obsession*.

... my mother asked ...

Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*.

... father ...

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

... not to read the newspaper until he had had his coffee.

Peter J. Boyer, *The Jesus War: Mel Gibson's Obsession*.

The newspaper had quite an account of the affair, and, even ...

Victor Appleton, *Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle*.

... described me as ...

Stephen Leacock, *My Discovery of England*.

... "an unwholesomely willful child playing with matches. The immediate temptation ..."

Peter J. Boyer, *The Jesus War: Mel Gibson's Obsession*.

... continued the reporter, ...

Gaston Leroux, *The Secret of the Night*.

"... may be to let the little brat learn the lesson that burnt fingers will teach."

Peter J. Boyer, *The Jesus War: Mel Gibson's Obsession*.

To my father, who was ...

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

... simply concerned with appearances ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... the newspaper account ...

Victor Appleton, *Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle*.

... had been a personal embarrassment to him as a ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... respectable member of the community

Mary Roberts Rinehart, *The Breaking Point*.

My father, furious as he was at finding himself dragged into complicity

with . . .

Samuel Butler, *Erewhon Revisited*.

. . . my antics . . .

Zane Grey, *The Young Forester*.

. . . said what first came into his mind.

Fergus Hume, *The Green Mummy*.

“The boy will come to nothing!”

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

Those were his words; aye, they are his very words!

Charles Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

I became so fervent and headstrong that I was too much for . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

. . . father and . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . I was thrown . . .

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

. . . into such a rage that I became horrible, did and said things so awful they seared my heart even as I said them.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

Hesse, like so many gifted children, was so difficult for his parents to bear, not despite but because of his inner riches. Often a child's very gifts (his great intensity of feeling, depth of experience, curiosity, intelligence, quickness—and his ability to be critical) will confront his parents with conflicts that they have long sought to keep at bay with rules and regulations.

Alice Miller, *The Drama of the Gifted Child*.

Mine was no light youth of sinful gaiety and pleasure. Mine were days of wholesome repression, punishment and fear.

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*.

And the rules alone would break your head[!]

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

My father never discussed his rules: he gave orders and I had to obey. Afraid of being beaten, for he was a very strong man, I pretended to agree with him, cultivated an internal life of dissent that I hid from him and the adult world.

Gottfried Wagner, *Twilight of the Wagners: The Unveiling of a Family's Legacy*.

Within the family it was accepted . . .

Jack London, *Martin Eden*.

. . . that the child would be . . .

W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

... ruthlessly punished, both by beatings and by enforced isolation. ...
He was also bullied at the local day-school to which he was sent, and at which he ...

Anthony Storr, *Solitude: A Return to the Self*.

... was beaten by the masters

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

Ha, these Masters!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

A child, under exactly similar conditions as far as its knowledge goes, cannot very well curse God and die. It howls till its nose is red, its eyes are sore, and its head aches.

Rudyard Kipling, *Baa Baa, Black Sheep*.

"... A boy who has never learned obedience is lost. I grew up in the wildest of anarchy; it had to be, for then as later no known method ever fitted me, but how much should I have been spared if I had been accustomed to obeying! To my sister I was just a wild and forsaken being ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Wednesday, July 5, 1871).

... 'a Pariah' ...

Anthony Storr, *Solitude: A Return to the Self*.

... who never conformed."

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Wednesday, July 5, 1871).

When he was very small—it became possible to establish the date more exactly owing to its having coincided with the fatal illness of an elder sister—he had done something naughty, for which his father had given him a beating. The little boy had flown into a terrible rage and had hurled abuse at his father even while he was under his blows. But as he knew no bad language, he had called him all the names of common objects that he could think of, and had screamed: "You lamp! You towel! You plate!" and so on. His father, shaken by such an outburst of elemental fury, had stopped beating him, and had declared: "The child will be either a great man or a great criminal!"

Sigmund Freud, *Notes Upon A Case of Obsessional Neurosis*.

"Here, you grown-up people, listen to me. If you want to know something! ..."

Anna Freud, *Psychoanalysis for Teachers and Parents*.

Child-rearing is used in a great many cases to prevent those qualities that were once scorned and eradicated in oneself from coming to life in one's children.

Alice Miller, *For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence*.

Listen!

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

The wish ...

L. Frank Baum, *The Marvelous Land of Oz*.

... of grown-ups ...

Jack London, *The People of the Abyss*.

... for "true nobility of soul" justifies every form of cruelty toward the fallible child, and woe to the child who sees through the hypocrisy.

Alice Miller, *For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence*.

—But listen!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Wait!

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

More important—indeed, quite decisive for the future—is ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... the road that leads ...

Anna Freud, *Beating Fantasies and Daydreams*.

... to the apparently paradoxical situation when parents who are proud of their gifted child and who even admire him are forced by their own distress to reject, suppress, or even destroy what is best, because truest, in the child.

Alice Miller, *The Drama of the Gifted Child*.

Alice Miller, Masson explained, was his only remaining supporter. "I am *persona non grata* in the analytic world, a pariah," he said, with the air of one stating a mildly irksome and yet somehow not unamusing fact. He continued, with a rush of words, "Analysts won't speak to me anymore. They avoid me on the street. They are afraid to be seen with me. ..."

Janet Malcolm, *In The Freud Archives*.

Wherever I turn I am shunned, condemned;

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

"... A year ago, they were fawning on me—they were giving me huge grants, they were inviting me to speak at their institutes. But when Anna Freud and Eissler dropped me no analyst would touch me. ..."

Janet Malcolm, *In The Freud Archives*.

Word was spread that I was "difficult, verbose, and dangerous."

Gottfried Wagner, *Twilight of the Wagners: The Unveiling of a Family's Legacy*.

"... When I was fired from the [Freud] Archives, Alice Miller, who shares my ideas and therefore can no longer call herself a Freudian analyst either, was the only person who had the guts to come out for me."

Janet Malcolm, *In The Freud Archives*.

She helped me through this and subsequent crises and soon became my second mother. Since then she has taken an interest in all the essential professional and private events of my life.

Gottfried Wagner, *Twilight of the Wagners: The Unveiling of a Family's Legacy*.

Alice Miller presently appeared—a small, worried looking woman in her early sixties. Masson embraced her warmly, introduced me, and asked her what he could do for her during her stay in Berkeley. Alice Miller said that she wanted to know more about psychotherapy in America. . . . Masson then asked Alice Miller how she was enjoying . . .

Janet Malcolm, *In The Freud Archives*.

. . . the hotel.

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

Alice Miller said in an aggrieved tone that she had gone swimming in one of the pools and was having trouble with the chlorine in her eyes; the goggles sold at the hotel hadn't worked properly. . . .

As [Jeffrey Masson] and I walked through the lobby, he sighed and said, "Goggles, yet. God, she's kvetchy! She's like my mother. . . ."

Janet Malcolm, *In The Freud Archives*.

In some patients who had turned away from their mother, in dislike or hate, or used other mechanisms to get away from her, I have found that there existed in their minds nevertheless a beautiful picture of the mother, but one who was felt to be a picture of her only, not her real self. The real object was felt to be unattractive—really an injured, incurable and therefore dreaded person. The beautiful picture had been dislocated from the real object but had never been given up, and played a great part in the specific ways of their sublimation.

Melanie Klein, *Love, Guilt and Reparation*.

Three nights before his death, . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Almost poetically, . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . he dreamed of meeting . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . his mother . . .

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

. . . looking young and attractive and altogether unlike his early recollections of her.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Yet again the occasion for the dream was a real event. The day before . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

. . . he had received . . .

Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

... a photograph of his mother as a young woman. He looked at it, long and closely, remarking in a scarcely audible tone: "Fantastic!" Was this the bond of trust and the sense of "I" connecting mother and newborn, old man and "Ultimate Other"?

Lawrence J. Friedman, *Identity's Architect: A Biography of Erik H. Erikson*.

Everything in the sphere of this first attachment to the mother seemed to me so difficult to grasp in analysis—so grey with age and shadowy and almost impossible to revivify—that it was as if it has succumbed to an especially inexorable repression.

Sigmund Freud, *Female Sexuality*.

Later in life, it became quite difficult for me to recapture how deeply attached I must have been to ...

Sophie Freud, *My Three Mothers and Other Passions*.

... my mother, ...

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*.

... but I have numerous childhood photographs in which I melt into her body, while she, always beautifully dressed, stares into the camera. I continue to feel anguish, puzzlement and guilt about my frozen feelings toward this ...

Sophie Freud, *My Three Mothers and Other Passions*.

... mother ...

Gloria Vanderbilt, *A Mother's Story*.

... who seems to have loved me so much. This relationship has set the stage for my constant yearning to be intensely loved, while I remain terrified of the costs should this ever really happen.

Sophie Freud, *My Three Mothers and Other Passions*.

Of late I have been increasingly able to catch, if I listen attentively, the sound of the sobs ... which broke out only when I found myself alone with Mamma. Actually, their echo ...

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

... the echo of an original identity ...

Otto Rank, *Art and Artist*.

... has never ceased: it is only because life is now growing more and more quiet round about me that I hear them afresh, like those convent bells which are so effectively drowned during the day by the noises of the streets ...

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

... just as lamplight is nullified by the light of day ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

... that one would suppose them to have been stopped for ever, until they sound out again through the silent evening air.

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

Desire is our door into the world. We see shapes there and want them and we go after them into the world. But desire is our door out again also when the shapes we saw leave our desires unsatisfied. What could we ever have wanted? More than a door to enter, the world offers us a prospect to peer into whose shapes suggest a reality which they, themselves, are not. . . . Reality is shapeless and disparate . . .

William Bronk, *Vectors and Smoothable Curves*.

A certain dream, or fantasy, that kept recurring gained in meaning for me. The dream, the most important and enduringly significant of my life, went something like this: I was returning to my father's house—above the entrance glowed the heraldic bird, yellow on a blue background; in the house itself . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

. . . through the glass door . . .

D.H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*.

. . . my mother was coming toward me—but as I entered and wanted to embrace her, it was not she but a form I had never set eyes on before, tall and strong, resembling Max Demian and the picture I had painted; yet different, for despite its strength it was completely feminine. This form drew me to itself and enveloped me in a deep, tremulous embrace. I felt a mixture of ecstasy and horror—the embrace was at once an act of divine worship and a crime. Too many associations with my mother and friend commingled with this figure embracing me. Its embrace violated all sense of reverence, yet it was bliss. Sometimes I awoke from this dream with a feeling of profound ecstasy, at others in mortal fear and with a racked conscience as though I had committed some terrible crime.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

To the extent that the maternal image is a derivative of the mother, it too is separated into good and bad.

Sheldon Cashdan, *Object Relations Therapy*.

Only gradually and unconsciously did this very intimate image become linked with the hint about the God I was to search for, the hint that had come to me from the outside. The link grew closer and more intimate and I began to sense that I was calling on Abraxas particularly in this dreamed presentiment. Delight and horror, man and woman commingled, the holiest and most delicate innocence: that was the appearance of my love-dream image and Abraxas, too. . . . It was the image of an angel and Satan, man and woman in one flesh, man and beast, the highest good and the worst evil. It seemed my preordained fate. I yearned for it but feared it at the same time. It was ever-present, hovering constantly above me.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

It was an apparition that came and went. Sometimes it came up close, looking at me through the glass, smiling before disappearing. Would it ever return? And who was it? Mother—I was told.

Gloria Vanderbilt, *A Mother's Story*.

He adored and depended on his mother and yearned to approach her for the satisfaction of his needs, but he could not help fearing, avoiding and defying her. He was torn by his love and hatred of her. This paralyzing conflict of ambivalence forced an early splitting of his mother's image.

Ruth Abraham, *Freud's Mother Conflict and the Formulation of the Oedipal Father*.

I often saw the beloved apparition of my dream with a clarity greater than life, more distinct than my own hand, spoke with it, wept before it, cursed it. I called it mother and knelt down in front of it in tears. I called it my beloved and had a premonition of its ripe all-fulfilling kiss. I called it devil and whore, vampire and murderer. It enticed me to the gentlest love-dreams and to devastating shamelessness, nothing was too good and precious, nothing was too wicked and low for it.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

In the images of a poet and a painter we find these opposites fused. The lost parent is both dead and alive, absent but enduring, far and near.

Martha Wolfenstein, *The Image of the Lost Parent*.

"Living" aesthetic forms of responsive creative illusion may supersede actual persons in living form.

Gilbert J. Rose, *Necessary Illusion: Art as Witness*.

In my life I had been like a painter climbing a road high above a lake, a view of which is denied him by a curtain of rocks and trees. Suddenly through a gap in the curtain he sees the lake, its whole expanse is before him, he takes up his brushes.

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

Art saves him, and through art—life.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

And as art exactly reconstitutes life, around the truths to which we have attained inside ourselves there will always float an atmosphere of poetry, the soft charm of a mystery which is merely a vestige of the shadow which we have had to traverse, the indication, as precise as the markings of an altimeter, of the depth of a work . . .

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

. . . which constitutes . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . the visible reflections of . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

. . . the depths of an individual's inner psyche.

Lawrence J. Friedman, *Identity's Architect: A Biography of Erik H. Erikson*.

What is otherwise contradiction assumes for the artist the aspect of rich ambiguity. The boundness to an ever-living past, which prevents the neurotic from living in the

present, provides the artist with the source and substance of his work, which embodies, in Proust's phrase, "the past recaptured."

Martha Wolfenstein, *The Image of the Lost Parent*.

The poet sees his mother as both the liberator and the confiner of his sexual identity. Her body is the child's bridge to the other worlds, the worlds before birth and after death.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

Life stared at him, filled with secrets, a somber, unfathomable world, a rigid forest bristling with fairy-tale dangers—but these were mother secrets, they came from her, led to her, they were the small dark circle, the tiny abyss in her clear eye.

So much of his forgotten childhood surged up during these mother dreams, so many small flowers of memory bloomed from the endless depth of forgetfulness, golden-faced premonition-scented memories of childhood emotions, of incidents perhaps, or perhaps of dreams. Occasionally he'd dream of fish, black and silver, swimming toward him, cool and smooth, . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Narcissus and Goldmund*.

. . . shapes seen through the doorway of desire . . .

Gilbert J. Rose, *Necessary Illusion: Art as Witness*.

. . . swimming into him, through him, coming like messengers bearing joyous news of a more gracious, more beautiful reality and vanishing, tails flipping, shadowlike, gone, having brought new enigmas rather than messages. Or he'd dream of swimming fish and flying birds, and each fish or bird was his creature, depended on him, could be guided like a breath, radiated from him like an eye, like a thought, returned to him. Or he'd dream of a garden, a magic garden . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Narcissus and Goldmund*.

The truth surely was that the being within me which had enjoyed these impressions had enjoyed them because they had in them something that was common to a day long past and to the present, because in some way they were extra-temporal, and this being . . .

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

. . . a supernatural being, . . .

Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

. . . twined with the chant of my soul, . . .

Walt Whitman, Excerpt from *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*.

. . . made its appearance only when, through one of these identifications of the present with the past, it was likely to find itself in the one and only medium in which it could exist and enjoy the essence of things, that is to say: outside time.

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

Yes, my friends, believe with me . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

The echoes by which . . .

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

. . . the inconceivable mystery of a soul . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

. . . seeks to determine the reach, the logic and authority of its own voice, come from the rear. Evidently, the mechanisms at work are complex and rooted in diffuse but vital needs . . .

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

. . . of continuity and . . .

Jack London, *Before Adam*.

. . . of self, of security and identity.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

The illusion of a responsive presence in the form of art confirms that I am I . . .

Gilbert J. Rose, *Necessary Illusion: Art as Witness*.

—that elusive *it* . . .

Gloria Vanderbilt, *A Mother's Story*.

. . . establishes a sort of identity . . .

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

. . . and, like art, itself, perhaps perfectible in the confident expectation of a future which one knows is also an illusion, while true as far as it goes because in the service of life.

Gilbert J. Rose, *Necessary Illusion: Art as Witness*.

This fantasy, if you transpose it into the domain of what is for each one of us the sole reality, the domain of his own sensibility, becomes the truth.

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

And it is true that each genuine recovery of forgotten experience and, with it, something of the person that one was when having the experience carries with it an element of enrichment, adds to the light of consciousness, and thus widens the conscious scope of one's life.

Ernest G. Schachtel, *Metamorphosis*.

So that my personality of today may be compared to an abandoned quarry, which supposes everything it contains to be uniform and monotonous, but from which memory, selecting here and there, can like some Greek sculptor, extract . . .

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

. . . between the temple ruins . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Future of an Illusion*.

. . . innumerable different statues.

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

Each man's life represents a road toward himself, an attempt at such a road, the intimation of a path. No man has ever been entirely and completely himself. Yet each one strives to become that—one in an awkward, the other in a more intelligent way, each as best he can. Each man carries the vestiges of his birth—the slime and eggshells of his primeval past—with him to the end of his days. Some never become human remaining frog, lizard, ant. Some are human above the waist, fish below. Each represents a gamble on the part of nature in creation of the human. We all share the same origin, our mothers; all of us come in at the same door. But each of us—experiments of the depths—strives toward his own destiny.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

This awareness . . .

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

. . . that I am I . . .

Gilbert J. Rose, *Necessary Illusion: Art as Witness*.

. . . is also an inheritance.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

And now . . .

A.E. Housman, Excerpt from "*Oh, When I Was in Love with You*."

Let us ask what precisely . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . are these "shapes" the poet insistently refers to—shapes seen through the doorway of desire leading into the world?

Gilbert J. Rose, *Necessary Illusion: Art as Witness*.

Beyond any doubt . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

They are shapes of early feeling . . .

Gilbert J. Rose, *Necessary Illusion: Art as Witness*.

. . . modeled on memories or fantasies of an Edenic state . . .

Maynard Solomon, *Beethoven*.

. . . sought in the outside world, to be recaptured in the present, if only through the beneficence of the controlled illusion that is art: an objective realization that witnesses the ongoing interplay between self and other, luring life on beyond itself in the illusion of a future attuned to transformations at higher levels of the same resonating responsiveness that existed in the beginning.

Gilbert J. Rose, *Necessary Illusion: Art as Witness*.

And presently it became quiet and secret around; but from the depth the sound of a bell came up slowly.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.

The hour has come!—

Richard Wagner, *Parsifal*.

It's time! It's late!

Friedrich Nietzsche, Excerpt from “*From High Mountains: Aftersong*.”

How it sighs! How it laughs in a dream! Old deep, deep midnight!

Still! Still! Here things are heard that by day may not become loud; but now in the cool air, when all the noise of your hearts too has become still—now it speaks, now it is heard, now it steals into nocturnal, overawake souls. Alas! Alas!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.

He sighed deeply, closed his eye, and,
as in a dream, whispered these words:

Richard Wagner, *Gotterdammerung*.

Now I will do nothing but listen,
To accrue what I hear into this song, to let sounds
contribute toward it.

Walt Whitman, Excerpt from “*Song of Myself*.”

I hear a . . .

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

. . . macabre rhythm . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . that continues . . .

James Fenimore Cooper, *The Pioneers*.

. . . beyond the grave in the manner of echoes that go on sounding long
after the original voice has become silent.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Something sinister in the tone
Told me my secret must be known:
Word I was in the house alone
Somehow must have gotten abroad,
Word I was in my life alone,
Word I had no one left but God.

Robert Frost, Excerpt from “*Bereft*.”

Now I . . .

Walt Whitman, Excerpt from “*Song of Myself*.”

—I alone . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

. . . Frozen in a moment—

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.

. . . feel the puzzle of puzzles, . . .

Walt Whitman, Excerpt from "Song of Myself."

... the great riddle ...

Sigmund Freud, *Notes Upon a Case of Obsessional Neurosis*.

And that ...

Walt Whitman, Excerpt from "Song of Myself."

... that ...

Gloria Vanderbilt, *A Mother's Story*.

... we call Being.

Walt Whitman, Excerpt from "Song of Myself."

And if somebody asked, ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

What is a "poet"?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

—couldn't one answer simply:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

... the poet creates a new personal ideal for the masses, a creation to which he was driven by his inner conflicts arising from the formation of his own ideal. Dissatisfied with the ideal of the group, he forms ...

Otto Rank, *The Don Juan Legend*.

... in defiance of tradition, ...

Isaac Deutscher, *Marc Chagall and the Jewish Imagination*.

... his own individual ideal in order to proffer it to the group, without whose recognition his creation remains very unsatisfactory. The impetus to his formation of an ideal obviously comes from a very strong narcissism, which prevents him from accepting the common ideal and makes it necessary for him to create an individual one.

Otto Rank, *The Don Juan Legend*.

No doubt ...

Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents*.

... the artist ...

Otto Rank, *Art and Artist*.

... will always defend his claim to individual liberty against the will of the group. A good part of the struggles of mankind centre round the single task of finding an expedient accommodation—one, that is, that will bring happiness—between the claim of the individual and the cultural claims of the group ...

Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents*.

I believe that the artist's personality, however strongly it may express the spirit of the age, must nevertheless bring him into conflict with that age and with his contemporaries.

Otto Rank, *Art and Artist*.

Wagner put . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . these struggles . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*.

. . . on stage as *Die Meistersinger*.

In its final act, Walther, having learned the masters' rules, . . . feels liberated and begins to improvise. What was written in the past no longer constrains. His composition has paid homage to tradition; rule has helped to a point. Suddenly unfettered, he responds to the impulse of the moment.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

To him, history ends as well as starts with him; others must look to their memories, to legends, or to books to find models for the present and the future in what their predecessors have said and done.

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

His is a romantic vision, born of feeling, impetuosity, yearning, and reveries. To communicate its loosely but subtly connected images a relaxed, highly personal expression is needed, one answering only to the individual's sensitivity. Walther returns to the dream world that first gave his inspiration birth.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . the artist knows the rules, although an art work cannot be created by following them.

E. James Lieberman, *Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank*.

WALTHER:

If they now stand in such high repute,
who was it who made the rules?

SACHS:

It was sorely-troubled Masters,
spirits oppressed by the cares of life:
in . . .

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

. . . the desert . . .

Arnold Schoenberg, *Moses und Aron*.

. . . of their troubles
they formed for themselves an image,
so that to them might remain
of youthful love
a memory, clear and firm,
in which spring can be recognized.

WALTHER:

But he from whom spring has long since fled,
how can he capture it in an image?

SACHS:

He refreshes it as well as he can:
so, as a troubled man, I should like,
if I am to teach you the rules,
you to explain them to me anew.—
See, here is ink, pen, paper:
I'll write it down for you if you will dictate to me.

WALTHER:

How I should begin I scarcely know.

SACHS:

Tell me your morning-dream.

WALTHER:

Through the good precepts of your rules
I feel as if it were effaced.

SACHS:

Then take poetry to your hand now:
many found through it what was lost.

WALTHER:

So it might not be dream, but poetry?

SACHS:

The two are friends—gladly stand by each other.

WALTHER:

How do I begin according to the rule?

SACHS:

You make it yourself, and then you follow it.

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*. *Walther prepares to dictate to Sachs a song, "the morning dream interpretation melody," that came to him in a dream during the night.*

So he ignored everything they had learned over the centuries and set out to re-create for himself what the masters had already perfected . . .

Joel Glenn Brenner, *The Emperors of Chocolate: Inside the Secret World of Hershey and Mars*.

. . . acting as if . . .

Henry James, *The Ambassadors*.

. . . mankind were starting all over with his own beginning as an individual, conscious of his singularity as well as his humanity; [while] others hide in the folds of whatever tradition they are part of . . .

Even in this scheme, the mother remains a counterplayer however shadowy.

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

At the risk of displeasing innocent ears I propose . . .

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

. . . that the mother of a creative man who achieves prominence has conveyed to her son a feeling of great "specialness" in herself, which she has passed on to him. It is as if she says, "You have something unique, better than your father, and you get it all from me."

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

Freud recorded an anxiety-ridden dream of his mother's death, from his seventh or eighth year; correspondingly, she too once reported a dream of her son's death. By then she was an old woman, for whom dying was not a distant prospect. In her dream she was at Sigmund's funeral, and around his casket were arrayed the heads of state of the major European nations. For an old mother, even a Jewish one, to experience such a dream is not implausible, but to permit an account of having dreamed of such a catastrophe to cross her lips because it depicted the fame her beloved son had achieved, does reveal something about the nature of her own yearnings which had been satisfied through her son's career.

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers*.

He was eleven or twelve, sitting with his parents in one of the restaurants in the Prater, Vienna's famous park. A strolling poetaster was wandering from table to table, improvising for a few coins little verses on any theme proposed to him. "I was sent off to ask the poet to our table and he showed himself grateful to the messenger. Before inquiring for his topic, he dropped a few verses about me and, inspired, declared it probable that some day I would become a cabinet minister."

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

Amalie must have cherished the heroic prophesies that were made about Freud in his early years. More personally for her, [her] dream, at least according to her son's theory, may also have expressed a hidden meaning through a thematic polarity. For through the multiplication of father figures she may have been accentuating the opposite of the dream's manifest content—that Freud really belonged to her alone and that he was more her son than his father's. Simultaneously, for dreams can have many levels, this dream may have been an attempt at compensation for the loss of her son; she might no longer have him, but she was assured that the world did.

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers*.

As a reader (before becoming a writer) I read as I had been taught to do. But books revealed themselves rather differently to me as a writer. In that capacity I have to place enormous trust in my ability to imagine others and my willingness to project consciously into the danger zones such others may represent for me. I am drawn to the ways all

writers do this: the way Homer renders a heart-eating cyclops so that our hearts are wrenched with pity; the way Dostoyevsky compels intimacy with Svidrigailov and Prince Myshkin. I am in awe of the authority of Faulkner's Benjy, James's Maisie, Flaubert's Emma, Melville's Pip, Mary Shelley's Frankenstein—each of us can extend the list.

I am interested in what prompts and makes possible this process of entering what one is estranged from—and in what disables the foray, for purposes of fiction, into corners of the consciousness held off and away from the reach of the writer's imagination.

Toni Morrison, *Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination*.

How can "the totally Other" act on us, let alone give any signal of its utterly inaccessible existence?

The ultimate "particles," the bondings of elements in human consciousness whose orbits generate the quantum jump of faith [that propel one to imagine the "totally Other"], are presumably multiple. They are not unambiguously accountable to even the masters of introspection, of self-decoding, such as Pascal or Kierkegaard. They sink their roots into the finalities of the unconscious. Childhood experiences (according to Freud, this is where the discussion should stop) are seminal. Each atom of time in our life-histories can be causal either way. Belief or non-belief are closely resonant, thought at depths of intricacy that defy analysis, with our immersion and dissatisfactions with language.

George Steiner, *Errata: An Examined Life*.

As a writer reading, I came to realize the obvious: the subject of the dream is the dreamer. The fabrication of . . .

Toni Morrison, *Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination*.

. . . "the totally Other" . . .

George Steiner, *Errata: An Examined Life*.

. . . is reflexive; an extraordinary meditation in the self; a powerful exploration of the fears and desires that reside in the writerly conscious. It is an astonishing revelation of longing, of terror, of perplexity, of shame, of magnanimity. It requires hard work not to see this.

It is as if I had been looking at a fishbowl—the glide and flick of the golden scales, the green top, the bolt of white careening back from the gills; the castles at the bottom, surrounded by pebbles and tiny, intricate fronds of green; the barely disturbed water, the flecks of waste and food, the tranquil bubbles traveling to the surface—and suddenly I saw the bowl, the structure that transparently (and invisibly) permits the ordered life it contains to exist in the larger world. In other words, I began to rely on my knowledge of how books get written, how language arrives; my sense of how and why writers abandon or take on certain aspects of the project. I began to rely on my understanding of what the linguistic struggle requires of writers and what they make of the surprise that is the inevitable concomitant of the act of creation.

Toni Morrison, *Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination*.

Should we not look for the first traces of imaginative activity as early as in childhood? The child's best-loved and most intense occupation is with his play or games. Might we not say that every child at play behaves like a creative writer, in that he creates a world of his own, or, rather, re-arranges the things of his world in a new way which pleases him? It would be wrong to think he does not take that world seriously; on the contrary, he takes his play very seriously and he expends large amounts of emotion on it. The opposite of play is not what is serious but what is real. In spite of all the emotion with which he cathects his world of play, the child distinguishes it quite well from reality; and he likes to link his imagined objects and situations to the tangible and visible things of the real world. This linking is all that differentiates the child's 'play' from 'phantasying'.

Sigmund Freud, *Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming*.

A man's maturity—consists in having found again the seriousness one had as a child, at play.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

Ludwig Geyer . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . Father Geyer . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Thursday, December 26, 1878).

. . . had left him a toy theater for which he made himself some puppets, and at some point he started to write a play about knights of old.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

“ . . . I made a little boat out of a cigar box and rag figures, with red and white shirts . . . blue ribbons around the head, and I put them out into the sunlight . . . ”

Helen A. Cooper, Thomas Eakins *The Rowing Pictures*.

. . . with all the men armed and arrayed in battle formation.

Medieval Sourcebook: The Battle of Hattin 1187.

The opening scene of this gory melodrama fell into his sisters' hands, and their scornful laughter was terrible to hear. It may well have been a similar play that Caecilie . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . Richard's eldest sister . . .

Hollis Alpert, *Burton*.

. . . recalled him presenting during a summer excursion to Loschwitz, where the Geyers owned a cottage.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

May had begun, and after weeks of cold and wet a mock summer had set in.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

The young adventurer who was planning dramas on a Shakespearean scale almost as soon as . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . the family had made its . . .

Alice Ferguson, *Mouton brothers stake claim in Vermilionville*.

. . . arrival in the country . . .

Ludwig van Beethoven, *Symphony No. 6 ("The Pastoral")*.

. . . set up his miniature stage beside the steps on the castle hill.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

On this high note the puppet show commences.

Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*.

As a boy, even as a child, I was thrown much upon myself.

Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography*.

To be sure no one was aware of him. The family was entirely absorbed in . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

. . . the continuing "ordinary cares of life."

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Thus it came to pass that I . . .

Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography*.

. . . an invisible scourge . . .

Richard Wagner, *Das Rheingold*.

. . . was always going about with some castle in the air firmly built within my mind.

Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography*.

A seventh child, eight years after the last-born, I . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

—fortunately or unfortunately—

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

. . . rang the bell at the gates of life as a belated and rather unwanted guest.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

The family . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

. . . were but . . .

Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

. . . used to him, it seemed; they suffered him among them . . .

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

. . . while he, for his part, . . .

Leo Tolstoy, *Boyhood*.

... simply detached himself from the cold and unrewarding world and retreated into phantasy.

Frances Donaldson, *P.G. Wodehouse*.

Such was Wagner's response to a deep existential need—his means of escape.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

His dreams ...

Michael Chabon, *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay: A Novel*.

... obscure and ambiguous ...

Henry James, *In the Cage*.

... dreams of transcendence—

Richard Schickel, *They Sorta Got Rhythm*.

... *had* always been Houdiniesque: they were the dreams of a pupa struggling in its blind cocoon, mad for a taste of light and air ...

Michael Chabon, *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay: A Novel*.

... yet enjoying in some curious way ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Psychology of the Ascetic*.

... the glory of its aloneness.

Roger Zelazny, *Auto-da-Fe*.

Through his sensibility and charm he was sought after as a friend. ... But what he was searching for, and never found, was real spiritual involvement with another person.

Vivien Noakes, *Edward Lear*.

"I shall surely leave the world with my great longing to have seen and known a man I truly venerate, who has given me something, unsatisfied. In my childhood years I used to dream I had been with Shakespeare, had conversed with him; that was my longing finding expression."

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Friday, May 26, 1871).

He loved Geyer ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

... and gilded with mythical significance ...

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

... several lines from ...

Harry Rusche, *John Hamilton Mortimer. The Poet, 1775*.

... a little play that Geyer wrote for the family circle in ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... I think it was toward the end of December, 1817.

***The Beethoven Companion* quoting Ludwig van Beethoven, *Conversation Book*.**

"... As for Richard, there's no need to worry about him. He goes his own way so quietly, ...

Ludwig Geyer, *Die Uberraschung*.

... but he ...

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

... will find his public."

Ludwig Geyer, *Die Uberraschung*.

They are words, mere words, are they not? ... But yet there is something in them—

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Der Rosenkavalier*.

Had Geyer been gifted with prophetic vision he could not have painted a truer picture of ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... a son ...

Richard Wagner, *Siegfried*.

... who later became great—

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

... by preserving in ...

Charles Darwin, *The Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication*.

... himself the clear eye of the ...

Erik H. Erikson, *Insight and Responsibility*.

... child who satisfies ...

U.S. Social Security Administration, *Disability Requirement to Entitle a Grandchild When a Parent is Disabled*.

... the charismatic hunger of mankind ...

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

... by waving ...

Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*.

... his wand of magic over the world

Richard Wagner, *Die Walkure*.

Geyer pinned all his brightest hopes on Richard ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... his tender heir ...

William Shakespeare, *Sonnet No. I*

... and it was with a feeling of placid exultation that ...

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

... the older man perceived that the lad was not entirely unresponsive to all the tender notice lavished on him.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

But by the autumn of 1821, when the boy was barely eight and a half years old, Geyer was already dead.

Hans Mayer, *Portrait of Wagner*.

On the afternoon of ...

Adam Gopnik, *The City and the Pillars: Taking a Long Walk Home.*

... the day my father died ...

Richard Ford, *Love Lost.*

... the old schoolmaster ...

Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

... came and took me ...

Richard Wagner, *My Life.*

... for a journey ...

Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

... to the country. We walked all the way, and did not arrive until nightfall. On the way I asked him many questions about the stars, about which he gave me my first intelligent notions.

Richard Wagner, *My Life.*

I never saw the heavens so ...

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale.*

... brim with ...

Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

... stars—countless stars.

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo.*

I thought of their unfathomable distance, and the slow inevitable drift of their movements out of the unknown past into the unknown future.

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine.*

It was a ...

Mark Twain, *Roughing It.*

... dream night, the comet, the Wain, Orion, full moon, the mildest air, and motionless silence!

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Tuesday, October 31, 1882).*

I believe I was too frightened and amazed to cry.

Richard Wagner, *My Life.*

In Richard's account, ...

Hollis Alpert, *Burton.*

... *his schoolmaster had said* ...

Jerome Jerome, *Three Men In A Boat.*

... "Of you he hoped to make something."

Richard Wagner, *My Life.*

I remember that for a long time after I used to imagine ...

Richard Wagner, *Autobiographical Sketch.*

... father's posthumous approval ...

Stephen Orgel, *Othello and the End of Comedy.*

... and ...

Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain: A Biography. 1907-1910.*

... desired to please ...

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice.*

... him; ...

Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain: A Biography. 1907-1910.*

... suffered agonies at the thought of failure

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice.*

I could not help thinking ...

Jack London, *The Mutiny of the Elsinore.*

'If my father were alive, what would he say to this?'

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

The earliest recollections of my childhood are fixed on this stepfather and pass from him to the theater.

Richard Wagner, *My Life.*

Incidentally, a word about Wagner's ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner.*

... *Autobiographical* ...

Sigmund Freud, *An Autobiographical Study.*

... writings:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner.*

Throughout his life ...

Hollis Alpert, *Burton.*

... he was an ...

Mark Twain, *Roughing It.*

... endless and remarkable raconteur. He liked most of all to delve into the past and tell of his origins

Hollis Alpert, *Burton.*

The reader will already have noticed ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... that Wagner ...

Mark Twain, *At the Shrine of St. Wagner.*

... is above all an actor.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner.*

But to continue:—

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Don Juan.*

What attracted me so strongly to the theater, in which I include the stage itself, the compartments behind the scenes, and the dressing-rooms, was not so much the desire for entertainment and diversion, such as motivates today's theatergoers, but rather a tingling delight in finding myself in an atmosphere that represented such a contrast to normal life by its purely fantastic and almost appallingly attractive quality. Thus a set, or even a

flat—perhaps representing a bush—or a costume or even only a characteristic piece of one, appeared to me to emanate from another world and be in a certain sense interesting as apparitions, and contact with all this would serve as a lever to lift me out of a monotonous everyday reality into that fascinating demoniacal realm.

Richard Wagner, *My Life*.

And so I learned that there were two kinds of reality, but that of the stage was far more real.

Arthur Miller, *Timebends*.

One birthday, probably his tenth, was made memorable by a sudden storm that swept the flimsy . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . toy . . .

Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain: A Biography. 1907-1910*.

. . . theater into the air, ripped the curtain to shreds, and scattered the puppets in all directions. The heavens opened, sending the audience scampering down the steps . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . they had to turn this way and that . . .

John Russell Brown, *Shakespeare and His Theatre*.

. . . in search of shelter but the bedraggled playwright continued his performance in a voice choked with tears, clasping the remains of his ruined theater in his arms.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

The others called him, at first gaily, then imploringly; he would not hear.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

He eventually consented to be taken home, still weeping. For some time afterward, mutilated puppets would occasionally be discovered and returned to him by sympathetic playmates.

That was how it all began. It was his first theatrical rumpus, a characteristic clash with incalculable forces.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

In the space of a few minutes the sky had turned black and it began to rain. Soon the rain increased until it became a stubborn downpour and the thick earth . . . changed to a blanket of mud, a hands-breadth deep.

Primo Levi, *Moments of Reprieve: A Memoir of Auschwitz*.

What is difficult to render in adult language is the combination, almost the fusion of delight and menace, of fascination and unease I experienced as I retreated to my room, the drains spitting under the rain-lashed eaves, and sat, hour after entranced hour, turning the pages, committing to memory . . .

George Steiner, *Errata: An Examined Life*.

Hardly was he well inside his room when the door was hastily pushed shut, bolted and locked. The sudden noise in his rear startled him so much that his little legs gave beneath him. It was his sister who had shown such haste.

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

Until then I had had so many ways out of everything, and now I had none.

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

I was glad . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

. . . glad and grateful . . .

Ludwig van Beethoven, *Symphony No. 6 ("The Pastoral")*.

. . . when I finally lay in my bed.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

I felt that it had become my . . .

Ulrich Baer, *Listening to Survivors' Testimonies*.

. . . haven of refuge.

Rex Ellingwood Beach, *The Ne'er-Do-Well*.

Beyond the open window . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

—one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter—

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

. . . the sound of insects has not ceased, not faltered.

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

When I had lain in bed awhile, enveloped by its warmth and safety, my fearful heart turned back once more in confusion and hovered anxiously above what was now past.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

There I lay aside . . .

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw*.

. . . turning the pages, committing to memory . . .

George Steiner, *Errata: An Examined Life*.

. . . the contents of . . .

Jack London, *The Mutiny of the Elsinore*.

. . . a small book in blue waxen covers.

It was a pictorial guide to coats of arms in the princely city [of Salzburg] and surrounding fiefs. Each blazon was reproduced in color, together with a brief historical notice as to the castle, family-domain, bishopric, or abbey which it identified. The little manual closed with a map marking the relevant sites, including ruins, and with a glossary of heraldic terms.

Even today, I can feel the pressure of wonder, the inward shock which this chance "pacifier" triggered.

George Steiner, *Errata: An Examined Life*.

The creative writer does the same as the child at play. He creates a world of phantasy which he takes very seriously—that is, which he invests with large amounts of emotion—while separating it sharply from reality.

Sigmund Freud, *Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming*.

Delving back into the past, immersing himself in his childhood and adolescence, contemplating his early career, conjuring up all the joy and anguish of a lifelong quest for fulfillment—all the errors and delusions, too—Wagner was inundated with a profusion of mental images during his weeks and months in Venice . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . the city from which . . .

H.G. Wells, *When the Sleeper Wakes*.

. . . a shocked and respectful world received the news of his decease.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

He lived off the past and was haunted by it. He dreamed of going skating . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . on a frozen lake, . . .

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

. . . recalled scenes from his childhood and described them to Cosima, was once more addressed in his dreams as Richard Geyer . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . Geyer, . . .

Theodor Herzl, *Old-New Land*.

. . . the name of the musician's real father

Desmond Stewart, *Theodor Herzl: Artist and Politician. A Biography of the Father of Modern Israel*.

I had the lonely child's habit of making up stories and holding conversations with imaginary persons, and I think from the very start my literary ambitions were mixed up with the feeling of being isolated and undervalued. I knew that I had a facility with words and a power of facing unpleasant facts, and I felt that this created a sort of private world in which I could get my own back for my failure in everyday life.

George Orwell, *Why I Write*.

I remember a little incident in connection with . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

. . . Grandmother Geyer, who was still alive, . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . and shared . . .

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*.

. . . her gloomy back room with some captive robin redbreasts.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

Lest it . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale.*

. . . grieve her deeply . . .

Richard Wagner, *Götterdämmerung.*

. . . her eldest . . .

Mark Twain, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.*

. . . son's death had to be . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

. . . hidden from her . . .

Richard Wagner, *Götterdämmerung.*

. . . a pretense in which Richard, too, was expected to join. He took off his mourning and talked to the ailing old woman as though Ludwig still existed—strangely enough, without difficulty.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

Be that as it may.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice.*

I felt adventure in my blood . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

I had put together a drama in which Shakespeare, principally through . . .

Richard Wagner, *My Life.*

. . . both *Hamlet* and *Lear* . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET.*

. . . had contributed.

Richard Wagner, *My Life.*

Once more:

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner.*

Words, words, mere words . . .

William Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida.*

The plot was essentially a variation of *Hamlet*; my alteration consisted in the fact that my hero, upon the appearance of the ghost of a father murdered in similar circumstances and calling for vengeance, is galvanized into immediate action and goes mad after a series of murders.

Richard Wagner, *My Life.*

The unreality of the writer's imaginative world, however, has very important consequences for the technique of his art; for many things which, if they were real, could give no enjoyment, can do so in the play of phantasy, and many excitements which, in themselves, are actually distressing, can become a source of pleasure for the hearers and spectators at the performance of a writer's work.

There is another consideration for the sake of which we will dwell a moment longer on this contrast between reality and play. When the child has grown up and has ceased to play, and after he has been labouring for decades to envisage the realities of life with proper seriousness, he may one day find himself in a mental situation which once more undoes the contrast between play and reality. As an adult he can look back on the intense seriousness with which he once carried on his games in childhood; and, by equating his ostensibly serious occupations of to-day with his childhood games, he can throw off the too heavy burden imposed on him by life and win the high yield of pleasure afforded by humour.

Sigmund Freud, *Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming*.

Oh, that is my salvation, this ability to convert the most serious of things into nonsense in a flash—it has always kept me from going over the brink. Thus, for example, in the midst of my composing today, I . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, August 6, 1878).

. . . found it quite impossible to compose . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

. . . a single modulation or turn.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, April 12, 1878).

He took up his pen several times and laid it down again because he could not make up his mind what he ought to . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

. . . write and . . .

Mark Twain, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

. . . rose up and wandered . . .

Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

. . . through the rooms and now and again . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, October 3, 1882).

. . . wrote . . .

Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain: A Biography. 1907-1910*.

. . . down a joke . . .

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, October 3, 1882).

. . . but was . . .

Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain: A Biography. 1907-1910*.

indisposed.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, October 3, 1882).

He resolved, he rose to his feet . . .

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

. . . to leave the . . .

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

. . . noble apartment of the palace . . .

Mark Twain, *The Prince and the Pauper*.

... where he lived ...

Mark Twain, *A Burlesque Biography*.

—and now undertook a walk, in the hope that air and exercise might send him back refreshed to a good evening's work.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

Moored at ground-floor level and ready for use at all times was the gondola presided over by Luigi, Wagner's favorite gondolier. Luigi used to ferry him to St. Mark's Square, ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... beneath balconies of delicate marble traceries flanked by carven lions ...

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

... through the canal under the Bridge of Sighs ...

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Thursday, November 16, 1882)*.

... round slippery corners of wall, past melancholy facades with ancient business shields reflected in the rocking water.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

There, there ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*.

... among the ...

Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

... Notable Sights of Venice ...

Mark Twain, *Innocents Abroad*.

... Wagner ...

Mark Twain, *At the Shrine of St. Wagner*.

... liked to sit on the stone bench in front of the basilica, unrecognized and unnoticed by the strollers and tourists who gazed up at the four bronze horses on the portico. He would sit there hunched with his elbows propped on his knees, a pose in which he half-humorously predicted that his corpse would someday be discovered.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

This leads to many jokes!

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries (Sunday, November 26, 1882)*.

The Sense of Humor ...

Max Eastman, *The Sense of Humor*.

... was a palliative that never failed to ease the strain and pain of his relations with the world around him.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

"It would be my greatest triumph if I were to make you all laugh in my final hour."—

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Wednesday, May 19, 1880).

When we know what all are, we must bewail us,
But ne'ertheless I hope it is no crime
To laugh at all things—for I wish to know
What, after all, are all things—but a show?

George Gordon, Lord Byron, Excerpt from *Don Juan*.

But yet . . .

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Der Rosenkavalier*.

The human theater of life, . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

. . . whether . . .

Mark Twain, *The Mysterious Stranger*.

. . . circumscribed for each . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

. . . person . . .

Mark Twain, *The Mysterious Stranger*.

. . . by the power of . . .

Erik H. Erikson, *Young Man Luther*.

. . . comedy or tragedy . . .

R.D. Laing, *The Self and Others*.

. . . Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

. . . and will not be recall'd

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Manfred*.

Not that he knew it, Wagner's own bond with Venice was already sealed.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Wagner had, in fact, signed his own death warrant in going . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . to Venice, . . .

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

. . . though his resilient temperament and his indomitable will were able to postpone execution of the sentence for a few . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . priceless, equable days . . .

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

. . . yet.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

—Ah, this old magician!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

Verily, . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*.

... like a play-actor, ...

L. Frank Baum, *The Emerald City of Oz*.

... aged and infirm, ...

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Dr. Bullivant*.

... set down in the middle of a Shakespeare play!

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Friday, September 5, 1879).

—But, alas, ...

William Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*.

... the old wizard ...

Joseph Conrad, *Tales Of Unrest*.

... no longer had the strength to play a part.

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

My friends! His death ...

Is Jesus The Son Of God?

... was as glorious as his life.

***Cosima Wagner's Diaries* quoting Paul von Joukowsky, Letter to Malwida von Meysenbug Describing the Death of Wagner.**

Our adventurer felt his senses wooed by ...

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

... the shrill, folklike singing of a boy rowing a gondola through storm and rain

...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Saturday, October 28, 1882).

It seemed to him the pale and lovely Summoner out there smiled at him and beckoned; ...

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

... the journey home, beneath glittering stars with the bells tolling, is wonderful.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, October 31, 1882).

Already the burning Pleiades descend into the sea.

Arrigo Boito, *Otello (after the play by William Shakespeare)*.

And in the evening ...

Cosima Wagner's Diaries (Tuesday, October 31, 1882).

... as the ...

Mark Twain, *Christian Science*.

... deathly stillness grows ever deeper ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

—it was an ...

Mark Twain, *Christian Science*.

... unforgettable moment ...

E. Phillips Oppenheim, *The Evil Shepherd*.

... when with weary eyes ...

Celia Moss, *Mordecai: A Tale of the English Jews in the Thirteenth Century*.

... he remarked slowly,

Emma Goldman, *Living My Life*.

... laying down his pen, ...

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

"I am like Othello. The long day's task is done."

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

The Universe is infinite but bounded, and therefore a beam of light, in whatever direction it may travel, will after billions of centuries return—if powerful enough—to the point of its departure; and it is no different with rumor, that flies about from star to star and makes the rounds of every planet.

Stanislaw Lem, *The Seventh Sally or How Trurl's Own Perfection Led to No Good*.

As one who aired his views on all and sundry, ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... Wagner ...

Rexford G. Tugwell, *The Democratic Roosevelt*.

... was forever being quoted. Without even wanting to, he constantly became embroiled in public controversies that made him the subject and object of journalistic debate—and, coincidentally, "good box office." He once wrote to [a friend] from Tribschen: "Of myself there's nothing much to tell, since so much is said about me. If a man pondered from dawn till dusk how to set about making a scandal of himself, he couldn't set about it one whit better than I. I think I'm very much envied for my skill in that respect."

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

In castle and in humble hut,
the evil slander ended not.

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

At first the town gossips said of him, 'He's simply out to make money.' When it was found that he enriched the community before enriching himself they said, 'He has political ambitions.' This seemed the more likely since he was religious and attended church service, which was considered highly commendable at that time.

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

It is interesting in the first place to note that ... he makes no attempt whatever to deny that his activities in May, 1849, warranted his being placed on trial. He does not

protest his perfect innocence: he only pleads now, after ten years, he is "no longer, politically speaking, the same man", . . . and that he cannot take any steps that might possibly lead to his imprisonment for "an act of folly long ago repented."

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

He went to early mass every Sunday. The local deputy, always on his guard against competition, viewed this religious tendency with some apprehension. He had himself been a member of the corps legislatif under Fouché, the Duke of Otranto, whose creature and friend he had been. In private he was amiably derisive of God. But when he learned that Madeleine, the wealthy manufacturer, went to seven o'clock mass, he scented a possible rival and resolved to outdo him. He engaged a Jesuit confessor and went to high mass and vespers. Political rivalry in those days was, almost literally, a race to the alter-steps. The poor, as well as God, benefited by the deputy's misgivings, for he also endowed two hospital beds—making twelve in all.

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

He was fortunate in finding there, among the civic authorities of the little place, some men of the utmost disinterestedness and highest probity who from the beginning made his cause their own.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

In 1819 it was rumored in the town that on the recommendation of the prefect, and in consideration of his public services, the king was to nominate M. Madeleine mayor of Montreuil-sur-mer. Those who had declared him to be a political careerist seized upon this with the delight men always feel in exclaiming, 'I told you so.' The town was in a state of high excitement. And the rumor turned out to be correct. A few days later the nomination appeared in *Le Moniteur*. The next day M. Madeleine refused it.

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

Still, suspicion was in the air, and there was much talk.

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

The hospitable city fathers were eager to attract money . . .

Robert Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . to the whole community . . .

Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

. . . but most of the population seemed less than enthusiastic about a new neighbor who had earned such a notorious reputation . . .

Robert Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

During the same year, 1819, the products of Madeleine's new manufacturing process were displayed at the Industrial Exhibition, and acting on the jury's report the king appointed the inventor to be a Chevalier of the Legion d'honneur. This led to a new theory in the town—"So that's what he was really after!" But M. Madeleine refused to accept the Grand Cross.

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

He paused. "Well! I'm sure that my enemies would love to hear that!" he said, laughing.

Monica Crowley, *Nixon in Winter*.

Decidedly the man was an enigma. The know-alls saved their faces by saying, 'Well anyway he's up to something.'

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

His political enemies were at their foul work again, scheming to get rid of him, exaggerating some of his "eccentricities" and inventing others, and talking once more about his "madness."

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

When he was seen to be making money they had said, 'He's a business man.' When he scattered his money in charity they said, 'He's a careerist.' When he refused to accept honors they said, 'He's an adventurer.' When he rejected polite society they said, 'He's a peasant.'

Victor Hugo, *Les Miserables*.

It was a process that had already begun in childhood . . .

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

I noticed that Demian exerted equal fascination over the other students. I hadn't told anyone about his version of the story of Cain, but the others seemed to be interested in him, too. At any rate, many rumors were in circulation about the "new boy." If I could remember them all now, each one would throw some light on him and could be interpreted. I remember first that Demian's mother was reported to be wealthy and also, supposedly, neither she nor her son ever attended church. One story had it that they were Jewish but they might well have been secret Mohammedans. Then there was Max Demian's legendary physical prowess. But this could be corroborated: when the strongest boy in Demian's class had taunted him, calling him a coward when he refused to fight back, Demian had humiliated him. Those who were present told that Demian had grasped the boy with one hand by the neck and squeezed until the boy went pale; afterwards, the boy had slunk away and had not been able to use his arm for a whole week.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

His schoolfellows cannot have found it easy to cope with these alternating bouts of irascibility and exuberance, and the stupid ones among them must have detested him for his mordant sarcasm.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

One evening some boys even claimed that he was dead. For a time everything, even the most extravagant assertions were believed. Then everyone seemed to have their fill of Demian for a while, though not much later gossip again flourished: some boys reported that Demian was intimate with girls and that he "knew everything."

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

I should be unable to muster a dozen friends, although I have enemies by the dozen and of all shapes and sizes—a veritable pattern book.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis* quoting Sigmund Freud, Letter to Eduard Silberstein.

There is a certain prurient aspect to posterity's curiosity over the intimate dealings of the man whose genius lay in probing the most intimate secrets of others. But perhaps nowhere else in history, scholars note, has a scientific discovery been so interwoven with the mental life of the discoverer. Thus everything that happened to Freud, everything he felt, saw, did and said—and naturally everything that he did not feel, see, do or say—takes on significance for scholars tracing the development of psychoanalysis.

Ralph Blumenthal, *Scholars Seek the Hidden Freud in Newly Emerging Letters*.

I remember once, when we saw a silent film of Freud speaking in the last year of his life to a childhood friend, Eissler wondered if it would be possible to analyze the movements of the mouth to discover what words Freud was uttering at the time. No word from Freud, written, remembered, or recorded was ever trivial for Eissler.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Concerning this sorcerer dark things are said. No one has seen him: he is known only by his power. That power is magic. . . . Who is Klingsor? Vague, incomprehensible rumours. Nothing else is known of him. Maybe he is known to old Titirel? But nothing can be gathered from him: dulled by his great age, he is kept alive only by the wondrous power of the Grail.

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book, Parzival: First Prose Sketch.

Kurt Eissler was clearly a member of the inner circle of psychoanalysis. Moreover, he was rumored (falsely, as it turned out) to have been close to Anna Freud's father as well.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Other rumors, such as always gather around a controversial name, have as little substance as that one.

Hermann Hesse, *Klingsor's Last Summer*.

There were many rumors circulating about Eissler, who was called the pope of orthodox analysis. He would give no interviews. He would not allow himself to be photographed. He was a hermit.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Many years ago, when I began to be intrigued by the problem of gossip, I retrieved instances of gossip about myself in my home town, where it was not difficult to do, and thus was able to assay the truth value that may be considered in detraction. . . .

I have formed the conviction that even in instances in which the content of a detraction seems totally alien to the victim in all respects—that is, no link with his objective behavior as well as subjective (psychic) reality can be discovered—the defamation is a derivative of the defamed person's most deeply repressed. The derogation then would contain the return of the repressed, which has found no previous outlet whatsoever in the defamed victim's imagery, ideation, action, symptom, or other kinds of psychopathology. . . .

One may vary Nietzsche's statement and say: The slanderer says, "That is what you are." The slandered says, "No, I am not that," but an imperspicuous voice gives assent. According to this construction, man can elude the voice of his unconscious, but not the voice of the slanderer.

K.R. Eissler, *Three Instances of Injustice*.

HONORED MEMBERS of the Academy!

You have done me the honor of inviting me to give your Academy an account of . . .

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

. . . an episode from . . .

Aldous Huxley, *Crome Yellow*.

. . . the life I formerly led as . . .

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

. . . the secretary of . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . the "Archives"

Eliot Gregory, *The Ways of Men*.

What I have to tell the Academy will contribute nothing essentially new, and will fall far behind what you have asked of me and what with the best will in the world I cannot communicate—

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

I will say at once . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The 'Uncanny'*.

. . . esteemed friends . . .

James Fenimore Cooper, *The Pioneers*.

Can you hear me now?

Charles Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers*.

The defamation of Freud's personality is not a new approach toward psychoanalysis, but I have the impression that it has been gaining in momentum. Whereas this had previously been a matter of mere mud-slinging, now it is done with the added pretense of using "documentary evidence."

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

To put it plainly, much as I like expressing myself in images, to put it plainly:

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

The book *Brother Animal*, by Paul Roazen, a professor at Harvard, published in 1969 by Alfred A. Knopf, a distinguished publisher, and favorably reviewed by such persons as Arthur Koestler and Maxwell Geismar, both outsiders to psychoanalysis, compels me to enter into a polemic against it. The late Dr. Max Schur, who was Freud's personal physician and who had finished a carefully detailed study of one critical phase in Freud's life, the Fliess period, was ready to write a critical review of this book when death cruelly annulled his intention. He would have been far better prepared for that task than I am.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

In the last analysis . . .

Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*.

. . . my tools remain the humble ones of my craft in general, and the knowledge I bring to bear that of my discipline in particular.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

I never met Freud and I know little more about his life than does any reader who has studied the pertinent literature. How this happens to be the case, although I have been the secretary of the Sigmund Freud Archives since their inception, I shall not go into here. Since the Archives are supported financially by the contributions of many psychoanalysts, however, it was suggested, after Dr. Schur's death, that I look into what is true and what is untrue in Roazen's book. . . .

The central theme of Roazen's book is Freud's relationship to Victor Tausk (1879-1919), who met Freud in 1908, became a successful psychoanalyst, and committed suicide in 1919, at the age of 40.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

I presume that the bare plot (though not the essential drama) . . .

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

. . . of that book . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Secret Places of the Heart*.

—that it was . . .

Hugh Lofting, *Dr. Dolittle*.

... Freud who was ultimately responsible for Tausk's untimely death[,] ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... is, by now, notorious.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

If someone at present—as had happened not too infrequently in the past—were to describe Freud in consistently abject terms, he would not arouse much interest thereby.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

The man had always had his detractors, and even enemies. He was provocative, he had firm opinions on a whole range of controversial subjects, he could easily be curt and condescending, he did not suffer fools gladly. He was, all told, not the kind of person who generates a calm consensus about himself. But this ...

Nina Sutton, *Bettelheim: A Life and a Legacy*.

... that it was Freud who was ultimately responsible for Tausk's untimely death

...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... was something else.

Nina Sutton, *Bettelheim: A Life and a Legacy*.

The improbable and undocumented conclusions Roazen has drawn ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... one has to remember that the probable need not necessarily be the truth, and the truth not always probable ...

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

... the misrepresentation of information allegedly given to him, the distortion by way of omissions in quotations, the outright wrong quotations—any of these alone, and certainly all of them taken together, make this a painful book to read. It is, indeed, a book that one wishes one had not ever had to read.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

All this is quite shocking, of course, though it will be less so to those with a prior psychoanalytic orientation or with a certain fund of historical information at their disposal.

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

And with that we are back to Tausk.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Tausk, ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

... before his disillusionment in World War I ...

***Encyclopedia Americana*.**

... had rapidly distinguished himself in Vienna's analytic circles with a handful of important papers and ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

... was preparing a scientific paper on the nervous elements of the retina for the University Gold Medal competition. Though he had qualified only in ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

... psychiatry, ...

Gary N. Goldsmith, *Freud's Aesthetic Response to Michelangelo's Moses*.

... he had a specialist's knowledge of the eye. His interest in the physiology of sight was in keeping with other sides of his character—his creative gifts and his preoccupation with imagery in art and the logical structure of ideas.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

His talents ...

Edgar Allan Poe, *The Premature Burial*.

... comprised ...

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

... "a rare combination of artist and scientist."

Helen A. Cooper, Thomas Eakins *The Rowing Pictures*.

But Tausk's war experiences had been exceptionally wearing, and Freud publicly attributed his mental deterioration to the strains of his military service.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

According to the Red Cross International Convention, the army medical personnel must not take part in the military operations of the belligerents. But on one occasion the doctor was forced to break this rule. He was in the field when an engagement began and he had to share the fate of the combatants and shoot in self-defense.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

When at last it was over, the war had many diverse results and one dominant one transcending all others: disillusion.

Barbara W. Tuchman, *Guns of August*.

Long depressed, and increasingly distraught, he had asked Freud to take him into analysis, ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

Yet Tausk must have known that his presence caused Freud discomfort, and the latter's answer was no.

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers*.

I would suggest provisionally, that if we first allow Freud to speak for himself ...

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

—and I shall guard against doing anything that would serve his interests—

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

... we can arrive at a very different assessment of ...

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

... Freud's decision.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

"Some people are simply unsuited for analysis—*ungeeignet*," said Freud. "I don't know whether you have ever examined protozoa under the microscope. Some animals are completely transparent, others are opaque, even though they only consist of a single cell like the others: they have too much pigment in them. Some people are like that too, and one cannot see through them."

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud*.

Freud tried to work out a compromise with Tausk. He recommended that he go into analysis with a psychiatrist more than five years Tausk's junior, Helene Deutsch, ...

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers*.

... a young adherent who was herself in analysis with Freud.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

Freud was restless and uncomfortable with Tausk, ...

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers*.

... as we know from Lou Andreas-Salome's diary

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Lou met Tausk when she started her career as a lay analyst and began to work with Freud.

Walter Sorell, *Three Women: Lives of Sex and Genius*.

She had come to ...

Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*.

... think of Tausk as somehow dangerous to Freud and to psychoanalysis.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time*.

And why was Tausk potentially troublesome?

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Freud's ideas were still very much in flux, and he told Helene Deutsch that it made an "uncanny" impression on him to have Tausk at the [Vienna Psychoanalytic] Society, where he could take an idea of Freud's and develop it before Freud had quite finished it.

The referral was flattering to Helene Deutsch but a terrible insult to Tausk. Despite her psychiatric experience, as an analyst she was a nobody.

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers*.

The result was a complex triangle which did not work out well: Tausk talked to Deutsch about Freud, and Deutsch talked to Freud about Tausk.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

Lest her patient interfere with her own analysis, Freud brought the whole triangular relationship to an end, giving Helene Deutsch the choice

between terminating her own analysis with Freud or Tausk's with her. To Helene Deutsch . . .

Paul Roazen, *Encountering Freud: The Politics and Histories of Psychoanalysis*.

. . . who . . .

Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*.

. . . once said she knew what duty meant but not sacrifice . . .

Jean-Paul Sartre, *L'Idiot de la famille*.

. . . it was an order, and Tausk's treatment, which had lasted three months, was abruptly ended.

Paul Roazen, *Encountering Freud: The Politics and Histories of Psychoanalysis*.

This was a heretical gesture for a psychoanalyst:

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . it is not the job of the analyst to interfere in this direct contact between . . .

Lucy Beckett: *Richard Wagner: Parsifal* quoting Arnold Whittall.

I mean . . .

Henry James, *The Art of Fiction*.

. . . it is not the job of . . .

Lucy Beckett: *Richard Wagner: Parsifal* quoting Arnold Whittall.

. . . a training and supervising psychoanalyst . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . to engage in . . .

Feodor Dostoyevsky, *The Gambler*.

. . . authoritarian interference.

Anthony Storr, *The Art of Psychotherapy*.

But Freud would violate normal analytic procedures in the spirit of "the Rabbi may"—for the Rabbi special exemptions were permitted.

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers*.

Psychoanalytic reports are kinds of biographies and autobiographies . . .

Paul Ricoeur, *The Question of Proof in Freud's Psychoanalytic Writings*.

. . . as a . . .

Henry James, *In the Cage*.

. . . novel is in its broadest definition a personal, a direct impression of life: that, to begin with, constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression . . .

Henry James, *The Art of Fiction*.

. . . of the causally relevant events in the patient's early and current life.

Donald P. Spence, *Narrative Truth and Historical Truth: Meaning and Interpretation in Psychoanalysis* quoting Adolf Grunbaum.

But there will be no intensity at all, and therefore no value, unless there is freedom to feel and say.

Henry James, *The Art of Fiction*.

It is evident that . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . to interfere in . . .

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal* quoting Arnold Whittal.

. . . the psychoanalytic dialogue . . .

Donald P. Spence, *Narrative Truth and Historical Truth: Meaning and Interpretation in Psychoanalysis*.

. . . is a limitation of that freedom and a suppression of the very thing that we are most curious about.

Henry James, *The Art of Fiction*.

It is obvious that Roazen is certain that anybody *would have had* to react . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . with rage at this interference, . . .

G.A. Henty, *With Lee in Virginia*.

. . . *would have had* to react . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . with . . .

Oscar Wilde, *An Ideal Husband*.

. . . an act of stupidity, . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

. . . an act . . .

Oscar Wilde, *An Ideal Husband*.

. . . bearing the stigma of moral cowardice, of suicide.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, *Sight Unseen*.

This is, however, incorrect, as I . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . am sure you will agree.

Jack London, *Moon-Face*.

Self-destruction, when it is not an act of madness, implies some acuteness of feeling—sensitivity to remorse or to shame, or perhaps a distorted idea of making atonement.

Wilkie Collins, *The Legacy of Cain*.

One thing is plain from the record:

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

There . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Legacy of Cain*.

. . . was . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . no such thing as remorse or shame, or hope of making atonement,

in . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Legacy of Cain*.

. . . Tausk's . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . nature.

Wilkie Collins, *The Legacy of Cain*.

The facts are these:

Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

Tausk, who was . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . struggling with his feelings of rage at . . .

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

. . . this peculiar form of disgrace . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

—namely, . . .

Feodor Dostoyevsky, *The Gambler*.

. . . the Termination—

Mark Twain, *Italian with Grammar*.

. . . was suddenly depressed.

Feodor Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

The next day, he lamented: "Reaction—sunk—worn out—depressed—sad that . . .

Stephen A. Black, *Eugene O'Neill: Beyond Mourning and Tragedy* quoting O'Neill diary entry.

. . . Freud and his circle . . .

Paul Gray, *The Assault on Freud*.

. . . exist no more—for me"

Stephen A. Black, *Eugene O'Neill: Beyond Mourning and Tragedy* quoting O'Neill diary entry.

As I set down these recollections, I realize that it should have been plain to me that

I . . .

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*.

. . . had often been depressed before, and there was nothing surprising

at . . .

Feodor Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

... the thought ...

Albert Camus, *The Fall*.

No, no, no!

Douglas R. Hofstadter and Daniel C. Dennett, *The Mind's I: Fantasies and Reflections on Self and Soul*.

... the sure understanding that tomorrow, when the pain descended once more, or the tomorrow after that—certainly on some not-too-distant tomorrow—I would be forced to judge ...

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*.

... whether life is or is not worth living ...

Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus*.

... and thereby answer, for myself at least, the fundamental question of philosophy.

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*.

Frankly, was what I was doing worth continuing?

Albert Camus, *The Fall*.

No!

Clifford Odets, *Paradise Lost*.

I am done! done with chasing my febrile self down the nights and days.

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright* quoting Odets.

For the most part he lurked in his quarters, absorbed in deep matters, shy of visitors

...

John N. Burk, *The Life and Works of Beethoven*.

... emerging from his state of depression and resuming his work only to fall back, after a short flare-up of activity, in long periods of indifference to himself and to everything in the world.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

Bear in mind that ...

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*.

The equilibrium he had maintained ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... in the course of his analysis ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

... was deserting him.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

His mind turned to its accustomed round of thoughts—

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

... Freud and his theories, and ...

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud.*

... a fantasized relationship of the ideal father and son—

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis.*

For the . . .

Andrew Barton Paterson, Excerpt from *Ambition and Art.*

... errant disciple, . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time.*

... analysis with Freud . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... remained an elusive Promised Land that he, like Moses, could only glimpse from afar.

Jeffrey L. Sheler, *A Pilgrim In The Holy Land.*

Needless to say, . . .

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, *Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable.*

... the cumulative effect of several sleepless nights . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

... contributed much to his . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* quoting Dr. Friedrich Keppler, The Medical Case History of Richard Wagner.

... suffering at that time.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

He looked pale and wraithlike—

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century.*

Exhaustion combined with sleeplessness is a rare torture.

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness.*

More than exhaustion, though, had been working in him.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life For Our Time.*

His wakeful consciousness, not finding any rest, worked feverishly of its own momentum. Thoughts whirled and wheeled inside his head, his mind was knocking like a faulty engine. This inner confusion . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

... a disposition akin to madness, separated only from it by a writing table, . . .

Erich Heller, *Franz Kafka.*

... worried and exasperated him.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

I could no longer concentrate during those afternoon hours, which for years had been my working time, and the act of writing itself, becoming more and more difficult and exhausting, stalled, then finally ceased.

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*.

The handwriting slipped before the mental grip. . . . His strikingly beautiful regular script continued to decline, like a Bach fugue suddenly erring in tempo. The spacing and proportions became less regular. The delicate, intricate harmony unravelled. The letters grew larger and straighter, less distinct one from another, and phrases ended with dashes.

Lesley Chamberlain, *Nietzsche in Turin: An Intimate Biography*.

The man of many ideas, now that his first dream of impossible things was over, vibrated too far in the contrary direction; and . . .

Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

. . . numberless paragraphs . . .

Jack London, *The People of the Abyss*.

. . . broke off in mid-sentence.

H.G. Wells, *Secret Places of the Heart*.

It would be as if Bach, after developing numerous intertwining voices to fill out an ingenious pattern of musical symmetry, left out the final, resolving measure . . .

Brian Greene, *The Elegant Universe: Superstrings, Hidden Dimensions, and the Quest for the Ultimate Theory*.

. . . leaving behind him a . . .

D.H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*.

. . . provokingly indeterminate . . .

Edgar Allan Poe, *Landor's Cottage*.

. . . tumult of thoughts . . .

Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

. . . frozen in time and space.

Harry Sumrall, *Master Glass*.

He took up his pen several times and laid it down again . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

O word, thou word, that I lack!

Arnold Schoenberg, *Moses und Aron*.

Agitated as he was, he found it quite impossible to compose [even] a tranquil letter.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

A phenomenon that a number of people have noted while in deep depression is the sense of being accompanied by a second self—a wraithlike observer who, not sharing the dementia of his double, is able to watch with dispassionate curiosity as his companion struggles against the oncoming disaster, or decides to embrace it. There is a theatrical quality about all this, and during the next several days, as I went about stolidly preparing for extinction, I couldn't shake off a sense of melodrama—a melodrama in which I, the victim-to-be of self-murder, was both the solitary actor and one member of the audience.

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*.

Three months later . . .

Paul Roazen, *Encountering Freud: The Politics and Histories of Psychoanalysis*.

... he committed ...

John Dos Passos, 1919.

... suicide, blowing out his brains; ...

Paul Roazen, *Encountering Freud: The Politics and Histories of Psychoanalysis*.

The shell had his number on it.

John Dos Passos, 1919.

... he had also tied a curtain cord around his neck, so that as he fell he was strangled.

Paul Roazen, *Encountering Freud: The Politics and Histories of Psychoanalysis*.

Desperate remedies.

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

He killed himself because that was the only way he could live.

Clifford Odets, *The Big Knife*.

I had not thought ...

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

... the war ...

Walt Whitman, Excerpt from “*When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom’d*.”

... had undone so many ...

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

... as yet untouched by its destructive breath

Joseph A. Altsheler, *The Guns of Bull Run*.

For the story of ...

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

... the proximate circumstances surrounding the actual suicide ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... I must depend on the evidence of others.

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

The tragedy was not discovered until three days later when ...

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

... friends, ...

Hermann Hesse, *Klingsor’s Last Summer*.

... alarmed at his absence ...

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

... from scientific receptions ...

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

... alerted ...

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

... Lou von Salome ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

... and broke down the door in her presence. Together ...

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

... the small circle of his intimates ...

Hermann Hesse, *Klingsor's Last Summer*.

... attempted to straighten up the studio.

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

Just imagine this:

H.G. Wells, *The War of the Worlds*.

A desk and high stool are in one corner. A table with papers, stacks of pamphlets, chairs about it, is at center. The whole is decidedly cheap, banal, commonplace and unmysterious as a room could well be.

Eugene O'Neill, *The Hairy Ape*.

The floor was strewn with cigarette butts, and ...

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

... books of the deceased ...

Wilkie Collins, *The Law and the Lady*.

... were piled up all over.

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

A Report to an Academy ...

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

... and other documents ...

Thomas Hardy, *Desperate Remedies*.

... were found later among his papers ...

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

... along with two letters, one to Freud ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... a peremptory, irritating note ...

Eugene O'Neill, *The Hairy Ape*.

... and one to his fiancée.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

The body ...

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

—by the way, ...

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

... was laid out on a sofa placed, as if for the occasion, under the huge painting entitled *Socrates and His Disciples Mocked By Courtesans*.

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

Tausk had incurred reality guilt as the result of his conduct toward women, and no analysis can free a man from such guilt. The power of the psychoanalytic technique ends at the border of neurotic guilt feelings. What lies beyond calls for the power of the priest, who alone can give absolution. In terms of classical psychoanalysis, Tausk was incurable.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Madness would be something definite, a point of arrival, a relief. . . . But 'real' madness eludes him, as much as 'real' sanity.

R.D. Laing, *The Self and Others*.

My book reports that shortly after the end of Tausk's analysis, he met and fell in love with a patient, Hilde Loewi.

Paul Roazen, *Encountering Freud: The Politics and Histories of Psychoanalysis*.

Tausk had . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . pledged his eternal troth to . . .

Richard Osborne, *Tribschen Idyll, with Fidi's Bird-song and Orange Sunrise, presented as a Symphonic Birthday Greeting to his Cosima by her Richard, 1870*.

. . . Hilde . . .

Paul Roazen, *Encountering Freud: The Politics and Histories of Psychoanalysis*.

. . . at the Zoo . . .

Eugene O'Neill, *The Hairy Ape*.

. . . in the zoo at Berlin, . . .

Richard Osborne, *Tribschen Idyll, with Fidi's Bird-song and Orange Sunrise, presented as a Symphonic Birthday Greeting to his Cosima by her Richard, 1870*.

. . . the Zoological Gardens . . .

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

. . . the Hofgarten, . . .

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

. . . in the Tiergarten . . .

Otto Friedrich, *Before the Deluge: A Portrait of Berlin in the 1920's*.

. . . or some such place like that.

Victor Appleton, *Tom Swift in the Caves of Ice*.

The precipitating cause of the suicide, according to his own account in his last will, was his inability (once again) to go through with a marriage. Eissler claims that Hilde had become pregnant, having been a virgin whom Tausk seduced . . .

Paul Roazen, *Encountering Freud: The Politics and Histories of*

Psychoanalysis.

... in a Krafft-Ebing-style affair ...

Judith Rossner, *August*.

... on her first clinical visit to him. Eissler states that only after attempts to abort had failed did Tausk become engaged to her and that later, after Tausk's death, she miscarried.

Paul Roazen, *Encountering Freud: The Politics and Histories of Psychoanalysis*.

It turned out that putting together a suicide note, which I felt obsessed with a necessity to compose, was the most difficult task of writing that I had ever tackled. There were too many people to acknowledge, to thank, to bequeath final bouquets. And finally I couldn't manage the sheer dirgelike solemnity of it; there was something I found almost comically offensive in the pomposity of such a comment as "For some time now I have sensed in my work a growing psychosis that is doubtless a reflection of the psychotic strain tainting my life" (this is one of the few lines I recall verbatim), as well as something degrading in the prospect of a testament, which I wished to infuse with at least some dignity and eloquence, reduced to an exhausted stutter of inadequate apologies and self-serving explanations. I should have used as an example the mordant statement of the Italian writer Cesare Pavese, who in parting wrote simply: *No more words. An act. I'll never write again.*

But even a few words came to seem to me too long-winded, and I tore up all my efforts, resolving to go out in silence.

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*.

In the last analysis, ...

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

—and, as the saying goes, ...

Luc Sante, *The Factory of Facts*.

... silence may be an expression of unspeakable truth.

Sidney H. Phillips, *Trauma and War: A Fragment of an Analysis with a Vietnam Veteran*.

But I had to leave ...

John Greenleaf Whittier, *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*.

... some final words ...

George Gibbs, *The Secret Witness*.

... and to say in my heart, Farewell!

John Greenleaf Whittier, *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*.

To Lou Andreas-Salome, Freud reported that Tausk's farewell letters to his former wife, to the woman he was about to marry, and to Freud himself threw no light on the suicide.

In his letters to me he swore undying loyalty to psychoanalysis, thanked me, etc. But what was behind it all we cannot guess. After all he spent his days wrestling with the father ghost. . . .

With one failed marriage behind him and a string of equally failed liaisons, it seems possible that the future, with or without Freud's support, was more than he could face.

Ronald W. Clark, *Freud: The Man and the Cause*.

There is a rustling of paper.

Eugene O'Neill, *The Hairy Ape*.

HONORED MEMBERS of the Academy!

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

I carry out with reluctance what some consider to be my duty, . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . as The . . .

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*.

. . . Secretary of an Organization . . .

Eugene O'Neill, *The Hairy Ape*.

. . . dedicated to the service of . . .

W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*.

. . . psychoanalysis, . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Secret Places of the Heart*.

. . . because I am convinced of the futility of the undertaking.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

GENTLEMEN.

Eugene O'Neill, *The Hairy Ape*.

No heed will probably be taken of the extensive documentation I have offered—which, if anything, is likely to strike the reader as being merely tiresome. On the other hand, . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

I have achieved what I set out to achieve. But do not tell me that it was not worth the trouble. In any case, I am not appealing for any man's verdict, I am only imparting knowledge, I am only making a report. To you also, honored Members of the Academy, I have only made a report.

Franz Kafka, *A Report to an Academy*.

It has become fashionable these days to question Freud's character and personality.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Throughout history, there have been two opposing schools of thought about men and women of genius. The one portrays the genius as exceptionally well balanced; the other affirms a close connection of genius with insanity, or at any rate with mental instability.

Anthony Storr, *Churchill's Black Dog, Kafka's Mice, and Other Phenomena of the Human Mind*.

Although there is in fact no correlation between the type and severity of a genius's psychopathology and the quality of his achievement, most people react like the critic who recently said that, after learning the background of Richard Wagner's . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . bizarre and increasingly difficult relationship with a married . . .

T.J. Reed, *Introduction to Goethe, The Flight to Italy: Diary and Selected Letters*.

. . . Mathilde Wesendonk . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

What can be the meaning of this detail?

Sigmund Freud, *The Moses of Michelangelo*.

. . . he (the critic) . . .

G.K. Chesterton, *On Slandering Abraham Lincoln (February 23, 1929)*.

. . . was no longer able to enjoy the five songs that the master had composed for her poems, and that he was certain this would happen to anyone.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

I am one thing, my writings are another matter.—

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

I should not have been surprised that when my book *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory* appeared in early 1984, the attention of the reviewers was riveted on the character of the author rather than on an examination of the issues. . . . It seemed that neither the findings nor their implications could be regarded with any dispassion. I learned that people who criticize establishment dogmas are not accorded a serious hearing. I took some comfort in the recognition that the pain I felt over the personal attacks against me was due to my political naivete.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Against Therapy: Emotional Tyranny and the Myth of Psychological Healing*.

I conjecture that in the same way a good many of the attacks against Freud's personality are aimed at discrediting psychoanalysis itself.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

A visit to the opera where I saw Wagner's crooked dwarfs protecting the Rheingold suggested an analogy . . .

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud*.

. . . to the question of the connection between genius and mental illness, . . .

Albert Rothenberg, *Creativity and Madness*.

. . . which a friend . . .

Jane Austen, *Emma*.

then commented on:

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud*.

This is what he wrote:

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys on the Plains*.

When you speak of "the strenuous and crooked creatures bearing the precious Rheingold" . . .

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud* quoting Havelock

Ellis, Letter to Joseph Wortis.

. . . my dear Joseph, . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

. . . I think you are symbolically describing what genius so often is. I have often referred to this aspect of genius . . . —its foundation in deformity, one-sidedness, unbalance, the ability to see the new things accompanied by the inability to see the old. You see I am not troubled by genius.

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud* quoting Havelock

Ellis, Letter to Joseph Wortis.

I wonder whether you knew, dear friend, many years ago, when . . .

Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians quoting Alban Berg, Letter to

Arnold Schoenberg.

. . . Anna Freud . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . first knew me (I was 25) she thought I had genius; a few years later (without any change in regard for me) she came to the conclusion that I hadn't. Your Rheingold symbol is admirable. I don't mean that it would necessarily apply to all men of genius. There is, for instance, Einstein, one of the greatest, who seems quite harmoniously developed. Do you know Michaelis's book on "Freud"? Rather interesting and suggestive. He admits Freud's greatness, compares him with Nietzsche, but emphasizes the "crookedness" and one-sidedness of his outlook, and regards him as a disappointed idealist who has taken to systematically repressing his idealism.

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud* quoting Havelock

Ellis, Letter to Joseph Wortis.

A brief statement ought to be added here about psychoanalytic biographies of geniuses. Such biographies, if they are even half-way complete and undertake to discuss what makes the genius different from the rest of mankind, must be different in at least one respect from what one finds in psychoanalytic case histories. A person is called a genius only when he has realized his potential to an unusual degree. In that one respect he is to be considered fortunate, whatever his pains and anguishes might have been. Since most of what has happened with him, in terms of psychological processes, must have served creativity—or else he could not belong to the category of genius—what is examined in most instances requires a different evaluation than if the same things had happened in the life of an average mortal who undergoes psychoanalytic treatment.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

The problem of . . .

Jack London, *The Race for Number One*.

. . . QUESTIONABLE BIOGRAPHICAL TECHNIQUES . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . had arisen very concretely for me in the case of Paul Roazen. He had written what I regarded as a terrible book about Freud called . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . *Brother Animal: The Story of Freud and Tausk*

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

Roazen's book offers a splendid opportunity to confirm a connection that I had already assumed to exist, in a few instances, between a biographer and the person he has chosen as the subject of his presentation. The area of Roazen's biographical inquiry is, to be sure, defined by Freud and Tausk and their relationship, even though Tausk is the central figure of his book, with Freud providing the background. Yet the fact is that there is a triangle (which the author left out, even though he is at times preoccupied with the discovery of triangles); it is formed by the author, Freud and Tausk. Only it is a spherical triangle: its nature is such that a person who is standing at any one corner of the triangle would be unable to perceive the other two.

Roazen never perceived Freud as he was; at one point he even perceived him as Othello and Iago in one. I doubt that he understood Tausk. Just as he assumes that Tausk used Dr. Deutsch in order to reach Freud, so his own interest in Tausk is apparently focused on the opportunity the latter provides him for detracting from Freud. . . .

I do not mean to say that a psychotic condition is actually induced in a biographer by the subject of his story; yet the relationship between biographer and subject may have a structure that is equivalent to that of *folie à deux*.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

The Wagner-Wesendonck situation has been called a triangle by those who forget Minna. It was actually an impossible piece of geometry . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: the Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . far removed from everyday reality—

Robert Osserman, *Poetry of the Universe: A Mathematical Exploration of the Cosmos*.

The Wesendonck saga began in earnest in 1857, the year that saw the publication of Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. The husband in the case gets little mention, though it was Otto Wesendonck . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . a wealthy retired merchant, . . .

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

. . . who owned the houses, threw the parties, and footed the bills for everything.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

It seemed that as his leisure increased with his growing fortune he made use of it to

...

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

. . . patronize struggling genius.

Wilkie Collins, *A Rogue's Life*.

Wagner . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . who lived as . . .

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*.

. . . a semipermanent guest . . .

Peter Radetsky, *The Invisible Invaders: The Story of the Emerging Age of Viruses*.

. . . on the estate . . .

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

. . . of Otto and his wife . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . found his host . . .

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Outlaw of Torn*.

. . . tiresome, as he concedes in his memoirs, in a passage whose obliquity does nothing to disguise the brazen presumption of his conduct. "I had often noticed," he says, "that Wesendonck, in his honest, unrefined way, felt disturbed by my making myself at home in his house. In many matters, such as heating, lighting, and the hours appointed for meals, I was deferred to in a way that seemed to encroach on his rights as master of the house."

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

But then, . . .

Emile Zola, *The Debacle*.

—looking back—

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . Wagner's . . .

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

. . . relations with . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

. . . his benefactors . . .

Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*.

. . . had always . . .

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

. . . betrayed . . .

Richard Wagner, *Tristan und Isolde*.

. . . excessive rivalry, insatiable ambition,

ingratitude—and acting out, so as to humiliate those to whom he was indebted.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

There was a theatricality to . . .

Elisabeth Bumiller, *Condaleezza Rice: An American Life: A Biography*.

The Affair

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

. . . as if the participants knew they were actors in a drama . . .

Elisabeth Bumiller, *Condaleezza Rice: An American Life: A Biography*.

. . . a complicated fugue of family arrangements . . .

Alan Furst, *The World at Night*.

. . . that was barely tenable . . .

Edward Cankshaw, *Bismarck*.

. . . outside the novel or story.

Benjamin Harshav, *Explorations in Poetics*.

Between November 1857 and May 1858 Wagner set five of Mathilde Wesendonk's poems to music.

John Deathridge and Carl Dahlhaus, *The New Grove Wagner*.

The music mirrors the mystical nature of the poems, each of which deals with the themes of life slowly fading away and of eternal rest.

Brooks Peters, *September Songs*.

Well, in the end there came what the French call *un denouement*—what we in forcible modern English would call a smash,—and it happened thus.

John Strange Winter, *Koosje: A Study of Dutch Life*.

His first wife . . .

Thomas Hardy, *Desperate Remedies*.

... Minna's interception of a ...

John Deathridge and Carl Dahlhaus, *The New Grove Wagner*.

... love-letter ...

Thomas Hardy, *Desperate Remedies*.

... addressed to Mathilde (one of the few and most wildly interpreted documents to have escaped the grasp of Wagner's heirs) precipitated on 7 April 1858 a catastrophe that eventually led to his departure ...

John Deathridge and Carl Dahlhaus, *The New Grove Wagner*.

... for Italy—

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight to Italy: Diary and Selected Letters* (explanatory notes).

Yes—for a holiday, for a long holiday ...

Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

... altogether alone ...

Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*.

... in Venice.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight to Italy: Diary and Selected Letters* (Diary entry, October 5, 1786).

Ah, Venice! What a glorious city!

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

There, there would I go with you, O my beloved!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*.

... (as he recorded in his journal) ...

Booth Tarkington, *His Own People*.

If that cannot be, I would not dwell where you are, but rather be alone in that world into which I now go forth.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Letter to Charlotte von Stein*.

O Mathilde!

Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

I can't tell you how glad I am to have got away. Dear friend, how strange is the human heart! I love you, we were inseparable—yet I can leave you and be content. I know you will forgive me. Were not all my attachments designed by fate to intimidate a heart like mine?

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Sorrows of Young Werther*.

My Dear Mathilde,—

Mathilde Marchesi, *Marchesi and Music: Passages from the Life of a Famous Singing Teacher*.

Take my entire soul as a morning salutation!

Richard Wagner, *Letter to Mathilde Wesendonk* (April 7, 1858).

His letters were returned to him unopened: but he and Mathilde each kept a diary which was read by the other at a later date. Wagner's diary, kept in the form of letters to Mathilde, gives us an incomparable picture of his inner life during his Venice sojourn.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

Leaving behind the growing frustrations of . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight to Italy: Diary and Selected Letters* (editor's note).

. . . creative . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Goethe: A Psychoanalytic Study 1775-1786*.

. . . work, a difficult love-affair, and lack of time to write, he discovers himself again . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight to Italy: Diary and Selected Letters* (editor's note).

. . . in the wondrous island city . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight to Italy: Diary and Selected Letters* (Diary entry, September 28, 1786).

. . . as a sensuous being and an artist.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight to Italy: Diary and Selected Letters* (editor's note).

On his arrival in . . .

Anthony Trollope, *The Prime Minister*.

. . . Venice, the Serenissima of all Serenissime—

Erica Jong, *Serenissima: A Novel of Venice*.

. . . Wagner had, . . .

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

. . . to begin with, not a glimmer of an idea for a new composition.

Michael Steinberg, *Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand."*

Writing to Mathilde . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . Richard confessed . . .

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*.

. . . he was "haunted by the spectre of failing inspiration." By his own account, he went to his studio, a tiny . . .

Michael Steinberg, *Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand."*

. . . chamber . . .

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*.

. . . at the Hotel . . .

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

. . . on that first day . . .

Henry James, *The Chaperon*.

... in Venice ...

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

“with the firm resolution of idling the holiday away (I needed to so much that year) and recruiting my strength. On the threshold of my old workshop ...

Michael Steinberg, *Mahler’s “Symphony of a Thousand.”*

... *Tristan und Isolde* ...

Richard Wagner, *Letter to Hector Berlioz*.

... took hold of me and shook me and drove me on for the next eight weeks until my greatest work was done.”

Michael Steinberg, *Mahler’s “Symphony of a Thousand.”*

—Oh, how lovely it is to love! And only now do I know what it is! Pain has lost its power and death its thorn. Tristan speaks truth: I am immortal, for how could Tristan’s love die?

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*, Letter to Alma Mahler (1910).

The inter-relationship of themes and particles of themes throughout ...

Michael Kennedy, *Gustav Mahler: Symphony no. 8 in E-flat*.

... Tristan ...

James Joyce, *Finnegan’s Wake*.

... is intricate and organic; and ...

Michael Kennedy, *Gustav Mahler: Symphony no. 8 in E-flat*.

... the entire work. ...

Herman Melville, *Typee: A Romance of the South Sea*.

... elaborate and massive as it is, is a recognizable sonata-form structure.

Michael Kennedy, *Gustav Mahler: Symphony no. 8 in E-flat*.

It required more than vision and audacity—

Ronald W. Clark, *Einstein: The Life and Times*.

This, Tristan, ...

Richard Wagner, *Tristan und Isolde*.

... this extraordinary work ...

Wilkie Collins, *A Rogue’s Life*.

... demanded also the quality of intuition, a feel for ...

Ronald W. Clark, *Einstein: The Life and Times*.

... the Poetry of Earth ...

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question* quoting Keats.

... a feel for nature as indefinable as a poet’s sense of words or the artist’s knowledge of what his last dab of materialistic paint can unlock in the human mind.

Ronald W. Clark, *Einstein: The Life and Times*.

Wagner’s ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... interior monologue in ...

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

... *Tristan* ...

James Joyce, *Finnegan's Wake*.

... dark, dense, profound ...

Janet Malcolm, *Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession*.

—an experiment in density, really, as Venice is an experiment in water—

Adam Gopnik, *The City and the Pillars: The Long Walk Home*.

... embodied the composer's ...

Edward F. Kravitt, *Mahler's Dirges for his Death: February 24, 1901*.

... paradoxical preoccupation with ...

Christopher Knight, *Peering Beyond the Edge*.

... enchantment and ...

Vladimir Nabakov, *Speak, Memory: An Autobiography Revisited*.

... oblivion, ...

Hermann Hesse, *Siddhartha*.

... during his weeks and months in Venice.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

This inner life is not the words nor even the plot as conceived by ...

George and Portia Kernodle, *Invitation to the Theatre*.

... Wagner ...

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

... the playwright, but a dynamic sequence, constantly surging in rhythmic waves from the beginning to the end.

George and Portia Kernodle, *Invitation to the Theatre*.

This “birth of the modern” was an explosion of energy.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

For the past several months, since the middle of April, he has dreamed many dreams about time ...

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

... a new dimension of time, quite different from anything before in music. It is a time which no longer ticks by, or even dances or saunters by: it proceeds imperceptibly, as the moon moves, or as leaves change their color.

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

His dreams have worn him out, exhausted him so that he sometimes cannot tell whether he is awake or asleep. But the dreaming is finished.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

My sleep ...

Richard Wagner, *Siegfried*.

... says Wagner, ...

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

... is dreaming, my dream is searching, my search ...

Richard Wagner, *Siegfried*.

... he says is ...

Ivan S. Turgenev, *Virgin Soil*.

... for weapons of knowledge.

Richard Wagner, *Siegfried*.

Thought that can merge wholly into feeling, feeling that can merge wholly into thought—these are the artist's highest joy. And our solitary felt in himself at this moment power to command and wield a thought that thrilled with emotion, an emotion as precise and concentrated as thought: namely, that nature herself shivers with ecstasy when the mind bows down in homage before beauty. He felt a sudden desire to write.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

He mused awhile, sat down at the table, and wrote down the following lines in his sacred copy-book, without a single correction:

Ivan S. Turgenev, *Virgin Soil*.

My task is done, my song hath ceased,
my theme

Has died into an echo; it is fit

The spell should break of this protracted dream.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

On the afternoon of August 6, ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Or, maybe, ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... it was the 5th ...

Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

... I can't be sure. ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... Wagner summoned ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... a young musician ...

Hugo Wolf, Letter to His Parents in Romain Rolland, *Hugo Wolf*.

... to his hotel room and invited him to look through the score of *Tristan*. It was almost finished.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

All ...

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

... the visitor ...

H.G. Wells, *The Stolen Bacillus*.

... gathered was that the work ...

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

... Wagner ...

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

... was engaged on ran to a great many pages, and he was at almost excruciating pains to bring it to perfection.

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

“Eh? What’s that?”

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... where are you?

Richard Wagner, *Tristan und Isolde*.

... bar 28 ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

Can one imagine F sharp and G sharp accompanied by a chord in A minor!

***The Beethoven Companion* quoting A. Oulibicheff, *Beethoven, ses critiques et ses glossateurs*, Paris, 1857.**

He was bending over the manuscript.

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

What key are we in?

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

... no sphinx ever imagined such a riddle ...

***The Beethoven Companion* quoting *The Harmonicon*, London, August 1823.**

... it seems to elude analysis ...

Hector Berlioz, *A Critical Study of Beethoven’s Nine Symphonies*.

“Well?”

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

A minor?

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

“More or less.”

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

‘Ah! Now I see,’ said the visitor.

H.G. Wells, *The Stolen Bacillus*.

“It’s my opening phrase, and ...

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

... it gave me ...

Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Parasite*.

... trouble, no end of trouble.”

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

The theme floats serenely ...

Philip T. Barford, *Beethoven's Last Sonata*.

... says Wagner, ...

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

... like a planet in the void, a star born in the emptiness of that motionless moment which gives the clue to the whole work.

Philip T. Barford, *Beethoven's Last Sonata*.

At half-past four ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... in front of this audience, ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight to Italy: Diary and Selected Letters*.

... Wagner ...

Anthony Storr, *Solitude: A Return to the Self*.

... wrote in the final bars.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

That was all.

Elia W. Peattie, *The Piano Next Door*.

No agony and no ecstasy.

Judith Rossner, *August*.

Verily it is well for the world that it sees only the beauty of the completed work ...

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

... the fair copy ...

***The New Cassell's German Dictionary* (entry for the German word "Rein").**

... of the completed work and not its origins nor the conditions whence it sprang; since knowledge of the artist's inspiration might often but confuse and alarm and so prevent the full effect of its excellence.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

But *Tristan's* completion seemed bleakly disenchanting compared to the elation that had gripped ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

... the composer ...

Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

... while at work on it. Only then did he become conscious of the void that faced him on awakening from a long dream filled with music.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

It was ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... on the same Canale Grande where Wagner was to die 25 years later he realized that ...

Klaas A. Posthuma, *Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde"*.

... the relationship between ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... the “wagoner” and his “mudheeldy wheesindonk” ...

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner* quoting James Joyce, *Finnegan’s Wake*.

... was all over; Venice became “the tomb of their love”.

Klaas A. Posthuma, *Wagner’s “Tristan und Isolde”*.

Was liffe worth leaving? Nej!

James Joyce, *Finnegan’s Wake*.

There ...

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*.

... in Venice, ...

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*.

... it became perfectly clear to Wagner that Mathilde did not for one moment intend to play Isolde to his Tristan.

Klaas A. Posthuma, *Wagner’s “Tristan und Isolde”*.

What ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... milady’s ...

James Joyce, *Finnegan’s Wake*.

... real feelings for him were we have practically no means of knowing at present.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

—I have formed in my own mind the following reconstruction ...

Sigmund Freud, *Dora: An Analysis of a Case of Hysteria*.

She imagined various versions of the final dramatic split-up, and discovered herself weeping bitterly in the midst of her engrossed imagining of the scene. She remarked how characteristic this was of her, that she was shedding those real tears with such intense feeling in a self-conjured-up situation that existed, as yet, only in her imagination. She predicted, quite correctly, that ‘when that time came’ she would feel nothing at all. Indeed, the actual ending of her affair came in a rather prosaic, dull way without comedy or tragedy. When it had finally ended, she was relatively quiet and serene for some weeks. Then retrospective dramatization began. She relived in imagination a past situation which had never been more than imagined. But retrospectively, the past imaginary situation had become the real one.

R.D. Laing, *The Self and Others*.

Let it be said that the whole matter of the relations of Wagner and Mathilde is wrapped in an obscurity that is at present utterly impenetrable. Those of his letters to her that have already been published ...

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

... she was, in principle, opposed to publishing the letters ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... are only a selection made by the lady herself in her old age, with a natural insistence on the most ideal aspects of their relationship.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

Mathilde was no Emma Bovary.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

—or was she?

Computer Forensics, *Case Histories: Blackmail in the Chat Room*.

The truth is:

Mathilde Wesendonck, *Letter to W. Ashton Ellis*.

She seems to have had few individual strivings or goals beyond providing for her husband and respecting his wishes. Her progeny never really belonged to her. She loved in them images of their father. She never interceded for them.

Jean-Paul Sartre, *L'Idiot de la Famille*.

She had moments of revulsion against her own meekness. . . . Sometimes she was surprised by the horrible possibilities that she imagined; and yet . . .

Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*.

She lacked the courage to desert her husband and children and dare all for Wagner's sake. . . . And so Wagner had to leave. . . . The loss would have broken another man.

Robert L. Jacobs, *Wagner*.

Would you believe it? All of Wagner's heroines, without exception, as soon as they are stripped of their heroic skin, become almost indistinguishable from Madame Bovary!

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*.

There is no need to explain the autobiographical element in the relationship Tristan—Isolde—King Marke . . .

Hans Gal, *Richard Wagner*.

... the identification between Mathilde and Isolde, Wagner and Tristan, Wesendonck and Mark cannot be successful . . .

Hans Mayer, *Portrait of Wagner*.

... and it is sheer idle speculation whether Wagner's passion was released by the artistic concept which was filling his innermost being, or whether to that passion must be ascribed the direct cause of the composition of *Tristan*.

Hans Gal, *Richard Wagner*.

I believe that we are here face to face with the outstanding characteristic of great tragedy—that it is the equivalent both of a historical record of real events and, at the same time, of a dream.

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

I am not sufficiently well-read to know whether this fact has already been remarked upon; possibly, indeed, some writer on aesthetics has discovered that this state . . . is a necessary condition when a work of art is to achieve its greatest effects. . . .

Let us consider Shakespeare's masterpiece, *Hamlet*, a play now over three centuries old.

Sigmund Freud, *The Moses of Michelangelo*.

Was Shakespeare expressing his own conflicts by having Hamlet act as he does in the tragedy? This question is of a different order of relevance. It is theoretically conceivable that a poet could create such personages without deriving the stuff for them from his own life history. Instead, the stuff of his personages could be derived mainly from his observations of others about him. Since it is known, however, that the process of observation also depends on the observer's unconscious, one feels inclined to assume, in this instance too, that the poet's own unconscious has been deeply involved.

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

The author directs his attention to the unconscious in his own mind, he listens to its possible developments and lends them artistic expression instead of suppressing them by conscious criticism. Thus he experiences from himself what we learn from others—the laws which the activities of this unconscious must obey.

Sigmund Freud, *Jensen's Gradiva*.

I have always sought not to put anything of myself into my works and yet I did put in a great deal.

Gustave Flaubert, *Letter to Louise Colet*.

One of the memorable moments in *Madame Bovary* is the scene where the heroine seeks help from the village priest. Guilt-ridden, distraught, miserably depressed, the adulterous Emma—heading toward eventual suicide—stumblingly tries to prod the abbe into helping her find a way out of her misery.

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*.

Emma's disillusionment and its reconstructions are very similar to the chronic pessimism so characteristic of Flaubert. It was his profound belief that happiness is a myth and that attachments bring nothing but pain; one day they must all be relinquished or they will become draining. The outcome of such philosophy of life was to lead to a withdrawal, similar to Emma's, into his inner world.

Francis D. Baudry, *On The Problem of Inference in Applied Psychoanalysis: Flaubert's Madame Bovary*.

Solipsism is suggested by the fact that reality for . . .

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

. . . Flaubert . . .

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (editor's note).

. . . is always to be found in the psyche, not the external world. Inner emotion is so overwhelmingly experienced that everything else, including other people,

has only a shadowy existence on its periphery.

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

Hence, the inability to reach happiness through external reality and involvement with others is Emma's main problem, as it is Flaubert's. In this instance, then, when Flaubert was describing this aspect of Emma, he was really writing about himself.

Francis D. Baudry, *On The Problem of Inference in Applied Psychoanalysis: Flaubert's Madame Bovary*.

Until the onslaught of my own illness and its denouement, I never gave much thought to my work in terms of its connection with the subconscious—an area of investigation belonging to literary detectives. But after I had returned to health and was able to reflect on the past in the light of my ordeal, I began to see clearly how depression had clung close to the outer edges of my life for many years. Suicide has been a persistent theme in my books—three of my major characters killed themselves.

William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*.

To Mathilde . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

. . . *Wagner* . . .

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

. . . observed, "My poetic conceptions have always been so far ahead of my experiences that I can only consider these conceptions as determining and ordering my moral development."

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

Indeed, from a certain point of view (a very doubtful one), one may say that nothing can happen in a man's life without its acquiring the meaning or function of a wish fulfillment.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

One goes astray in trying to interpret an artist's life by his work, for it is exceptional to find one a counterpart of the other. It is more likely that an artist's work will express the opposite of his life—the things he did not experience.

Romain Rolland, *Wagner: A Note on Siegfried and Tristan*.

The idea of *Tristan and Isolde* was in fact conceived not by a man in love but by someone conscious of his lack of love. As early as December 1854 Wagner had written to Franz Liszt: . . .

Hans Mayer, *Portrait of Wagner: An Illustrated Biography*.

. . . to the devout Abbe Liszt, whose apartment in the Vatican had been steps from the Sistine Chapel . . .

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music*.

"Since in my life I have never enjoyed the real good fortune of love, I want to set up a monument to this most beautiful of all dreams, a monument in which from start to finish this love might for once be satiated: in my head I have planned a *Tristan and*

Isolde, the simplest but most full-blooded musical conception; it is with the 'black flag' that waves at the end that I want then to cover myself, in order to—die."

Hans Mayer, *Portrait of Wagner: An Illustrated Biography*.

Was he contemplating suicide?

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Wagner . . .

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (Part II).

. . . could readily imagine that he, like . . .

Arthur B. Reeve, *The Poisoned Pen*.

. . . Tristan was foredoomed to sorrow from the moment of his birth:

Ernest Newman, *The Wagner Operas*.

. . . doomed, since childhood, to live a miserable and unfortunate life that could all too easily lead to suicide, whatever the particular external circumstances of his later life might have been.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

He tried to occupy his mind with books; but his soul was gangrened with bitterness against the world, which, in his opinion, had cruelly denied him the simple right to live.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

My nights are often sleepless; I get out of bed wretched and exhausted, with the thought of a long day before me which will not bring me a single joy. The society of others tortures me, and I avoid it only to torture myself. Everything I do fills me with . . .

**Romain Rolland, *Wagner: A Note on Siegfried and Tristan* quoting
Wagner.**

. . . this terrible yearning in my heart . . .

Richard Wagner, *Tristan und Isolde*.

I awake with horror in the morning,
And bitter tears well up in me
When I must face each day that in its course
Cannot fulfill a single wish, not one!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

Ay me! Sad hours seem long.

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*.

At midnight
I awoke
And looked up at the sky.
Not a star in the galaxy
smiled at me
at midnight.
At midnight
my thought went

out to the limits of darkness.
There was no thought of light
to bring me comfort
at midnight.

Gustav Mahler and Friedrich Ruckert, Excerpt from the Song *Um Mitternacht*.

What if her eyes . . .

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*.

. . . Mathilde's . . .

Martin Gregor Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*.

O God, send peace and heavenly shining

On the dark desert of my heart.

Gustav Mahler, *Symphony no. 8 in E-flat* quoting Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

This is how Wagner wrote . . .

Romain Rolland, *Wagner: A Note on Siegfried and Tristan*.

. . . in the diary he kept for Mathilde in Venice

Martin Gregor Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

In the same way Michelangelo wrote to his father in 1509: "I am in agony. . . . I am wasting my time to no purpose. Heaven help me!"

Romain Rolland, *Wagner: A Note on Siegfried and Tristan*.

'Verily, verily . . .'

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright* quoting Odets.

". . . to put up with living one has to be dead!"

Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* (Monday, October 9, 1882).

Yet the very hopelessness of it all kindled a mystic hope in him. Only where there are graves, as Nietzsche says, are there resurrections.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*.

When he prayed, "Dear God, help me!" he was praying to himself, beseeching himself to have fortitude, to be invincible of body and spirit, to have the stamina and will to create mightily in a vision of a more heroic world.

Irving Stone, *The Agony and the Ecstasy: A Novel of Michelangelo*.

He did not . . .

Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*.

... after all commit suicide ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... tho thoughts ...

Henry Van Dyke, *Ships and Havens*.

... of self-destruction were never far away.

William Manchester, *The Last Lion: Winston Spencer Churchill; Visions of Glory: 1874-1932*.

Sometimes ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

—sometimes mysteriously so—

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

... death is never quite a welcome guest.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

Writing to Mathilde ...

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.
Wagner

***The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book*.**

... confessed:

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

Among a considerable collection of weapons I possessed a handsome, well-polished dagger. This I laid every night by my bed, and before extinguishing the candle I tried whether I could succeed in plunging the sharp point a couple of inches deep into my heart. Since I could never succeed in this, I at last laughed myself out of the notion, threw off all hypochondriacal fancies, and resolved to live.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Fiction and Truth*.

Perhaps fate intervened this time on the side of right.

Brooks Peters, *September Songs*.

Wherever he went, conflicts speedily evolved; and he always seemed to achieve victory at first, only to hurt himself subsequently. He was forever achieving a new rise—until this drive toward self-destruction set the mortal wound. Yet even that final disaster .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... and subsequent ...

Thomas Hardy, *Desperate Remedies*.

... *Flight to Italy* ...

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Flight to Italy: Diary and Selected Letters*.

... was followed by an elevation, in the form of ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... a new trust in his perceptions and emotions and in his power to convey them

T.J. Reed, Introduction to Goethe, *The Flight to Italy: Diary and Selected Letters*.

He is a prototype of Ambiguous Man, compulsively engineering his own destruction, and simultaneously flying on into the future.

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

It was more biblical than Shakespearean—the story of a man who sinned, suffered, died, and rose again.

Leonard Garment, *Crazy Rhythm*.

'Everything in life repeats itself.' – Old proverb. Awareness of this grows clearer and clearer the longer one lives.

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

Repetitiveness is inherent in mental life and is not limited to the undoing and mastery of trauma. In the smallest stages of perception, thought, and memory there is a moment-by-moment recapitulation of the development of these functions from distant past to present, a rhythmic alternation between blurring of boundaries and their redelineation. This melting down and recasting goes on subliminally. In perception it involves the merging of figure and ground and the re-emergence of forms and boundaries into the more or less familiar shapes of inner and outer, subject and object, self and other.

Gilbert J. Rose, *William Faulkner's Light in August: The Orchestration of Time In the Psychology of Artistic Style*.

In the end, a life art form will emerge. This tendency of life is expressed incredibly positively and meaningfully by music. – The common life of the ordinary person is represented in the 'canon': a theme, unaltered, constantly repeated, complementary to itself solely through itself: a character that remains ever constant, so keeping all around it constant. But now comes the 'fugue': the theme remains basically always the same; but it has free contrapuntal counterparts which cause it to appear always in a new light: the theme itself shortens and extends itself, and modulates; the course of the fugue does not let itself be determined in advance, as that of the immutable canon does – and ends only on the pedal note of death. The great, rich character does not take it beyond the theme of a fine Bach fugue: and at best, as far as a splendid counter theme; that is then the triumph, and if the double fugue always shows both themes . . .

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

... sung simultaneously . . .

Gustav Mahler, *Symphony no. 8 in E-flat*.

... equally recognizably and significantly then life's finest course has been achieved. They interlace, part and unite; like a dance. But the piece remains always the same: it becomes highly varied but always repeats itself.

The Diary of Richard Wagner 1865-1882 – The Brown Book.

We dance round in a ring and suppose,
But the Secret sits in the middle and knows.

Robert Frost, *The Secret Sits*.

In music, vertical harmonics and horizontal melodies synchronize two kinds of time: simultaneity and succession. Moreover the statement of a theme is usually followed by variations on it and, finally, by a restatement and resolution. In both music and mind, recurrence in time permits the changing material to be worked through into patterns, on the one hand, of aesthetic form or, on the other, meaning. Changing thematic material in music may also be worked through many elaborations while rhythm maintains constancy in the midst of change. And in emotional life, endless personal vicissitudes may be worked through and navigated successfully as long as a reliable sense of identity provides inner stability in spite of change.

Rhythm and thematic progression, identity and growth are but particular labels for the age-old philosophical problems of constancy and change, being and becoming; and we have already pushed the analogy between music and mind too far.

Gilbert J. Rose, *William Faulkner's Light in August: The Orchestration of Time In the Psychology of Artistic Style*.

Philosophers have argued that ...

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

... similar things repeat themselves in people's lives and always at moments of significance.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

For the most part, people do not know they will live their lives over. Traders do not know that they will make the same bargain again and again. Politicians do not know that they will shout from the same lectern an infinite number of times in the cycles of time.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

But you, ...

Sophocles, *Oedipus at Colonus*.

... Dr. Eissler, ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

You:

Sophocles, *Oedipus at Colonus*.

How could ...

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

... you not ...

Sophocles, *Oedipus at Colonus*.

... know that nothing is temporary, that all will happen again?

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

Why did you think psychoanalysis would be any different? Why did you believe that somehow psychoanalysis would be exempt from these larger laws of nature, the struggle for existence?

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

How interpret this?

Sophocles, *Oedipus at Colonus*.

Who can say?

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

"Dark are the ways of the repetition compulsion."

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Oddly enough, in an essay, "The 'Uncanny,'" which Freud completed in the spring of 1919, he wrote that "it is long since he has experienced or heard of anything which has given him an uncanny impression. . . ." Elsewhere in that essay Freud alluded, in discussing the phenomena of the "double" and telepathy, to a problem that beset him and Tausk: "the subject identifies himself with someone else, so that he is in doubt as to which his self is, or substitutes the extraneous self for his own." "[W]hatever reminds us of [the] . . . inner 'compulsion to repeat' is perceived as uncanny."

Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers*.

In this world in which time is a circle, every handshake, . . .

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

... every trust ...

Gilbert K. Chesterton, *The Man Who Was Thursday*.

... every confidence ...

Henry James, *The Aspern Papers*.

... every word, will be repeated precisely. So too every moment that two friends stop becoming friends, every time ...

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams*.

... men speak of ...

Ralph Connor, *The Doctor*.

... their friendship as if ...

Anne Midgette, *Welcoming an Opera That Went Hiding From the Nazis*.

... it were ...

Henry James, *Confidence*.

... a Tristanesque betrayal ...

Anne Midgette, *Welcoming an Opera That Went Hiding From the Nazis.*

... every opportunity denied because of a superior's jealousy, every promise not kept.

And just as all things will be repeated in the future, all things now happening happened a million times before.

Alan Lightman, *Einstein's Dreams.*

I tell you plainly that that is my opinion.

Anthony Trollope, *The Last Chronicle of Barset.*

Some would agree. Others not. This much, at least, is true:

Dan Levin, *Spinoza.*

A historical process takes its relentless course and the average man is unable to give its drift a different direction; at best, he can merely slow down its speed.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud* (1971).

If anyone represented the link with Freud and Freud's Vienna, it was the formidable Kurt Eissler. . . .

We finally met in 1974, while I was a candidate . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

. . . in training at . . .

H.G. Wells, *Soul of a Bishop.*

. . . Toronto, at an annual meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Society in Denver, where I was presenting my first analytic paper. . . . Eissler and I immediately hit it off, although our friendship began on a curious note. I had never seen Dr. Eissler, nor he me. When I caught sight, of a tall, gaunt older man—at the time he was in his late sixties—in the lobby of the hotel where we were staying, looking like someone who had just stepped off the boat from Europe, dressed severely in a black suit with an almost haunted look about him, I knew it was Eissler.

And so I approached him. "Dr. Eissler, I presume. I am Jeff Masson."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

How do you know my name?

Francis Goodrich, Albert Hackett and Frank Capra, *It's a Wonderful Life.*

Eissler was genuinely taken aback.

"How did you know it was . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

. . . me?" he repeated.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, *The Kingdom of the Blind.*

I never saw you in my life!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

"Well, it was obvious."

"No, no, there is something else. There is something uncanny about this." He did not seem entirely certain that I had not used witchcraft to recognize him.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I will say at once that . . .

E. Phillips Oppenheim, *The Kingdom of the Blind*.

. . . the uncanny is that class of the frightening which leads back to what is known of old and long familiar. How this is possible, in what circumstances the familiar can become uncanny and frightening, I shall show in what follows.

Sigmund Freud, *The 'Uncanny.'*

Jeffrey Masson . . .

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

. . . was an accident in . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . Dr. Eissler's . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

. . . life.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Eissler's life . . .

Paolo Migone, Introduction to K.R. Eissler, *The Effect of the Structure of the Ego on Psychoanalytic Technique*.

. . . history would not have been different in any way, if . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . Masson . . .

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

. . . had stayed . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . at the University of Toronto . . .

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis* (editor's note).

. . . and the old man . . .

Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

. . . had never met him. On the other hand, posterity would probably never have heard of . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . Jeffrey Masson . . .

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

... if he had not joined ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.
... the Sigmund Freud Archives.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

In the eyes of posterity, ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.
... Masson ...

Jack London, *The Valley of the Moon*.

... is little more than a reflection of ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.
... a great man ...

H.G. Wells, *The Star*.

... a diminished double of ...

Harold Bloom, Afterword to Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*.
... the great man who was ...

Charles Dickens, *Dombey and Son*.
... Kurt Eissler.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

A precociously brilliant former Sanskrit professor ...

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.
... a Harvard graduate, ...

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

... Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson had entered analysis in order, he says, to deal with his persistent promiscuity: By his own estimate he had slept with one thousand women ...

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

... more women than Don Juan, ...

***The Diary of Anais Nin: Volume 1 – 1931-1934*.**

... by the time he left graduate school.

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

If all the data about ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.
... the young man ...

Wilkie Collins, *The Legacy of Cain*.

... are gathered together, ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... they indeed ...

William Shakespeare, *King Richard III*.

... create a dismal impression. Here would be the history of a person acting out wildly; using women unscrupulously for his own personal advantage and abusing professional opportunities.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Fascinated by the process of analysis, ...

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

... Masson ...

Jack London, *The Valley of the Moon*.

... started training to become an analyst himself.

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

His flamboyance, his dash, his seeming conviction of self—all that, if fitted into the requirements of the clinical situation, might have paved the way to a good many therapeutic successes.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

His panache and chutzpah quickly attracted the attention of Kurt Eissler, the ...

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

... one-man movement of his own invention—

Hilton Kramer, *Arresting Portraits: Oskar Kakoschka's Unsettling Views of Well-Respected Figures*.

... the elderly secretary (and only begetter) of the Freud Archives, who in the fall of 1980 appointed ...

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

... Masson ...

Jack London, *The Valley of the Moon*.

... to the newly created post of projects director and designated him his successor.

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

By the way, ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... the younger man ...

Wilkie Collins, *The Evil Genius*.

... could not have failed to appreciate ...

The High Court of Justice—Queen's Bench Division, *Irving v. Lipstadt*.

... that all that would ever be required of him in payment for this ...

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

... privilege would be his ...

George Meredith, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

... devotion ...

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

... and blind obedience, ...

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

'But then, who knows?'

Emile Zola, *The Debacle*.

Slowly, over the years, my relationship with Eissler became closer. But Eissler was a very formal man, and remained so throughout our friendship. He never called me anything except Professor Masson, and I never called him anything but Dr. Eissler.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

In life, the give and take in relationships is not always mutual. A person may be mainly giving to one person, and receive nothing but thanks in return; in another relationship, the same person may be mainly the recipient and be giving hardly anything. Yet, friendship, I believe, presupposes a fair balance between giving and receiving. We may say that a father is his son's friend, and in some rare instances this may be true; yet while the general pattern of a father-son relationship ought to be friendly, it will not be friendship in the narrower sense of the word.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

The next summer ...

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

... his ambition growing—

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... Masson exploded a bombshell. In a paper delivered [in June 1981] to the Western New England Psychoanalytic Society, he accused the founder of psychoanalysis of yielding to peer pressure to abandon his "seduction theory," which proposed that neurosis was caused by actual childhood sexual abuse.

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

The relationship of the younger man to the older, however—of the ambitious pupil to the accomplished teacher—harbored, even under optimal conditions, material for conflict, misunderstanding and disappointment.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Jeffrey Masson

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

... in his ...

Jack London, *The Valley of the Moon*.

... lecture at the Western New England Institute for Psychoanalysis, ...

Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, *Anna Freud: A Biography*.

... read aloud ...

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*.

... for the first time an omitted part of a letter [that Freud had written to his friend Wilhelm Fliess dated] Dec. 12, 1897, revealing that Emma Eckstein, a psychoanalytic patient of Freud's whom Fliess nearly poisoned in an experimental nose operation two years earlier, was analyzing patients of her own.

Ralph Blumenthal, *Scholars Seek the Hidden Freud in Newly Emerging Letters*.

It was a delicious thought, to break the seals on documents that ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... had been placed in ...

Edward Stratemeyer, *True to Himself*.

... the Freud Archives ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... on the condition that ...

Aharon Appelfeld, *The Kafka Connection: A Displaced Writer Revisits a Haunted City of His Youth*.

... no one be allowed ...

Mary Roberts Rinehart, *The After House*.

... to see the papers ...

Henry James, *The Ambassadors*.

... for another hundred years.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Masson went up to the ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... stage ...

Boris Pasternak, *Doctor Zhivago*, Excerpt from "Hamlet."

... with measured steps.

Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.
(hesitates)

Samuel Beckett, *Krapp's Last Tape*.

I walk out on the stage.

Boris Pasternak, *Doctor Zhivago*, excerpt from "Hamlet."

And the whimsical idea came into my mind—

Charles Dudley Warner, *A Little Journey in the World*.

"You are hereby invited to watch me face the firing squad."

Lazar Fleishman, *Boris Pasternak, The Poet and His Politics*.

For just one instant I had a sense of . . .

H.G. Wells, *The First Men in the Moon*.

. . . What the coming years may hold in store.

Boris Pasternak, *Doctor Zhivago*, excerpt from "Hamlet."

It lasted for an infinitesimal time.

H.G. Wells, *The First Men in the Moon*.

Ten seconds.

Samuel Beckett, *Krapp's Last Tape*.

I moved into the lights, to the center of the stage. I took the paper from my pocket and held it.

David Evanier, *The Man Who Refused to Watch the Academy Awards*.

(he raises his head and stares front. With relish.)

Samuel Beckett, *Krapp's Last Tape*.

My voice trembled as I read:

David Evanier, *The Man Who Refused to Watch the Academy Awards*.

"Eckstein treated her patient deliberately in such a manner so as not to give her the slightest hint of what will emerge from the unconscious and . . .

Ralph Blumenthal, *Scholars Seek the Hidden Freud in Newly Emerging Letters*.

. . . brought her . . .

Algernon Charles Swinburne, *Queen Yseult*.

. . . by prompting her to remember . . .

Richard J. Welland, *Review of Vai Ramanathan, Alzheimer Discourse: Some Sociolinguistic Dimensions*.

. . . her forgotten past, to an understanding of her present position . . .

D.A. Traversi, *An Approach to Shakespeare: The Tempest*.

. . . and in the process obtained, among other things, the identical scenes with the father."

Ralph Blumenthal, *Scholars Seek the Hidden Freud in Newly Emerging Letters*.

—including . . .

Francis FitzGerald, *Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam*.

. . . a hint of her father's . . .

Rachel Ann Nunes, *Bridge to Forever*.

. . . desire for incestual relations with his daughter

Francis FitzGerald, *Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam*.

Masson said we . . .

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... could find an underlying basis to the compulsion to repeat in the strange bond that exists between a person and his or her past suffering. Traumatic experiences are always at least in part repressed.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Repression acts ...

Sigmund Freud, *Repression*.

... exactly like the censorship of newspapers ...

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

—just as when ...

Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*.

... a quantity of passages have been blacked out.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

The repression also contains an upward thrust, so that we can even speak of a "buoyancy" of the repressed.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Then the repressed material comes to the surface.

Arthur B. Reeve, *The Dream Doctor*.

To make a Freudian pun, it gets past the Censor.

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

The need to remember, then, is also a self-curative gesture, and people who suffer from lacunae of memory are preoccupied with attempts to piece together their own past. Linking this to psychoanalytic theory, ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... Masson remarked that ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... the heart of the transference neurosis is its undoing, its unwinding into the past, carrying along, in its backwash, the compulsion to repeat. These repetitions were attempts to seek help and rescue, and therefore, interpreting material from a severely traumatized person as fantasies obscures past realities and is felt by the patient as a misunderstanding of the most important events of the past.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Instead of receding harmlessly into the past, the darkest, most frightening events of childhood and adolescence gain power and authority as we grow older.

Martha Stout, *The Myth of Sanity: Divided Consciousness and the Promise of Awareness*.

The past ...

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

... this ineradicable, inescapable, ever-recurring, hideously retrievable ...

Cynthia Ozick, *Quarrel & Quandary*.

... past drove rats' teeth into the gray pulp of the present; it exasperated, it sowed wild dreams.

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

The memory of these events causes us to depart from ourselves, psychologically speaking, or to separate one part of our awareness from the others. What we conceive of as an unbroken thread of consciousness is instead quite often a train of discontinuous fragments. Our awareness is divided. And much more commonly than we know, even our personalities are fragmented—

Martha Stout, *The Myth of Sanity: Divided Consciousness and the Promise of Awareness*.

... into a veritable ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

... inner "gallery of characters," ...

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

... trying to cope with the past—rather than the sane, unified wholes we anticipate in ourselves and in other people.

Martha Stout, *The Myth of Sanity: Divided Consciousness and the Promise of Awareness*.

I took a breath. I had finished.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... would they believe me?

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

The young man had ...

Henry James, *The Europeans*.

... the flavor of the American West about him, and there ...

Janet Malcolm, *Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession*.

... adhered ...

Henry James, *The American*.

... to him something of the poignancy of the rough-hewn, morally fine Americans in Henry James's international novels who find themselves embroiled with outwardly soigné, morally piggish Europeans.

Janet Malcolm, *Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession*.

I couldn't tell if I had bored them, or if they disagreed, or were angered, or disgusted.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

It had become very still—

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor from Warsaw*.

All his life he had been pursuing certainties, truth: now he had "cried them out loud," alone.

Matthew Josephson, *Zola and His Time*.

I knew what I imagined psychoanalysis stood for: the breaking of taboos; fearless invasion into enemy territory, the enemy being ignorance; "speaking truth to power" as we had said in the sixties; abolition of denial; compassion for the suffering of others, especially for those who suffered in childhood; an uncompromising search for historical truth, no matter where this lead; finding the hidden injuries of class, sexism, racism. Such was my understanding of the thrust of Freud's creation of a new discipline, a truth-seeking instrument.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Would he have taken such a dangerous measure both for the cause of "truth and justice" and for himself, had he grasped the fury of the storm he would evoke?

Matthew Josephson, *Zola and His Time*.

After returning to Berkeley, I was called by the *New York Times*. They had heard about the paper and the response to it and wanted to send a reporter to Berkeley to talk to me about the issues surrounding it. Ralph Blumenthal came to Berkeley, spent a few days talking to me, left, and wrote a sober and intelligent account, sketchy and somewhat popular, but basically correct. I was completely unprepared for the storm it was to provoke within psychoanalytic circles. To this day I am not entirely certain what it was in the article that so infuriated the analytic community. But there can be no doubt about the severity of the anger, even rage, directed at me. The two-part article was published in the "Science" section of the *Times* on two successive Tuesdays, August 14, and August 21, 1981.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

"Had he perhaps after all been officially punished on account of the affair with the letter?"

Franz Kafka, *The Castle*.

Although the orthodox view of psychoanalysis is that Freud's rejection of the seduction theory liberated him from the tyranny of the literal and allowed him to discover the poetry of the unconscious, Masson dissented: "By shifting the emphasis from a real world of sadness, misery, and cruelty to an internal stage on which actors performed invented dramas for an invisible audience of their own creation," he said, "Freud began a trend away from the real world that, it seems to me, has come to a dead halt in the present-day sterility of psychoanalysis throughout the world."

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

(What could he mean by that?)—

Sigmund Freud, *Notes Upon A Case of Obsessional Neurosis*.

Freud's writings contain a new world, a cosmos comparable in its extension to those created by a genius before him—let us say, as in Shakespeare's plays.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Shakespeare's stage world is as wrong, composite, absurd and yet completely right . . . as an extravagant dreamscape, spawned by the flow of image and feeling in the words he speaks, in which tears fall and passions let rip in a way they can't in Denmark. "Things aren't like that," and yet on Shakespeare's stage, things are more like things than things themselves are.

Nicholas Hytner, *Entering Shakespeare's Dreams*.

But then, the paradox that a myth, a fiction, can be truer and more meaningful than "fact" is one that literature, rather than science, alone can understand.

Daniel Mendelsohn, *Fun With Freud*, Review of Israel Rosenfield, *Freud's Megalomania*.

We find represented in this . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . brave new world . . .

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

. . . Freud's world—

Amazon.com, Review of Lisa Appignanesi and John Forrester, *Freud's Women*.

. . . almost all the phenomena of the real human world. They are described and viewed in a new way, which strikes the reader as being original, individual and interesting, even fascinating, independently of whether the content is true or false.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Of how many of our scholars can this be said?

Hermann Hesse, *Sigmund Freud*.

Even if Freud is (scientifically) "wrong," as a writer—a mythographer of the soul, let's call it—he produced rich and brilliantly textured narratives that help us to think about the world and our lives in it. Myth, after all, is a lie that tells the truth.

Daniel Mendelsohn, *Fun With Freud*, Review of Israel Rosenfield, *Freud's Megalomania*.

Nowhere in . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . Masson's . . .

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

. . . work, however, or in that of any other contemporary analyst, was anything visible that would have suggested that he was on the verge of recreating the analytic world, as it were, anew . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

His intelligence lacked the capacity for bold leaps into the unknown, the sudden flashes of thought that transcend barren, logical deductions.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

The younger man's . . .

Jack London, *White Fang.*

. . . contributions to analysis were by no means great enough to have made him indispensable, or were they of a kind to have given the development of psychoanalysis a direction different from the one it actually took.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

Within the esteem-culture of the . . .

Gary Taylor, *Reinventing Shakespeare: A Cultural History, From The Restoration to The Present.*

. . . analytic community . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

. . . it is hard for . . .

H.G. Wells, *The First Men in the Moon.*

. . . an upstart Crow . . .

Robert Greene, *Groatsworth of Wit.*

. . . to win friends by pointing out deficiencies in the local totem.

Gary Taylor, *Reinventing Shakespeare: A Cultural History, From The Restoration to The Present.*

Of course . . .

Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne's House of Dreams.*

. . . what the young man had done . . .

Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge.*

. . . was to turn the . . .

Mark Twain, *A Tramp Abroad.*

. . . spotlights on a crisis in . . .

Dan Vergano, 'Universe' Artfully Juggles Theories: Review of The Elegant Universe hosted by Brian Greene.

. . . psychoanalysis, . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Secret Places of the Heart.*

. . . one invisible to the general public but increasingly embarrassing to the discipline.

Dan Vergano, 'Universe' Artfully Juggles Theories: Review of The Elegant Universe hosted by Brian Greene.

There is an expression . . .

Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein.*

... which you may have heard of; ...

Thomas Hardy, *The Well-Beloved*.

The climate of absurdity ...

Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus*.

... in any enterprise ...

Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

... is in the beginning.

Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus*.

I had an impression that ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... at the outset, ...

Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus*.

... Jeffrey Masson ...

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

... the newcomer in ...

Thomas Hardy, *Desperate Remedies*.

... a kind of reversal of roles ...

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

... carefully manipulated ...

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*.

... Anna Freud and Eissler ...

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

... to do his bidding.

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*.

The underlying melody is understandable.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

In fact it was Shakespeare's *The Tempest* in reverse, with Caliban master of Ariel and Prospero.

Honore de Balzac, *Cousin Bette*.

But it could not last.

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

He understood and accepted it.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, *The Breaking Point*.

The ultimate end, awaited but never desired, the ultimate end ...

Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus*.

... could be foreseen, foretold—

Joseph Conrad, *The Return*.

The fall of the arrow is as much a segment of its arc as the rise.

Richard Eder, *The Chemist and the Holocaust*.

What he probably did not understand was that ...

Fritz Stern, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroder, and the Building of the German Empire.*

... Freud's Truth, psychoanalysis ...

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis.*

... orthodox analysis ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

... was viewed by the daughter ...

Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies.*

... Freud's Antigone ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time.*

... as a gleaming ring, with Freud himself the precious jewel set in a circle of eternal unity. But if the center could not hold (i.e., if Freud was devalued), the ring would lose its potency and chaos would ensue—

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis.*

From one of the keepers of the Freudian flame, ...

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial.*

... Masson's contention that Freud at a crucial juncture gave in to collegial criticism ...

Douglas A. Davis, *A Theory for the 90s: Traumatic Seduction in Historical Context.*

... was heresy. In the fall of 1981 Eissler, Anna Freud, and the other trustees dismissed him.

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial.*

"... He had a number of enemies who made trouble for him and the committee ...

Philadelphia Press, *Prof. Eakins Resigns: Trouble in Life Class Of the Academy of the Fine Arts Leads to His Withdrawal.*

—that's to say ...

Franz Kafka, *The Trial.*

... Eissler and his colleagues ...

Craig Seligman, *Janet Malcolm.*

—"the Fanatics," he had called them—

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days.*

... thought it best for the interests of ...

Philadelphia Press, *Prof. Eakins Resigns: Trouble in Life Class Of the Academy of the Fine Arts Leads to His Withdrawal.*

... the Freud Archives ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a*

Psychoanalyst.

... that he should resign."

Philadelphia Press, *Prof. Eakins Resigns: Trouble in Life Class Of the Academy of the Fine Arts Leads to His Withdrawal.*

"You were so friendly to me for a time ...

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

... I, thy Caliban ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

... and explained so much to me, and now you let me go as if you cared nothing about me."

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

"But why, Dr. Eissler, why? What did I do that was so horrible? Adopt a position about the historical importance of the seduction theory that is at variance with the accepted version?"

"Yes."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

For us, a man is a hero and deserves special interest only *if his nature and his education have rendered him able to let his individuality be almost perfectly absorbed in its hierarchic function, without at the same time forfeiting the vigorous, fresh, admirable impetus which make for the savor and worth of the individual. And if conflicts arise between the individual and the hierarchy, we regard these very conflicts as a touchstone for the stature of the personality. We do not approve of the rebel who is driven by his desires and passions to infringements upon law and order; we find all the more worthy of our reverence the memory of those who tragically sacrificed themselves for the greater whole.* These latter are the heroes.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game* quoted in K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

Masson's ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... firing ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... could also be looked upon as a tactful concession to ...

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

... many analysts, ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory*.

... who bitterly hated him.

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

"Every day I get many calls, from all over the world about how awful you are. . . ."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

He looked right at me.

Monica Crowley, *Nixon in Winter*.

I keep seeing the look on his face The repetition of the memory is as insistent as the look itself was.

David Evanier, *The Man Who Refused to Watch the Academy Awards*.

Eissler's rage knew no bounds. He did not like being harassed by other analysts.

"Just today Masud Khan . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . who was a trustee . . .

William Faulkner, *Light in August*.

. . . called me from London and asked me to dismiss you from the Archives. The board members, all of them, or at least most of them, are asking for the same."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Eissler . . .

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

. . . was not entirely innocent of . . .

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

. . . Masson's . . .

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

. . . betrayal by . . .

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

. . . the trustees, . . .

Susan Glaspell, *At Twilight*.

. . . for he had preferred . . .

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

. . . Masson . . .

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

. . . to the others and then abandoned him to their hatred.

Ken Frieden, *Freud's Dream of Interpretation*.

Political prudence dictated . . .

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

—why, I still don't know—that . . .

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

. . . this kind of purge. . . .

Emile Zola, *Germinal*.

... be executed.

William Shakespeare, *Titus Andronicus*.

It was a foregone conclusion.

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

Discussing the board meeting at which he was fired, ...

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

... Masson said ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... that Eissler pressured him not to retaliate and "poison Anna Freud's last days," but instead to "live with ...

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

... the dismissal ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... in silence ... because it is the honorable thing to do."

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

Otherwise ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... said Eissler ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... there would be no end to litigation.

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

At which Masson, according to ...

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

... the press ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... commented, "Well, he had the wrong man."

Amanda Vaill, *Seduction on Trial*.

What arrogance!

Irvin D. Yalom, *Love's Executioner*.

There seems hardly any doubt that, once ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... the old man ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... had been seriously disappointed by an individual's personal conduct, it was often difficult for him to forgive ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

... and Masson ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

... must have been ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... over and over again, ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger.*

... a source of disappointment. If actions of the sort ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... I am attempting to describe ...

Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus.*

... actually did occur, then I do not see how ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... the doctor could ...

Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native.*

... have helped deeply regretting that he had ever accepted ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... a much younger man than his colleagues ...

Albert Camus, *The Stranger.*

... into the ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... inner circle of psychoanalysis.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

It was a bitter blow ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

... an unsettling experience ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time.*

... to a man of this sort ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

... a man among those who stood at the head of the movement.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov.*

Years later he himself commented on this matter:

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

It has not been the first or last experience to reinforce my disgust with ...

**J. Moussaieff Masson and T.C. Masson, *Buried Memories on the Acropolis: Freud's Response to Mysticism and Anti-Semitism*
quoting Sigmund Freud.**

... young men who have nothing but talent.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

Rightly, one may say that ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

The entire affair had been a lot of people performing a play ...

Gilbert J. Rose, *William Faulkner's Light in August: The Orchestration of Time In the Psychology of Artistic Style.*

... an absurd ...

Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus.*

... play and now at last they had all played out the parts which had been allotted them.

Gilbert J. Rose, *William Faulkner's Light in August: The Orchestration of Time In the Psychology of Artistic Style.*

What's past is ...

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest.*

... eternally present, and therefore ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

... would seem to present material for an instructive prologue.

Lawrence J. Friedman, *Identity's Architect: A Biography of Erik H. Erikson.*

It was uncanny to observe how the persons drawn into the imbroglia were forced to pursue the acting out, almost as if they were ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... grotesques, moving puppetlike ...

Robert W. Gutman, *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music.*

... under the dominance of ...

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud.*

... an unseen Player who ...

Gilbert J. Rose, *William Faulkner's Light in August: The Orchestration of Time In the Psychology of Artistic Style.*

... acted through them.

Tito Vignoli, *Myth and Science.*

But in the end ...

Henry James, *The American.*

... dear friends, ...

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet.*

... you know well that life is full of infinite absurdities, which, strangely enough, do not even need to appear plausible, since they are true.

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author.*

—At this point I shall not suppress a sigh.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Anti-Christ.*

Though it is fashionable these days to ...

Harold Bloom, *Picturing Shakespeare.*

... question his character ...

Chris Matthews, *Clinton's Final Campaign: Take the Blame.*

These storms over Freud ...

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time.*

... and the whole psychoanalytic establishment ...

Janet Malcolm, *In The Freud Archives.*

... seem to me ...

Mark Twain, *Christian Science.*

... wrong in principle—mere learned idling

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Anti-Christ.*

Freud's greatness as a writer is his actual achievement. As a therapy, psychoanalysis is dying, perhaps already dead: its canonical survival must be in what Freud wrote. One could object that Freud is an original thinker as well as a powerful author, to which I would reply that Shakespeare is an even more original thinker.

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages.*

Just who does Harold Bloom think he is?

Anthony Lake, *Infinite Exercise.*

What, if anything, makes Shakespeare so different from—so much better than—everybody else? ...

He was indeed singular, not because he surpassed all other writers, but simply because he was a unique and unrepeatable individual, living in a unique and unrepeatable time and place. He was no less and no more singular than anyone else. Shakespeare remains, like every other somebody, like us but not us. We are attracted and defeated, educated and mystified, by his strangeness, his otherness, his contradictory incompleteness, his whole, his holes, his permanent personal opacity, his multiplicity. He reinvented himself imaginatively and prolifically, but not infinitely. He, too, was limited, confined by space and time and the boundaries of his own perception. He is not us. But he is like us. The culture that turns him into a god produces a schizophrenic criticism, mixing abasement and appropriation.

Within our culture, Shakespeare is enormously powerful. Power corrupts and disfigures. The power of a politician easily corrupts his entourage, and the power of a poet easily corrupts his apologists. The courtier/critic's "candied tongue," in Hamlet's withering description, will all too readily "licke absurde pompe,/And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee." But criticism, at its best, struggles to be free; like the press at its best, its function is to doubt what we have been told; it is skeptical; it is suspicious of power. Sycophancy is no more admirable in literature than in politics. ...

By overestimating Shakespeare's importance and uniqueness, Shakespearean critics insult the truth.

Gary Taylor, *Reinventing Shakespeare: A Cultural History, From The Restoration to The Present.*

Is Hamlet understood? Not doubt, certainty is what drives one insane. – But one must be profound, an abyss, a philosopher to feel that way. – We are all afraid of truth.

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*.

The truth to which Hamlet comes is one in which all mankind should be passionately interested—namely, the truth about society's foundation. As for Hamlet, however, obtaining this truth was as unfortunate as it is for most others who try to penetrate the matter deeply. For I do not believe that Shakespeare was driven here to say something about a specific society, but about society as he understood it in general. Society can exist, he says, only when the structure of its foundation is denied and woe to him who does not share in this collective denial.

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

A Comedy in the Making

The thirteen members of the board of directors of the Sigmund Freud Archives . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . who make themselves even more pompous and ridiculous as their meeting proceeds . . .

David J. Baker, *No Laughing Matter: Where is the Comedy in Die Meistersinger?*

. . . met in Eissler's apartment in New York on November 14, 1981, just about a year to the day after I had been appointed projects director. I was present to defend myself.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

To my eye, all of them looked better dressed and better educated and altogether more confident than I.

Frances Kiernan, *Fiction at The New Yorker*.

Many of them seemed rather vague as to what, precisely, the seduction theory was, and what, precisely, my apostasy was.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

[*interrupting furiously*].

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

Yes, I understood nothing of it!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

How could anyone be quite sure of understanding such a man?

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

BECKMESSER:

No pause anywhere, no coloratura, and not a trace of melody!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Just listen to him!

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

Who calls that singing?

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

[*annoyed*].

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

It made one uneasy!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

[*angrily*].

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

Nothing but ear-splitting din!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

[*losing patience at last and almost indignant*].

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

And nothing behind it!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

That is quite all right. But . . .

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

. . . as it is not given to everyone to discover an out-and-out novelty, in order to make the necessary sensation the man has naturally to resort to representing a forerunner's views as fundamentally false, a course all the more effective in proportion to the significance of the author he is now deriding, and to the plentiful misunderstanding that author has met with.

Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner* quoting Wagner, *Public and Popularity*.

And he even jumped up from the Singer's Chair!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

[*The ACTORS look at one another in amazement.*]

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

BECKMESSER:

Will you press for proof of his faults?

Or declare outright that he has sung his chance away?

SACHS (*who has listened to Walther's trial song from the first with serious interest*):

Stay, Masters! Not so fast!

Not everyone shares your opinion.—

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

You critics, or whatever else you may call yourselves, are ashamed or frightened of the momentary and transient extravagances which are to be found in all truly creative minds and whose longer or shorter duration distinguishes the thinking artist from the dreamer. You complain . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams* quoting Friedrich Schiller.

. . . gentlemen, . . .

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

. . . because you reject too soon and discriminate too severely.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams* quoting Friedrich Schiller.

The man, the writer, the instrument of the creation will die, but his creation does not die. And to live forever, it does not need to have extraordinary gifts or to be able to work wonders. Who was Sancho Panzo? Who was Don Abbondio? Yet they live eternally because—live germs as they were—they had the fortune to find a fecundating matrix, . . .

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

. . . that is to say, . . .

Luigi Pirandello, *Preface to Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

. . . creative minds and . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams* quoting Friedrich Schiller.

. . . a fantasy which could raise and nourish them: make them live

forever!

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

SACHS:

The knight's song and melody
I found new, but not confused;
if he left our paths
he at least strode firmly and surely.
If you wish to measure according to rules,
forget your own ways,
you must first seek its rules!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Mankind would still be living in caves or lake dwellings, had there not been the few who were able to "unthink" the world as it was and to "think" a new world—that is, to recreate one that is more gratifying, or more illuminating than the one they found.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

I am simply asking that . . .

Frances Kiernan, *Fiction at The New Yorker*.

. . . the board of directors . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a*

Psychoanalyst.

... do everything possible to give ...

Frances Kiernan, *Fiction at The New Yorker*.

... the seduction theory ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... a chance to make a case for itself.

Frances Kiernan, *Fiction at The New Yorker*.

BECKMESSER:

Aha! That's right! Now you hear it:

Sachs is opening a loop-hole for bunglers

who come and go as they please

and follow their own frivolous course.

Sing to the people on the market-place and in the streets;

here admittance is only by the rules.

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

That I had no interest whatsoever in ...

Frances Kiernan, *Fiction at The New Yorker*.

... an analytic practice ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... seemed to trouble no one. Indeed, more than one person suggested that it was an asset.

Frances Kiernan, *Fiction at The New Yorker*.

But with ...

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

... what right did ...

Jack London, *Martin Eden*.

... I question ...

Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*.

... the major tenets of psychoanalysis ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... someone asked.

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Mucker*.

After all, my ...

Henry James, *Washington Square*.

... training as a ...

Frances Kiernan, *Fiction at The New Yorker*.

... psychoanalyst ...

H.G. Wells, *The Secret Places of the Heart*.

... amounted to little more than an old-fashioned apprenticeship.

Frances Kiernan, *Fiction at The New Yorker*.

The Grand Finale

The guild ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... with its ...

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

... rigid formulas and prohibitions ...

David J. Baker, *No Laughing Matter: Where is the Comedy in Die Meistersinger?*

... mattered more than anything else.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

It was not easy for me to remain calm. I succeeded, however ...

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

I was silent.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

What faces these were around him!

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

Old men with beards!

Arthur Miller, *Broken Glass*.

For the first time, I'd realized how all these people loathed me.

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

Their little black eyes darted furtively from side to side, their beards were stiff and brittle, and to take hold of them would be like clutching bunches of claws rather than beards.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

"Did you understand a word of it?" ...

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

... Beckmesser ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

... was asking; "surely he can't be trying to make fools of us?"

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

One could almost suppose that the chief clerk ...

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

... Beckmesser, the pedantic and assertive guardian of high standards and judge of talents, ...

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

... was deliberately assuming a blank expression, while waiting for the full effect of his words.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

But there was ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

Silence! silence!

Luigi Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

... a monstrous curtain of silence ...

Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*.

Sometimes I thought ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... the chief clerk's ...

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*.

... behavior bordered on the comically absurd, though this man, so humorous when it came to the foibles of others, apparently failed to see the humor in his own "craziness."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Every attempt to evoke the scene and give the verbal picture some colour and semblance of life collapses into a Beckmesserish incoherence.

J.P. Stern, *Hitler: The Fuhrer and the People*.

Meister Sixtus Beckmesser, town-clerk of the free imperial city of Nuremberg at the time of ...

Paul Rosenfeld, *Men Seen: Twenty-Four Modern Authors*.

... Wagner's opera *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*, ...

Bradley F. Smith, *Reaching Judgment at Nuremberg*.

... is usually represented a malevolent buffoon.

Paul Rosenfeld, *Men Seen: Twenty-Four Modern Authors*.

Wagner's caricature is cruel but it is funny, and it repossesses the general awareness with every performance of the Meistersinger. To cavil at this breathing statue to stupid self-importance must seem labored, humorless. As usual, the sober and complex truth limps helplessly behind the astute, simplistic libel—astute precisely because it is simplistic. ...

Even if one corrects for Wagner's malice, it seems plausible to hold that his Beckmesser remains in substance a telling, if heartless, depiction of a pedant in power.

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

But the morality and metaphysics of the clerk are not only, nor indeed primarily, those of pedantic, mandarin abstraction. . . .

A kabbalistic and Hasidic intimation has it that evil seeped into our world through the hair-line crack of a single erroneous letter, that man's suffering, and that of the Jew especially, came of the false transcription of a single letter or word when God dictated the Torah to his elect scribe . . .

George Steiner, *No Passion Spent*.

—creating an error in the world; unplanned free-flow.

Steven R. Latham, *System and Responsibility: Three Readings of the Institute of Medicine Report on Medical Error*.

This grim fantastication is utterly expressive of a scholar's code. It points to the definition of a Jew as one who always has a pencil or pen in hand when he reads, of one who will in the death-camps (and this came to pass) correct a printing error, emend a doubtful text, on his way to extinction.

George Steiner, *No Passion Spent*.

If, in the face of such reservations, I offer a plea for Beckmesser, I do so not to deny or to extenuate his flaws, but to place them in perspective. . . .

Had he been merely ridiculous, Wagner would not have taken the trouble to ridicule him.

Peter Gay, *Freud, Jews and Other Germans*.

At these words Beckmesser's rage is beyond all bounds.

Albert Lavignac, *The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner*.

BECKMESSER:

No more! An end!

THE MASTERS:

Enough! An end!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Eissler could stand it no longer. "Stop it. Of course Masson is right about the aridity of psychoanalysis today." The analysts in the room were so used to agreeing with Eissler automatically that there were murmurs of assent around the room. Eissler went on, "But the point is, who is to blame for this? Masson would blame Freud. That is outrageous." A chorus of "outrageous" came back. Finally Eissler lost his composure and launched into a forty-five-minute passionate denunciation of me—

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

His performance would have bordered on the comical if not for the rage that poured from him.

Jeffrey Toobin, *A Vast Conspiracy: The Real Story of the Sex Scandal that Nearly Brought Down a President*.

BECKMESSER:

Now, Masters, announce your decision!
(*Most of them hold up their hands.*)

THE MASTERS:

Sung out and undone!

Richard Wagner, *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

Curtain.

One must visualize . . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: For the Marble Tablet*.

. . . Masson's . . .

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

. . . situation at this moment. He was forty years old, a psychopathologist with towering ambitions, impressive self-confidence, and small income. He had failed, . .

Peter Gay, *Freud: For the Marble Tablet*

—after all, . . .

David Evanier, *The Arrest*.

. . . to secure the fame he wanted and thought he deserved. For several years he had been reconnoitering from an exposed outpost, with incredible tenacity, reaching for a general theory of the mind. Now he no longer knew where he stood. He was like a brave officer venturing far into enemy territory only to sense abruptly that his troops have deserted him, and that, in any case, the war may not be worth fighting.

Peter Gay, *Freud: For the Marble Tablet*

There I stood . . .

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

. . . in Eissler's apartment . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . intent on . . .

Jack London, *The Valley of the Moon*.

. . . playing it to the end.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

I knew it was really happening. There was no sense of disbelief.

Bob Simon, *Forty Days*.

Still the atmosphere of unreality, the . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... strangely cinematic ...

Bob Simon, *Forty Days*.

... quality of the meeting, persisted to the end.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Where were the camera positions? Where was the director?

Bob Simon, *Forty Days*.

I felt very much like ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... a "subordinate officer" ...

Bradley F. Smith, *Reaching Judgment at Nuremberg*.

... charged with treason ...

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

... who was about to be ...

Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*.

... sentenced to death by hanging.

Bradley F. Smith, *Reaching Judgment at Nuremberg*.

The movie sense ...

Bob Simon, *Forty Days*.

... was a protecting presence:

Bayard Taylor, *Beauty and the Beast, and Tales of Home*.

The men facing me were playing their parts as officers and interrogators. Their costumes were good, the accents just right. I was playing mine. We were all aware that these were just the opening scenes, and were anxious not to fluff our lines.

Bob Simon, *Forty Days*.

I thought it out at the time, feeling the need for vindication and desiring to be at peace with my conscience. But this vindication did not satisfy. Nor to this day can I permit my manhood to look back upon these events and feel entirely exonerated. The situation was something that really exceeded rational formulas for conduct and demanded more than the cold conclusions of reason. When viewed in the light of formal logic, there is not one thing of which to be ashamed; but nevertheless a shame rises within me at the recollection, and in the pride of my manhood I feel that my manhood has in unaccountable ways been smirched and sullied.

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

I was frightened, but a corner of my mind was doing a critique. We need a new scriptwriter, I thought. These lines are too hackneyed. If we have to go through all this, does it have to be so unremittingly grade B?

Bob Simon, *Forty Days*.

Emerging front and center . . .

Matthew Gurewitsch, *Risk Taker Supreme: Is Daniel Day Lewis Too Good To Be a Movie Star?*

. . . Jeffrey Masson . . .

Tom Wells, *Wild Man: The Life and Times of Daniel Ellsberg*.

—his proud forehead, nose curved like a scythe, and square jaw now displayed in profile—heard with malevolence, his thin lips pressed tight, his tense brows soaring in open contempt, like a defiant student forced to stand by for an address by the principal. That face would have told in a silent movie.

But then he spoke, and plunged into a concerto. Henceforward the other voices would be the orchestra; . . .

Matthew Gurewitsch, *Risk Taker Supreme: Is Daniel Day Lewis Too Good To Be a Movie Star?*

. . . Masson's . . .

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

—deep, rolling, bold, like a cello, splendid in antagonism, yet lyric—the solo. Not bound by the sense of the words, its cantilenas, its roars, its occasional tortured squeaks made incantatory music of their own.

Matthew Gurewitsch, *Risk Taker Supreme: Is Daniel Day Lewis Too Good To Be a Movie Star?*

"Please tell me why I am being fired from my position. I was a full professor at the University of Toronto when you offered me this job, and I gave up a tenured faculty position to accept it. You and Muriel . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . Muriel Gardiner, a Vienna-trained psychoanalyst . . .

Ralph Blumenthal, *Did Freud's Isolation Lead Him to Reverse Theory on Neurosis?*

. . . you both . . .

William Shakespeare, *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*.

. . . assured me it was for life. I have a . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . wife and daughter . . .

T.S. Eliot, *Marina* (editor's note).

. . . a family I must provide for. Had I known this was just a trial period or that I needed to espouse the conventional views I never would have accepted the position."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a*

Psychoanalyst.

I am speaking to you now like a man with a rope round his neck. What do you imagine I am? A being in revolt? No.

Joseph Conrad, *Under Western Eyes.*

" . . . My name and reputation is involved, the memory I shall leave behind here. . . . I am not here to salvage something for myself, or even to win the Board's approval for my action. I counted on being regarded by my colleagues henceforth as a dubious phenomenon, and am prepared for that. But I don't want to be regarded as a traitor or madman; that is a verdict I cannot accept. I have done something you must disapprove of, but I have done it because I had to, because it was incumbent upon me, because that is my destiny, which I believe in and which I assume with good will. If you cannot concede this much, then I have been defeated and have spoken with you in vain."

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

Eissler was calmer now, and he said . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

. . . clearly and to the point . . .

The New Cassell's German Dictionary (entry for the German word "rein").

. . . that all that was true, and he would now tell me why I had to be fired. I was being fired for three reasons. "The first is the article that appeared in the *New York Times*. The second reason is the Zeplichal incident. Do you remember, Professor Masson? In one of the Silberstein letters, Freud told his friend that he was sending him a book by Zeplichal. I asked you to find out who this person was. You looked it up and said apparently he had written a book on geometry. *But you were wrong, Professor Masson.* The Zeplichal Freud had in mind had written a book on shorthand, not geometry." Here he paused to look up at me. Eissler was serious and apparently considered this almost a sin.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

I was too stunned to respond.

George Stephanopoulos, *All Too Human: A Political Education.*

"The third and last reason you are being fired is that you told Anna Freud that a letter published in German from Freud to Karl Kraus contained nine transcription errors. But in fact *you were wrong*. There were only six errors, not nine." Again, he looked absolutely indignant.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

The power of . . .

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude.*

. . . Eissler's . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... presence was such that ...

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*.

... it was not necessary to demonstrate facts: it was enough ...

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *Living to Tell the Tale*.

... for him ...

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*.

... to have said ...

L. Frank Baum, *The Scarecrow of Oz*.

... something for it to be true, with no proofs other than the power of his talent and the authority of his voice.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *Living to Tell the Tale*.

At once ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

... Dr. Eissler ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... became an enigma.

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

I before him did not know whether I stood on the ground or floated in the air. I've been telling you what we said—repeating the phrases we pronounced—but what's the good? They were common everyday words—the familiar, vague sounds exchanged on every waking day of life. But what of that? They had behind them, to my mind, the terrific suggestiveness of words heard in dreams, of phrases spoken in nightmares.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

Eissler was a quirky man, a strange and finally a lovable man.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

One side or the other of his ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

... many-sided ...

Maynard Barbour, *That Mainwaring Affair*.

... nature was perfectly comprehensible, but ...

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

... the several ...

Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

... sides together were bewildering.

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

I did not want to push him. I did not want to hurt him. Something terrible was going on inside him; he was not capable of talking about it, but it was real, and I was the source of his pain. I did feel bad for him. But I could not let the others off so lightly.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

He knew some of these men personally, and thought they were a very mediocre lot.
Emile Zola, *The Debacle*.

I turned to them, and I said, "Well, Dr. Eissler has told you the reasons why I am being fired. I want to ask you, do you all feel so strongly about Zeplichal?" For a moment, they looked confused ("Who??"), then there was murmured assent, "Yes, indeed, you got Zeplichal wrong, terrible, a terrible incident."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

In truth, there was very little reasoning or none at all. Their method was one of assertion, assumption, and denunciation.

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

I was stripped of all rank, like a disgraced soldier.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

It should be unnecessary to state, at least to my friends, that I was shocked.

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

Dreyfus's astonishment was greater still, for General Boisdessfre was absent. He was received instead by an odd and solemn officer in uniform, who introduced himself as

...

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

... the chief advocate ...

Bradley F. Smith, *Reaching Judgment at Nuremberg*.

... "Commandant du Paty de Clam." In the rear of the room there were three men in civilian garb who were unknown to Dreyfus. These were Armand Cochefort, head of Criminal Investigation, his secretary, and Felix Gribelin, archivist of the Section of Statistics.

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

Among the few Jewish officers in the French army was Captain Alfred Dreyfus, who had risen to a post on the general staff. . . . Captain Dreyfus was arrested on the charge of selling French military plans to the German government.

Solomon Grayzel, *A History of the Jews*.

On the morning of Monday the 15th of October 1894, Captain Alfred Dreyfus was summoned to present himself at the French Ministry of War. The Commander Paty de Clam, alongside three other inspectors, welcomed Dreyfus and proceeded in asking him to write a peculiar letter, dictated by Paty de Clam. This letter contained sentences from

the infamous “bordereaux” which was a letter written by a French spy, found in the dustbin of the German military attaché in Paris. The French Ministry of War was searching for the spy and were testing various officers that could be suspected of treason. As Dreyfus wrote the letter he shivered and the three men scrutinizing his every move, noticed his trembling, thus deeming it as a sign of culpability. “He is cold, he shivers, an incontestable sign of his culpability”

Jean-Baptiste Tai-Sheng Jacquet, *The Significance of the Dreyfus Affairs on Politics in France from 1894 to 1906.*

At that moment du Paty brutally interrupted the dictation. "What is the matter, Captain? You are trembling!" "My fingers are cold," answered Dreyfus, who continued to write. "My fingers were cold," Dreyfus would later write, "for the temperature was quite chilly outside, and I had been in a heated room for only a few minutes."

Why did Du Paty suddenly challenge Dreyfus? "To unsettle his self-assurance," he would later claim, attributing to Dreyfus alternatively a revealing agitation and the perfect calm of a polished fraud. Dreyfus awaited the rest of the dictation. Du Paty addressed him still more brutally. "Pay attention. This is serious." Dreyfus was offended by the harshness of the bizarre remark, but he continued to write in response to the dictation, attempting to "write better."

"it functioned in maneuvers;

2. A note on covering troops;

3. A note on Madagascar."

"Dreyfus had regained his composure," Du Paty would write. "It was useless to pursue the experiment." Whereupon du Paty rose, solemnly placed his hand on Dreyfus's shoulder, and . . .

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus.*

. . . in a tone of great contempt . . .

Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass.*

. . . spoke these words: "In the name of the law I arrest you. You are accused of the crime of high treason."

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus.*

Captain Dreyfus . . .

Solomon Grayzel, *A History of the Jews.*

. . . was shocked by the bold accusation, and he thought maybe they were trying to gauge his reaction to determine if he was lying.

Jeannie McDonough and Paul Lonardo, *Caught in the Act: A Courageous Family's Fight to Save Their Daughter from a Serial Killer.*

But they had made up their minds, "Why do we need any more evidence? We've all heard him as good as say it himself."

Luke 22:71

"He is guilty! Take him away!"

Carl Bowen, *Predator & Prey*.

One of the impressive things about paranoid literature is precisely the elaborate concern with demonstration it almost invariably shows. One should not be misled by the fantastic conclusions that it is not, so to speak, argued out along factual lines. The very fantastic character of its conclusions leads to heroic strivings for "evidence" to prove that the unbelievable is the only thing that can be believed. . . . But respectable paranoid literature not only starts from certain moral commitments that can be justified to many non-paranoids but also carefully and all but obsessively accumulates "evidence."

Richard Hofstadter, *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*.

"Why did you say that Freud renounced the seduction theory to line his pockets with money?"

"But I never said any such thing."

"Yes you did, I heard it from a patient who was present when you said it."

"But that's crazy, excuse me, that's absurd."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Where am I? Is this a dream?

Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*.

Another analyst told Eissler that he too, had heard the same accusation, but was not free to declare his source.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

"But . . . that's absurd!" he cried.

Fedor Dostoyevski, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

"From that first moment on . . . the phenomenon that would dominate the entire Affair was in operation. It was no longer carefully verified facts and scrupulously examined matters which formed opinion; it was a sovereign, pre-established, and irresistible belief which distorted facts and realities."

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

One of the older analysts present said that the . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . *New York Times* . . .

Tom Wells, *Wild Man: The Life and Times of Daniel Ellsberg*.

. . . article had been a personal embarrassment to him as a psychoanalyst. What did I have to say to that? I had nothing to say to that.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

What did I care!

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

I did not want to be discourteous and tell him that I really didn't give a damn what personal discomforts he had suffered on behalf of my views about the seduction theory.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Without replying . . .

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

. . . Jeffrey Masson . . .

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

. . . remained standing where he was for a moment.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*.

All at once something startling happened.

Thomas Mann, *Tristan*.

Enraged by the betrayal involved, . . .

David Tell, *Toobin, Too Bad*.

. . . the analyst . . .

Lucy Beckett, *Richard Wagner: Parsifal* quoting Arnold Whittall.

. . . turned on him with extraordinary vehemence and accused him of . . .

Roger Cohen, *Kohl Resigns German Party Post After He Is Rebuked for Scandal*.

—"[having] abandoned all the major tenets of psychoanalysis." This was probably true, but I was not sure how he knew. "Let me read what you wrote," and he proceeded to read from . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . his copy of . . .

Aldous Huxley, *Crome Yellow*.

. . . the *New York Times*, . . .

Tom Wells, *Wild Man: The Life and Times of Daniel Ellsberg*.

. . . which he handled as he might have a bottle labeled POISON!

Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Zimmermann Telegram*.

But then he did a most astonishing thing—he added the following sentence: "And now I no longer believe in repression or the unconscious." This was as if in a meeting of senior Vatican officials, one of the cardinals were to announce that he no longer believed in the Holy Trinity, . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a*

Psychoanalyst.

... the Virgin ...

The New Cassell's German Dictionary (entry for German word "rein").

... Father and Son ...

Gustav Mahler, *Symphony No. 8 (Part I: Veni, Creator Spiritus).*

... or even the existence of God. When there was a murmur of disapproval I had to object. "But I never wrote those lines. They are not in the article at all. You have simply invented them."

"Yes," he said, ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

... like the Queen in "Alice [in Wonderland]" ...

Bradley F. Smith, *Reaching Judgment at Nuremberg* quoting Francis Biddle, Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal.

... "they are here in black and white."

I leaned over to see what he was quoting, and noted that he had penciled in the lines he was citing. I said so.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

"This is sheer nonsense!"

Franz Kafka, *The Trial.*

"You have added those lines. They are not part of the article."

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

Naturally I ...

Franz Kafka, *The Trial.*

... protested, grew indignant.

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus.*

I could barely contain my rage.

Zoltán Kövecses, *Metaphor: A Practical Introduction.*

So absurd was ...

Daniel M. Harrell, *How to Be Perfect: One Church's Audacious Experiment in Living the Old Testament Book of Leviticus.*

... the clamorous but ultimately unsubstantiated claim of overt ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder Revisited: Thoughts About Therapy, Hate, Love, and Memory.*

... treachery to the cause ...

Francis Wayland, *Notes on the Principles and Practices of Baptist Churches.*

... that I was certain I had ...

Constantine Sult, *Confident.*

... been brought up on false or greatly exaggerated charges
Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder Revisited: Thoughts About Therapy, Hate, Love, and Memory.*

At this moment ...
Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

... the chief advocate ...
Bradley F. Smith, *Reaching Judgment at Nuremberg.*

... who had been for some time busily writing in his notebook, called out "Silence!", and read out from his book, "Rule Forty-two. ..."

Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

"Whosoever will have engaged in machinations or shared information with foreign powers ... will be punished by death."

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus.*

... by death?
William Shakespeare, *King Lear.*
(I'm imagining this)

Don DeLillo, *The Names.*

It was as though I ...
Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

... was breaching national security by selling military secrets or something.
Joel Glenn Brenner, *The Emperors of Chocolate: Inside the Secret World of Hershey and Mars.*

I felt my heart pounding wildly, like that of a man facing a firing squad ...
William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness.*

True to his temperament, ...
Barbara W. Tuchman, *The Guns of August.*

... the accused ...
Franz Kafka, *The Trial.*

... persisted in maintaining his innocence, explained incoherently that he ... loved his homeland, his profession, that he was incapable of betrayal. "A rather theatrical pose," ...

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus.*

... the chief advocate ...
Bradley F. Smith, *Reaching Judgment at Nuremberg.*

... would explain. "I allowed the torrent to die down; it may well have been a set piece prepared in the event of an arrest."

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus.*

There arose a hubbub of talk, arguments, suggestions.
Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

"You should not have spoken to the *New York Times*," said one [member of the Freud Archives board], and another added, "You showed poor judgment." "You should have been more discreet," added another.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

It was just one of those overwhelming moments.

Monica Crowley, *Nixon in Winter*.

"I don't think it mattered what the article said—they weren't going to like it. Nobody is allowed to judge them, especially not the press."

Joel Glenn Brenner, *The Emperors of Chocolate: Inside the Secret World of Hershey and Mars*.

But I believe that my supposed personality, my supposed motivation, and my supposed hunger for publicity really had little to do with what was bothering these men. I believe that they could not get over the fact that . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . months earlier . . .

Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

. . . pictures of me . . .

Mary Roberts Rinehart, *Dangerous Days*.

. . . had appeared in the *New York Times* . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . including one in which . . .

Mary Williams Walsh, *David Bloom, 39, Dies in Iraq; Reporter Was With Troops* (*New York Times*, Monday, April 7, 2003).

. . . I was probably not dressed properly.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Come! Come!

Gustav Mahler, *Symphony No. 8* quoting Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

. . . Dr. Masson: . . .

International Psychoanalytic Association, *Letter to J. Moussaieff Masson*.

. . . said one of the stiffer analysts there, "you well know that . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . Freud is quite right—

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters* quoting Letter to Alma Mahler (September 4, 1910).

... the analyst should be anonymous, unknown.”

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Er ist nicht reinlich

Gustav Mahler, *Symphony No. 8* quoting Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

... said another, ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... quoting Freud

Ariel Shaw, *The Cult of the Virgin Mary And It's Effect on Women's Sexuality*.

That is, it is ...

Stewart Edward White, *The Blazed Trail*.

... not seemly ...

***Proverbs 19:10*.**

... not pure ...

***Job 25:5*.**

... for an analyst to ...

Reuel Marc Gerecht, *The Counterterrorist Myth*.

... allow his picture to appear in the paper.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

It was undoubtedly the feeling of ...

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

... many analysts that the ...

Mohamed Moftah, *Tea on the Lawn*.

... analytic space was like an operating theater. It had to be kept ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... free from stain, ...

Gustav Mahler, *Symphony No. 8* quoting Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

... pure and unsullied as possible. The influence of ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... the outside world ...

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

... had to be kept to a minimum. The analytic instrument must be immaculate.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

One of the others spoke up . . .

John Buchan, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*.

. . . in a menacing tone . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Nostromo*.

. . . as though it were a Star Chamber, not a group of fellow analysts.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis*.

This man . . .

Anne Katherine Green, *Initials Only*.

(meaning me)

Oliver Goldsmith, *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

. . . in violation of all professional ethics . . .

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Great Conductors* quoting Cleveland Leader article about Leopold Stokowski, April 28, 1912.

. . . all rules . . .

Anne Katherine Green, *Initials Only*.

. . . caused his pictures to be published far and wide above the columns of fulsome matter . . .

Harold C. Schonberg, *The Great Conductors* quoting Cleveland Leader article about Leopold Stokowski, April 28, 1912.

. . . for all the world to read

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters* quoting Letter to Alma Mahler (September 4, 1910).

Wave upon wave . . .

Gustav Mahler, *Symphony No. 8* quoting Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final Scene).

. . . of exclamations followed this statement.

Maynard Barbour, *That Mainwaring Affair*.

The whole chorus . . .

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters* quoting Letter to Alma Mahler (June 1910).

. . . of analysts . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . it seemed, were now . . .

Fouad Ajami, *The Poisoned Well* (*The New York Times*, October 17, 2003).

. . . circling the highest peaks . . .

Gustav Mahler, *Symphony No. 8* quoting Goethe, *Faust* (Part II) (Final

Scene).

... of absurdity.

Joseph Conrad, *Chance*.

I was with them ...

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

... with these men ...

E.M. Forster, *A Room with a View*.

... and yet I was alone ...

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

... alone; his feelings and his happiness were of no account; he was of importance to ...

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*.

... these others—the ...

H.G. Wells, *When The Sleeper Wakes*.

... members of the Board of Directors ...

**Harold C. Schonberg, *The Great Conductors* quoting Cincinnati Orchestra,
letter of termination to Leopold Stokowski, 1912.**

... only in so far as he reflected credit on themselves.

Alma Mahler, *Gustav Mahler: Memories and Letters*.

What had happened? Who was to blame?

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

My aloneness in the experience only added to my sense of incredulity.

Lauren Slater, *Prozac Diary*.

I did not know the rules, and I was playing against enormous odds. Everybody in the room was older than I, and certainly everybody in the room thought of himself as wiser than I. There was some attempt to treat me with fatherly kindness but harshness.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I've never seen anything so unreal in my life.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

... it all seemed so ridiculous—

Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass*.

The pervasive sense of madness is utterly impossible to convey in words.

Sidney H. Phillips, *Trauma and War: A Fragment of an Analysis with a Vietnam Veteran*.

It was ... a mind-boggling enigma.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

Like something out of Conrad.

Sidney H. Phillips, *Trauma and War: A Fragment of an Analysis with a Vietnam Veteran.*

Do you see the story? Do you see anything? It seems to me I am trying to tell you a dream—making a vain attempt, because no relation of a dream can convey the dream-sensation, that commingling of absurdity, surprise, and bewilderment in a tremor of struggling revolt, that notion of being captured by the incredible which is the very source of dreams.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness.*

I am alone, at dawn, on the mountaintop. Below, through the milky mist, I see the bodies of my friends. Some that have rolled down the slopes lie like disjointed red dolls; others are ashen statues surprised by the eternity of death. Stealthy shadows are climbing toward me. Silence. I wait. They approach. I fire against dark silhouettes in black pajamas, faceless ghosts. I feel the recoil of the machine gun; I grip it so tightly my hands burn as incandescent lines of fire cross through the sky, but there is no sound. The attackers have become transparent; they are not stopped by the bullets that pass right through them, they continue their implacable advance. I am surrounded. . . . Silence. . . .

My own scream wakes me, and I keep screaming, screaming. . . .

Isabel Allende, *The Infinite Plan.*

He wanted to run, but he couldn't run. He couldn't even think. He didn't know where he was. He didn't know how he had gotten there.

Ernest J. Gaines, *A Lesson Before Dying.*

At least, that is how he . . .

Eric Ambler, *Passage of Arms.*

—that is how I

The Daily Beast, *How I Write: Paul Lynch.*

That is how I felt about it.

Joseph Conrad, *The Arrow of Gold.*

. . . I could not

Speak, and my eyes failed. I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land.*

To be able to contain all this, . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . he . . .

Douglas R. Hofstadter, and Daniel C. Dennett, *The Mind's I: Fantasies and Reflections on Self and Soul*.

. . . needed first to establish what was happening to him.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

His face became all at once very sad.

"Listen! I spoke of children only to make my case clearer. Of the other tears of humanity with which the earth is soaked from its crust to its center, I will say nothing. I have narrowed my subject on purpose. . . ."

Fedor Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Children have little ability to contain overwhelming stimulation and intense feelings of rage.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

If you cross examine a child of seven or eight on his day's doings (specially when he wants to go to sleep), he will contradict himself very satisfactorily. If each contradiction be set down as a lie and retailed at breakfast, life is not easy. I have known a certain amount of bullying, but this was calculated torture—religious as well as scientific.

Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself*.

What else can a child, so completely at the mercy of a regimen like this, do except adapt and suppress his genuine feelings with all his might?

Alice Miller, *The Untouched Key*.

Let's go further and suppose that . . .

Douglas R. Hofstadter, and Daniel C. Dennett, *The Mind's I: Fantasies and Reflections on Self and Soul*.

. . . the boy was expected to express no feelings or complaints . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

—what then?

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

For mysterious reasons Kipling's parents took him and his sister to Southsea in England, and left them both for six years in a dreary boarding-house, with complete strangers who were committed to destroying the creativity of these unusually vivacious and open youngsters. Kipling, in his never-completed autobiography *Something of Myself*, was to describe it as sheer hell.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Lost Prince*.

Since very young children do not find support within their own self or a mirror in the eyes of a witness, they must deny the truth. Later, the patient will repeatedly and unconsciously reenact this reality . . .

Alice Miller, *Thou Shalt Not Be Aware*.

. . . from the past . . .

Joseph Conrad, *The Rescue*.

—usually with people not originally involved

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

What happens to the memories of a person who suffers greatly? Are they obliterated? Distorted?

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Lost Prince*.

One need only look for an instant at . . .

Philip Gourevitch, *The Memory Thief*.

. . . the scars and distortions produced by terrible childhoods . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . to wonder whether forgetting might not be a kinder curse than remembering.

Philip Gourevitch, *The Memory Thief*.

Even after past traumata are brought out of repression by hard analytic work, the patient attempts to treat them as never having happened The great need not to know what has happened is often supplemented by a direct order from . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . the mind's I, . . .

Douglas R. Hofstadter and Daniel C. Dennett, *The Mind's I: Fantasies and Reflections on Self and Soul*.

. . . while the . . .

Joseph Conrad, *An Outcast of the Islands*.

. . . not knowing is accomplished by massive isolation [and] transient ego splits

These vertical ego splits are often denoted by the patient's switching from the first to the second or third person[.]. . .

An example:

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

You may have heard that Anna Freud has given me her father's letters to Fliess, to prepare a new, complete edition. You may well imagine the complicated negotiations that went into this decision, but I for one am very happy that it has been made. Lottie Neuman and I are translating the letters and I am introducing them.

There are so many historical questions that arise, that I thought it would be very helpful for me if I could put in an announcement in the *International*, letting people know that this edition is now under way, and asking for help. Would it be possible for you to print it? I thought of a text such as the following:

'Professor J. Moussaieff Masson, in co-operation with Sigmund Freud Copyrights, is editing a new unabridged edition of the Freud/Fliess letters. If anybody knows of unpublished material relevant to Wilhelm Fliess or to the relationship between the two men (correspondence etc.), he would appreciate hearing about it. Of particular interest would be any possible letters from Wilhelm Fliess to anybody, about his relationship to Freud. Equally welcome would be any letters from Freud to anybody about Fliess. . . .'

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Letter to the Editor--International Journal of Psychoanalysis*.

In the course of his last four sentences, the patient's "I" also went away. . .

Just as he split the images of himself, he needed to split the mental pictures of his parents into good and bad. With intolerable rage against those he loved and needed, he was forced to deny his hatred. The denial, the need not to know, existed alongside his driving curiosity.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

It was Freud's later belief that small children imagined, wished for, desired, and fantasized sexual assaults, and that these fantasies, when remembered in adolescence, caused a neurosis (since one could not acknowledge the desire behind the fantasy).

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Lost Prince*.

For the hundredth time I repeat, there are numbers of questions, but I've only taken the children, because in their case what I mean is so unanswerably clear. Listen!

Feodor Dostoyevski, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Contrary to Freudian doctrine . . . I believe that it is not fantasies that make us ill, but memories that cannot or will not be remembered. Sometimes these memories cannot be remembered because they cover deep wounds that still hurt every time they are touched: The mind balks at any attempt to get close to them. On the other hand, I believe Freud was right when he claimed that ghosts can

only be laid to rest when they are brought to the light of day. Until we can acknowledge and think about what has happened to us in the past, we cannot deprive the memory of whatever hurting power it still has over us.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Lost Prince*.

But the challenge is especially difficult for the victim of soul murder, who has lived out and experienced the feeling that it is impossible to exist without the inner presence of the aggressor, the soul murderer with whom the victim has identified.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

I won't speak of grown-up people . . .

Feodor Dostoyevski, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

. . . because . . .

Douglas R. Hofstadter and Daniel C. Dennett, *The Mind's I: Fantasies and Reflections on Self and Soul*.

. . . besides being disgusting and unworthy of love, they have a compensation—they've eaten the apple and know good and evil, and they have become 'like god.' They go on eating it still. But children haven't eaten anything, and are innocent. Are you fond of children . . . ? I know you are, and will understand why I prefer to speak of them. They, too, suffer horribly on earth, they must suffer for their fathers' sins, they must be punished for their fathers, who have eaten the apple. But that reasoning is of the other world and is incomprehensible for the heart of man here on earth. The innocent must not suffer for another's sins, especially such innocents!

Feodor Dostoyevski, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

We find in our patients that they regularly identify with the aggressor. To identify means to be and not to see someone. It follows that when these people find their own victims they do not experience them as separate individuals—they do not empathize with them. The abused child's siblings, already subject to the primal displacement of murderous impulse from the parent to the intruding infant (this is the theme of the story of Cain and Abel), tend to be the first scapegoats of the abused child. Although individual variations may ensue, usually the hostility is eventually displaced onto people outside the family . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

I recognize in all humility that I cannot understand why the world is arranged as it is. Men are themselves to blame, I suppose: they were given paradise, they wanted freedom, and stole fire from heaven, though they would become unhappy. So there is no need to pity them. With my earthly, Euclidean understanding, all I know is that there is suffering and that there are none guilty;

that cause follows effect, simply and directly; that everything flows and finds its level—

Feodor Dostoyevski, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Like Adam and Eve, we must lose the promise of the glory of Eden—

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

I do not hear threats or punishment in this, but rather a statement of the reality principle, or the way things are.

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

We regularly find that abusers of children have been abused as children by their own parents. This is not heredity (although we cannot completely rule that out) but rather a passing down of a traumatic past from generation to generation. The sins of the father are laid upon the children— . . .

The intimate relations of [victimizer] to his victim is illuminated by a remark Freud made to Fliess about the confessions of those supposedly possessed by the devil that were extracted under torture during the Inquisition. He traced back to their seduction as children by adults, by parents, the torture and torment, the leading questions and compliant answers of inquisitor and accused: "thus victim and torturer alike recall their earliest youth"

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

" . . . I wrote a poem about a year ago. If you can waste another ten minutes, I'll tell it to you." . . .

"I've never written two lines of poetry in my life. But I made up this poem in prose and I remember it. I was carried away when I made it up. You will be my first reader—that is, listener. Why should an author forego even one listener?" . . .

"My poem is called 'The Grand Inquisitor.' It's a ridiculous thing, but I want to tell it to you."

Feodor Dostoyevski, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

In Portugal, the Inquisition began in the 1490s. During it every book in Hebrew, including the Torah, was banned from the country, and anyone who was found reading or speaking the language could be executed. In fact, anyone who was circumcised, or refused to eat pork or shellfish, or refrained from going to church could be denounced as a heretic and killed. So, to preserve some shreds of tradition, Portuguese sages invented an elaborate system of subterfuges and translated much of the Hebrew litany into Portuguese jingles, which could be remembered and transmitted from one generation to the next.

Paul Cohen, *An Orphan in History*.

Crypto-Jews, *anusim* in Hebrew and *conversos* in Spanish, are Jews who were converted to Catholicism—generally by force—in 14th-, 15th-, and 16th-century Spain and Portugal but retaining some measure of Jewish identity or Jewish ritual practice.

Sarah Wildman, *Conversos Surfacing Among Southwest's Hispanics: 'Crypto-Jews' Seek Lost Heritage as Academic Debate Rages*.

As recently as sixty years ago, the conversos [of Belmonte, Portugal] thought that all the Jews in the world had been killed in the Inquisition, and that they alone had survived by escaping to their barren, remote province and taking on the protective coloration of Christianity.

Even though they now know that other Jews exist, they still fear the Inquisition. Their ceremonies must comprise one of the most durable underground religions in human history, since they blend open Christianity with the rituals that hark back to the Judaism that was denied to their ancestors. For example, many of them are married in two ceremonies: in church and, later that same day, in the cellars of their own homes, where an old woman binds the hands of the bride and groom and weds them “according to the laws of Moses.”

Most of them go to church. But, as they cross themselves and dip their hands into the holy water, they mutter an incantation of spiritual resistance—a rejection of idolatry.

Paul Cohen, *An Orphan in History*.

Only a few Hebrew words have survived among them. Adonai, of course, is their secret name for God. Goyo, from the Hebrew goy, still refers to a non-Jew. Entrefada, from the Hebrew trefa, means impure, or not kosher. Some of their prayers contain words which are indecipherable in either Hebrew or Portuguese. And in one prayer an entire sentence of Hebrew is preserved, though completely garbled. The [conversos] pronounce it, “Adunai Sabaat Malcolares; Cobrado.” In the original Hebrew it is “Adonai Tzeva’ot m’lo kol ha’arets k’vodo” (Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory). They recite these words mechanically, without any hint of their meaning.

Dan Ross, *Acts of Faith*.

After their forced conversion to Christianity, their Jewish identity and consciousness were gradually obliterated—to be replaced by the mere memory of a remote Jewish ancestry . . .

Raphael Patai, Foreword to Dan Ross, *Acts of Faith*.

In recent years, psychoanalysts have paid increasing attention to the fascinating problem of identity. . . . As far as I know, the term identity has been introduced into the psychoanalytic literature by Victor Tausk in his brilliant paper on the “influencing machine” (1919).

Edith Jacobson, *The Self and the Object World*.

It would necessary at this point to discuss the psychoanalytic literature on the psychology of identity and self, and that cannot be done in this context. But this much may be said—that, while much that has been discussed in all post-Freudian psychoanalytic literature under the headings of “self” and “identity” does, in my opinion, find its place in ego psychology, as outlined by Freud, it is certain that not all of it finds its place within the area Freud staked out. I do not know whether Freud would have accepted those problems of self and identity that do lie outside ego-psychology proper as valid problems of psychoanalysis.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

The Inquisition prided itself on preserving the medieval faith undiluted . . .

Will Durant and Ariel Durant, *The Story of Civilization: Part VII. The Age of Reason Begins*.

. . . for without doubt . . .

G.A. Henty, *The Dragon and the Raven*.

. . . it is so essential that there be one flock and one shepherd

Fedor Dostoyevski, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

So the Inquisition continued its conscientious ferocity. It checked with “moderate” punishments—such as a hundred lashes—such heresies as that fornication is no sin, or that marriage is as holy as monastic celibacy. But for “relapsed” Marranos—converted Jews who secretly returned to Judaism—death or life imprisonment was the standard expiation.

Will Durant and Ariel Durant, *The Story of Civilization: Part VII. The Age of Reason Begins*.

It is hardly to be doubted that the early Christians would have been paralyzed in the propagation of their faith if they had known what their followers would do a few generations later—if they had known, for example, the future truth of the Inquisition . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Discourse on Hamlet and HAMLET*.

The outside world knew nothing of the conversos until 1917, when Samuel Schwarz, a Polish mining engineer, came to Belmonte. People there warned him not to trade at one of the local stores. It was owned by Jews. Of course, that warning whetted his curiosity. But when he attempted to establish contact with the conversos, insisting that he shared their secret faith, they didn’t believe him. How could he have survived the Inquisition?

But they were curious about him. In Belmonte, their religion is a matrilineal one—possibly because the faith is centered in the home. When a girl reaches eleven she learns the secret [Jewish] prayers and ceremonies from her mother, and is warned not to share them with the outside world.

One summer evening, with much of the community present, Schwarz was moved to chant the ancient Hebrew prayer, Shema, Yisrael, Adonai Elohenu, Adonai Ehad. (Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One.)

Paul Cohen, *An Orphan in History*.

. . . the old prayer they had neglected for so many tears—the forgotten creed!

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw*.

Though the people of Belmonte had never heard of a language called Hebrew, that prayer opened the door of trust. Adonai—God—was the only Hebrew word that had survived the Inquisition: the only trace of the holy tongue . . .

Paul Cohen, *An Orphan in History*.

—a kind of . . .

O. Henry, *The Moment of Victory*.

. . . mother tongue, . . .

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*.

. . . that remained in their Portuguese language liturgy. As soon as Schwarz uttered the word, the conversos covered their eyes. One of the oldest women among them recited a prayer. Then, weeping, she reached out her hands and touched Schwarz's face. "He is indeed a Jew," she said. "For he knows the name Adonai."

Paul Cohen, *An Orphan in History*.

First a word about the term "identity." As far as I know Freud used it only once in a more than incidental way, and then with a psychosocial connotation. It was when he tried to formulate his link to the Jewish people that he spoke of an "inner identity" which was less based on race or religion than on a common readiness to live in opposition, and on a common freedom from prejudices which narrow the use of the intellect. Here, the term "identity" points to an individual's link with the unique values, fostered by a unique history, of his people. Yet, it also relates to the cornerstone of this individual's unique development: for the importance of the theme of "incorruptible observation at the price of professional isolation" playing a central role in Freud's life. . . . It is this identity of something in the individual's core with an essential aspect of a group's inner coherence which is under consideration here: for the young individual must learn to be most himself where he means most to others—those others, to be sure, who have come to mean most to him. The term "identity" expresses such a mutual relation in that it connotes both a persistent sameness within oneself

(selfsameness) and a persistent sharing of some kind of essential character with others. . . .

The community, often not without some initial mistrust, gives [identity] recognition with a (more or less institutionalized) display of surprise and pleasure in making the acquaintance of a newly emerging individual. For the community, in turn, feels “recognized” by the individual who cares to ask for recognition; it can, by the same token, feel deeply—and vengefully—rejected by the individual who does not seem to care.

Erik H. Erikson, *Identity and the Life Cycle*.

This chronicle is drawing to an end, and this seems to be the moment for .

Albert Camus, *The Plague*.

. . . tying the threads together . . .

Therese de Dillmont, *Encyclopedia of Needlework*.

. . . enough to carry us to the end of our journey.

Voltaire, *Candide*.

The Jews who emigrated . . .

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

. . . from Spain to Portugal . . .

John Butt, *Introduction to Voltaire, Candide*.

. . . under the expulsion order issued by . . .

Ferdinand and Isabella and the Confiscation of the Property of the Jews of Spain upon their Expulsion in 1492.

. . . the crown of Spain . . .

Voltaire, *Candide*.

. . . bore the marks of the Inquisition, and also of the program of forced conversion. Young men experienced emotional crises over who they really were and what the true religion was. Their mental defenses would include a sense of superiority to other Jews. Their Judaism, if they preserved it, would often be cynical, or highly formal and rigid. The Spanish people were not the only ones whose character was wrenched by the Inquisition.

With the grandeur—real or imagined—of the Spanish past lost, the Jews built up a new base in Portugal, with new, touching loyalties. The Inquisition pursued, as Portugal fell under Spain’s domination; huge bribes to Papal nuncios could not stave it off, and “Judaizing heretics” were burned in Portuguese acts

of faith. This homeland too, and the emotions invested in its settlement, became less and less tenable for many of them.

Some began leaving Holland, and they must have brought with them a complicated past.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

In their view . . .

Gilbert Parker, *The Judgment House*.

. . . the past . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . was all very confusing and somehow as necessary to know about as it was dangerous.

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

They were a people marked indelibly by the culture of passage. Spain had gone so deep that, many years and two migrations later, in Holland, the liturgy of their synagogue would still be in Spanish; and their Community's poets would glorify in Spanish both their True Faith and their martyrs to the True Faith of the Spanish Inquisition. Portugal went so deep that in the Jewish community cemetery, near Amsterdam, coats of arms would be carved on gravestones over men who died a hundred years after the migration from Portugal—with inscriptions in Portuguese.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

[They] had made the memory of oblivion into a cause, and [they] seemed determined to transform the loss of identity into an identity in its own right.

Philip Gourevitch, *The Memory Thief*.

No doubt there are many reasons for this, but I think the chief is that . . .

Bryan Magee, *Aspects of Wagner*.

A society requires antecedents. Where these are not naturally at hand, where a community is new or reassembled after a long interval of dispersal or subjection, a necessary past tense to the grammar of being is created by intellectual or emotional fiat.

George Steiner, *In Bluebeard's Castle*.

This tangled solution "kept the past," made the present viable, and also complicated further the inner problems of identity these people had brought with them—the confusion of having chosen to be Jews again, and of being proud of having had to be Christians. Some of them had also learned too well the Inquisition's tricks, and its cynicism. A depressing thing about oppression is that the oppressed so often is tempted to admire the oppressor. Their's was a most complex equation. It encouraged insincerity, and superficiality, and could not

help imparting a special rigid sinuousness to character. It would take an unusual young man . . .

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

. . . a determined outsider—

Charles L. Mee, Jr., *Rembrandt's Portrait: A Biography*.

. . . to break with these mental patterns. He would have to be unusually straightforward, and perhaps naïve, or psychologically somewhat primitive. He would need a kind of inner ruthlessness toward himself, and a tough clarity about others.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

It was natural that a youth of exceptionally active mind should raise some questions about the doctrines transmitted to him in the synagogue school. Perhaps even there he had heard of Hebrew heresies. . . . Spinoza must have read Levi ben Gerson, who had reduced Biblical miracles to natural causes, and had subordinated faith to reason saying, "The Torah cannot prevent us from considering to be true that which reason urges us to believe." And only recently, in this Amsterdam community, Uriel Acosta had challenged the belief in immortality, and, humiliated by excommunication, had shot himself (1647).

Will Durant and Ariel Durant, *The Story of Civilization: Part VIII. The Age of Louis XIV*.

Thus was the young idealist hurled down and shattered.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

Or so the story goes.

Simon Schama, *Rembrandt's Eyes*.

As for me . . .

Thomas Mann, *Felix Krull*.

. . . it is my opinion that . . .

Edgar B.P. Darlington, *The Circus Boys On the Mississippi*.

A psychoanalyst makes, ultimately, the same claims as a religious leader, and they are equally false. In my experience, psychoanalysis demanded loyalty that could not be questioned, the blind acceptance of unexamined "wisdom." It is characteristic of religious orders to seek obedience without skepticism, but it spells the death of intellectual inquiry. All variants of "because I say so," or because the Koran says so, or the Bible says so, or the Upanishads say so, or Freud says so, or Marx says so, are simply different means of stifling intellectual dissent. In the end they cannot satisfy the inquisitive mind or still the doubts that naturally arise when such a mind is confronted with authoritative statements about human behavior.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

[T]he portrait that seems to be coming into focus is that of a lone (and lonely) youth, doing lone reading, making lone decisions . . . hanging on, perhaps out of sentiment, to a spot in the heart of that guardian of orthodoxy [Rabbi] Morteira . . . meanwhile constructing quietly his view of what the Torah and Talmud really were: a method by which lawmakers and rules provided laws and rules, using the hocus-pocus of supernatural sanction in order to direct the credulous masses. . . .

He was assembling the evidence for the shattering realization that theology had always been politics.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

[His] was a faith of dramatic interruptions, agonizing temptations, unresolved struggles, and gnawing anxieties, not one of saintly callings and ecstatic martyrdoms. Uncertainty, anger, disbelief, and betrayal were at the heart of it.

Simon Schama, *Rembrandt's Eyes*.

But to my confession.

First of all I must make it clear that . . .

Thomas Mann, *Felix Krull*.

. . . I acknowledge that Freud's preoccupations, with dreams, with memory, with the primacy of emotions, with the importance of childhood and especially human misery, are now our preoccupations, for the better. I am convinced that throughout history they have always been the preoccupations of men and women concerned with the betterment of their lives and those of their fellow creatures. We need to acknowledge Freud's achievements; we do not need to revere his errors. Freud was an extraordinary human being with all the failings of a man; turning him into an idol is a disservice to what must remain a continual search for truth. He taught us much; there is still much to learn.

But while I admire much of what Freud taught us, I do not admire the fact that he turned astute observations about human nature into elements of a vast and profitable profession with all the trappings of a jealously protected guild. The price for joining the fraternity is silence about its membership policy.

Corruption is incorporated, not exposed; prejudice and bias have been accepted, even embraced. It is a high price to pay for membership.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

And what of Spinoza?

Colin Wilson, *Spinoza—the Outsider in Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977*.

I need not go into great detail—

Thomas Mann, *Felix Krull*.

The rabbis summoned Spinoza, and chided him for disappointing the bright hopes that his teachers had held for his future in the community. [Spinoza's mentor, ultraconservative Rabbi] Saul Morteira, pleaded with the youth to abandon his heresies.

Will Durant and Ariel Durant, *The Story of Civilization: Part VIII. The Age of Louis XIV.*

The rabbi placed a hand on the boy's shoulder.

David Evanier, *My Rabbi, Ray Charles, and Singing Birds.*

I am charged, . . .

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo.*

. . . Baruch . . .

Honore de Balzac, *The Two Brothers.*

. . . with cautioning you to abandon these teachings.

Bertolt Brecht, *Galileo.*

In fairness to the rabbis we must note that [Spinoza's friend and biographer] Lucas, though strongly sympathetic with Spinoza, records that when Morteira recalled the loving care he had given to the education of his favorite pupil, Baruch . . .

Will Durant and Ariel Durant, *The Story of Civilization: Part VIII. The Age of Louis XIV.*

—admittedly . . .

Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents.*

. . . a young know-it-all . . .

Charles L. Mee, Jr., *Rembrandt's Portrait: A Biography.*

. . . cast as the rebel, the "heretic," . . .

Simon Schama, *Rembrandt's Eyes.*

. . . "answered that in return for the trouble Morteira had taken in teaching him the Hebrew language, he [Spinoza] would now be glad to teach his instructor how to excommunicate."

Will Durant and Ariel Durant, *The Story of Civilization: Part VIII. The Age of Louis XIV.*

The truth-seeker knew all the mummery used by the establishment, and knew it better than they did.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza.*

"One can hardly live in rebellion, and I want to live. Tell me yourself, I challenge you—answer. Imagine that you are creating a fabric of human destiny with the object of making men happy in the end, giving them peace and rest at last. Imagine that you are doing this but that it is essential and inevitable to torture to death only one tiny creature—[a] child beating its breast with its fist,

for instance—in order to found that edifice on its unavenged tears. Would you consent to be the architect on those conditions? Tell me. Tell the truth.”

Fedor Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

There came a pause, then a deep shuddering groan.

Elia W. Peattie, *A Michigan Man*.

Enough.

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

“The question will not be raised.”

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

I tried rephrasing the question:

Carl Bernstein, *Loyalties: A Son's Memoir*.

“But, Dr. Eissler . . .”

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

And another pause. Then—

Katherine Mansfield, *The Singing Lesson*.

‘No, no! . . .’

Emile Zola, *The Debacle*.

“The question will not be raised.”

Jean-Denis Bredin, *The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus*.

He stood up and started pacing back and forth.

Carl Bernstein, *Loyalties: A Son's Memoir*.

Eissler was very agitated, and became more personal now. “Has anybody ever loved you the way I loved you?”

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I loved you enough never to need another son.

Richard Wagner, *Tristan und Isolde*.

I never refused you anything.” It was true, but I did not know what it had to do with the accusations being hurled at me. I really did not know how to respond. “Has anybody ever done as much for you as I have? And is this how you repay me?”

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

What is resonating in that phrase? Do you remember *Tristan*?

Leonard Bernstein, *The Unanswered Question*.

This to me? This, *Tristan*, to me? Whither has loyalty fled now that *Tristan* has betrayed me?

Richard Wagner, *Tristan und Isolde*.

I remember the look on his face, the agony, the sadness, the dismay.
Carl Bernstein, *Loyalties: A Son's Memoir*.

The only reward for my sacrifice . . .

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

. . . said the old man . . .

Feodor Dostoyevsky, *The Insulted and Injured*.

. . . has been your . . .

Sophocles, *Oedipus at Colonus*.

. . . betrayal and moral instability.

Maynard Solomon, *Mozart: A Life*.

God, the rhetoric!

Carl Bernstein, *Loyalties: A Son's Memoir*.

And I tried to follow what came next, as . . .

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

. . . Eissler . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Goethe: A Psychoanalytic Study 1775-1786*.

. . . was now considering what he called my "soul."

He said he'd studied it closely--and had found a blank, "literally nothing, gentlemen . . ." Really, he said, I had no soul, there was nothing human about me, not one of those moral qualities which normal men possess had any place in my mentality.

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

Why not?

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

He proceeded to discuss my conduct toward . . .

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

. . . Anna Freud, . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . repeating what he had said in the course of . . .

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

. . . the meeting.

Rex Ellingwood Beach, *The Winds of Chance*.

But he spoke at much greater length of my crime—

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*.

Had I not had the full confidence of Anna Freud? Did I not stab her in the back? Had I not prepared a "patricidal" edition of the letters—meaning that I had prepared an unexpurgated edition that allowed Freud to speak for himself for the

first time?

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

As it was, I thought it . . .

P.G. Wodehouse, *Psmith, Journalist*.

. . . an instance of Eisslerian overkill—

Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time*.

I wanted only to try to live in accord with the promptings which came from my true self.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

Yes, that was all.

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*.

In so doing I may or may not have committed an act of disloyalty.

Carl Bernstein, *Loyalties: A Son's Memoir*.

There was but one conclusion to be drawn.

Jules Verne, *Master of the World*.

Such are the characteristic marks of outraged love by an old man, wise in his own eyes, when repudiated by his most brilliant object.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

But that is the way people are. They want people to be talented—which is already something out of the ordinary. But when it comes to the other qualities which go with the talents—and are perhaps essential to them—oh, no, they don't care for these at all . . .

Thomas Mann, *Felix Krull*.

[M]indful as Eissler was of his friendship for me, he was even more mindful of the position of psychoanalysis. After all, Freud had sacrificed everything, certainly mere friendships, for *die Sache*, or “the cause,” that is, psychoanalysis. So much depended on appearances. The articles in the *New York Times* made psychoanalysis look bad. The directors . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . of the Sigmund Freud Archives . . .

K.R. Eissler, *Talent and Genius: The Fictitious Case of Tausk Contra Freud*.

. . . who found themselves . . .

Alexandre Dumas, *The Man in the Iron Mask*.

. . . condemned, as it were, . . .

Anthony Trollope, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*.

. . . to the excruciating mental task of holding reality and the official version of reality together . . .

Frances FitzGerald, *Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam.*

... were not asking why, or whether there was any truth in my claims, but were simply concerned with appearances.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

The circle of self-interest created a complete circle of self-deception that . .

Frances FitzGerald, *Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam.*

... supported the persistent official policy of silence and denial.

Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice.*

Characterological harmonies resound in . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation.*

... our image of the Amsterdam ghetto of Spinoza's time.

James Collins, *Interpreting Spinoza: A Paradigm for Historical Work in Speculum Spinozanum 1677-1977.*

The only defense . . .

Dan Levin, *Spinoza.*

... the Amsterdam ghetto . . .

Erica Jong, *Fear of Flying.*

... knew, against the ever present possibility of anti-Semitic reaction, was to show a constant pious face to the outside world. Strict observance of doctrine, a resolute belief in dogma, could compel the grudging respect of the most dogmatic predikants. These facts of life the truth-seeker [Spinoza] insisted on ignoring.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza.*

Things had to be brought to a conclusion . . .

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, *The Final Days.*

And so, on . . .

Thomas Carlyle, *The French Revolution.*

... July 24, 1656, the religious and secular authorities of the Jewish community . . .

Will Durant and Ariel Durant, *The Story of Civilization: Part VIII. The Age of Louis XIV.*

... hands folded, tight-lipped, hats on head . . .

Simon Schama, *Rembrandt's Eyes.*

... solemnly pronounced from the pulpit of the Portuguese synagogue the full excommunication of “Baruch d’Espinosa,” with all the customary curses and prohibitions: no one was to speak or write to him, ...

Will Durant and Ariel Durant, *The Story of Civilization: Part VIII. The Age of Louis XIV.*

... harbour him or join him ...

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

... or do him any service, or read his writings, or come within the space of four cubits’ distance from him. Morteira went before the Amsterdam officials, notified them of the charges and the excommunication, and asked that Spinoza be expelled from the city.

Will Durant and Ariel Durant, *The Story of Civilization: Part VIII. The Age of Louis XIV.*

Such is the fate of him who tries to reach for truth, upward.

Dan Levin, *Spinoza*.

He [had] surrendered utterly to the power that to him seemed the highest on earth, to whose service he felt called, which promised him elevation and honours: the power of intellect, the power of the Word, that lords it with a smile over the unconscious and inarticulate. To this power he surrendered with all the passion of youth, and it rewarded him with all it had to give, taking from him inexorably, in return, all that it is wont to take.

Thomas Mann, *Tonio Kroger*.

It had never occurred to me before, but it struck me now almost like an act of retribution on the part of destiny.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

I knew that my fall from grace meant that I would no longer have any function within psychoanalysis. Everything would be removed from me. It was.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I was shunned.

O. Henry, *Man About Town*.

I ought to have felt terrible. Instead I felt free.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

There are certain things on which Destiny stubbornly insists. Reason and virtue, duty and all that is sacred to us oppose them in vain. Destiny wishes something to happen which to it seems right, but does not seem right to us; and in the end Destiny will be the Victor, fight against it as we may.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*.

“ . . . What happened to Jeff at the Archives was unfortunate. He very much needs the acceptance and corroboration of people he respects. He wants desperately to have ties to people like Eissler. These connections give him narcissistic nourishment, and when he doesn’t get it, it’s a terrible strain for him. He provoked what happened, of course, but it’s terribly unfortunate that he elicited all this reaction from Anna Freud and Eissler and the whole psychoanalytic establishment. It pushed him in an unhealthy direction. There’s a kind of crazy sincerity there, but he can turn against anyone, because he can . .

Janet Malcolm, *In The Freud Archives*.

. . . be exposed for what he is . . .

Richard Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

. . . by anyone.”

I said, “He feels that Eissler betrayed him by firing him?”

“Eissler betrayed him by suddenly looking at him and seeing what he was. That’s a fatal sin.” Shengold paused . . .

Janet Malcolm, *In The Freud Archives*.

Shengold was a heavy-set, older analyst with a friendly demeanor who in spite of his size looked younger than his years.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

Shengold paused, then said, “Eissler may have been attracted to Jeff in somewhat the way Freud was attracted to Fliess. Fliess was a very charming and vivacious man, and Freud had a need and a terrible weakness for that kind of glamorous person. When Jung came along, he became that person again for Freud. Both Fliess and Jung were charlatans in some ways, but very bright, very beguiling ones. There must have been something of that sort going on between Eissler and Jeff. But there was something else. Eissler is such an isolated person. Everybody respects him, but nobody will approach him, because they’re a little afraid of him. He has a standoffish manner. But Jeff approached him in a very friendly and interested way, and Eissler responded immediately. Eissler doesn’t think he’s lovable. I have a feeling that he doesn’t have close friends. He seems desperate for a kind of friendliness that he cannot achieve naturally and spontaneously. And he found it in Jeff.”

Janet Malcolm, *In The Freud Archives*.

This is very strange, I said to myself. How can one make sense of all this?

Oliver Sacks, *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for A Hat*.

. . . the relationship between a master and his disciple . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson and T.C. Masson, *Buried Memories on the Acropolis: Freud's Response to Mysticism and Anti-Semitism.*

Was there any precedent? Had anything like this ever been described— . .
? I did not know, but I immediately thought of a possible parallel—

Oliver Sacks, *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for A Hat.*

Joseph Knecht, . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

. . . the character in . . .

Edgar Allan Poe, *The Premature Burial.*

. . . Hermann Hesse's *The Glass Bead Game* . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *My Father's Guru.*

Yes, I thought to myself

Here is a similar case.

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

Let me see, how does it go?

Anton Chekhov, *Swan Song.*

Ah, yes!

John Galsworthy, *Justice.*

Joseph himself would scarcely have imagined that . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

. . . his precocious . . .

Charles Dickens, *Dombey and Son.*

. . . appointment to Mariafels represented a special distinction and .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

. . . one of the major steps in a candidate's progress . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

. . . but he was after all a good deal wiser about such matters nowadays and could plainly read the significance of his summons in the attitude and conduct of his fellow students. Of course, he had belonged for some time to the innermost circle within the elite of the Glass Bead Game players, but now the unusual assignment marked him to all and sundry as a young man whom the superiors had their eyes on and whom they intended to employ.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

At the same time, being more or less part of an inner circle meant that I made automatic enemies, or at least awakened jealousy and envy in those who, rejected by the circle, felt rightly or wrongly that I did not have as great a claim to this circle as they did.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a*

Psychoanalyst.

There were bitter hostilities among the young men, as there were bound to be in a court circle.

Sheldon M. Novick, *Henry James: The Young Master.*

His associates and ambitious fellow players did not exactly withdraw or become unfriendly—the members of this highly aristocratic group were far too well-mannered for that—but an aloofness nevertheless arose. Yesterday's friend might well be tomorrow's superior, and this circle registered and expressed such gradations and differentiations by the most delicate shades of behavior.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

The consequence was easily foreseen—

George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Don Juan.*

[The disciples'] reverence for The Master was balanced by their malice for his Shadow; they wanted . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

. . . the Master's . . .

Melville Davisson Post, *The Thong on the Hearth.*

. . . chosen disciple . . .

Thomas Dixon, *The Man in Gray.*

. . . to fail even if the Master himself had to suffer as well.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

Everybody, of course, considered his own views to be the closest to those of the master . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst.*

. . . a Master who . . .

Charlotte Bronte, *Villette.*

. . . acted like . . .

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams.*

. . . a withholding parent, whose "adopted children" [the disciples] hungered for his attention.

Phyllis Grosskurth, *The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis.*

But far beyond that, . . .

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

. . . a Master who . . .

Charlotte Bronte, *Villette.*

. . . for his part, needed . . .

Ernst Lehms, *Man or Matter.*

. . . to recruit disciples [and] to have his beliefs validated; but . . .

Anthony Storr, *Feet of Clay. Saints, Sinners, and Madmen: A Study of Gurus.*

... who would remain ...

Anthony Trollope, *The Last Chronicle of Barset.*

... an isolated figure who did not have any close friends who might criticize him on equal terms.

Anthony Storr, *Feet of Clay. Saints, Sinners, and Madmen: A Study of Gurus.*

Disciples were a mandatory part of ...

Charles B. Strozier, *Heinz Kohut: The Making of a Psychoanalyst.*

... the great Game, ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

... for without a following ...

Charles B. Strozier, *Heinz Kohut: The Making of a Psychoanalyst.*

... the Glass Bead Game Master ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

... remained inconsequential, empty, without echo or a symbolically immortalized future. In music the first such figure was Wagner, around whom a cult quickly gathered. The tradition generated the imperative for rebellion. The script required submission to ...

Charles B. Strozier, *Heinz Kohut: The Making of a Psychoanalyst.*

... the Magister ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

... as essential for learning. That experience of discipleship sparked in turn the recognition of one's own genius. The result, inevitably, was a break with the original, revered figure and the establishment of one's own movement.

Charles B. Strozier, *Heinz Kohut: The Making of a Psychoanalyst.*

Out of this process there evolved a new conception, more akin to a symbol than a dream, more insight than image: the conception or rather the insight that this meaningful and meaningless cycle of master and pupil, this courtship of wisdom by youth, of youth by wisdom, this endless, oscillating game was the symbol of Castalia. In fact it was the game of life in general, divided into old and young, day and night, yang and yin, and pouring on without end.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game.*

This kind of thing has historical precedents, of course, both in life and in literature.

Douglas Hofstadter and Dennis C. Dennett, *The Mind's I: Fantasies and Reflections on Self and Soul.*

Everything now looked transparent ...

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

... in my imagination ...

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

... and there was a dreamlike quality to familiar scenes. Had I really been there?

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

I'm dreaming. Or is it ...

Arrigo Boito, *Falstaff*.

... someone else—

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

In the mid-seventies, a young man named Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson began to appear at psychoanalytic congresses and to draw a certain perplexed attention to himself. He was an analyst-in-training at the Toronto Institute of Psychoanalysis, but he wasn't like the other analytical candidates one sees at congresses—quiet and serious and somewhat cowed-looking young psychiatrists who stand about together like shy, plain girls at dances, talking to one another with exaggerated animation. Masson (to continue the metaphor) not only assiduously steered clear of the wallflowers but was dancing with some of the most attractive and desirable partners at the ball: with well-known senior analysts, such as Samuel Lipton, of Chicago; Brian Bird, of Cleveland; Edward Weinshel and the late Victor Calef, of San Francisco; and—the greatest catch of all—K.R. Eissler, of New York.

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

Of late, the effects of his personality had begun to dawn upon the young man. He became aware of his attraction for those below him, and gradually, belatedly, of how he affected those above him. And when he looked back from his new standpoint of awareness to his boyhood he found both lines running through his life and shaping it. Classmates and younger boys had always courted him; superiors had ...

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

... with a curiosity and awe ...

Lance Morrow, *A View from the Shore*.

... taken benevolent note of him. There had been exceptions, such as Headmaster Zbinden; but on the other hand he had been recipient of such distinctions as the patronage of the Music Master, and latterly of Dubois and the Magister Ludi. It was all perfectly plain, in spite of which Knecht had never been willing to see it and accept it in its entirety. Obviously his fate was to enter the elite everywhere, to find admiring friends and highly placed patrons. It

happened of its own accord without his trying. Obviously he would not be allowed to settle down in the shadows at the base of the hierarchy; he must move steadily toward its apex, approach the bright light at the top. He would not be a subordinate or an independent scholar; he would be a master. That he grasped this later than others in a similar position gave him that indescribable extra magic, that note of innocence.

Hermann Hesse, *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.

It was at the Denver congress that Masson and Eissler had their first, fateful meeting. Eissler was then (and remains) one of the grand old men of contemporary psychoanalysis. He is tall, gaunt, and unmistakably European.

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

At the same time, he looks ancient enough to have been mentioned in the Old Testament.

Richard Selzer, *Raising the Dead*.

—I don't know that I can describe him to you better than by saying . . .

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*.

His powers of . . .

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

. . . psychological . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Secret Places of the Heart*.

. . . observation were tempered by profound humanity.

Gaston Diehl, *Pascin*.

He speaks with an accent whose dominant tone of Viennese asperity is incongruously coupled with and (one realizes on closer acquaintance) rendered all but pointless by an underlying, almost pathological kindheartedness. There is a class of persons, however, to whom this kindheartedness does not extend. These are the enemies of Sigmund Freud (as Eissler sees them), for whom he has nothing but fierce enmity and a kind of bewildered derision. Eissler has thin gray hair, very thick glasses, and a full mouth, whose flat, downward-curving upper lip is startlingly familiar: one has seen this mouth in German Expressionistic art—on the faces of the writers and intellectuals in the drawings of Pascin, the paintings of Kokoschka, the photographs of Sander.

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

What the effects of face, voice, and gesture all added up to was unforgettable, beyond summary, and yet stubbornly elusive.

Matthew Gurewitsch, *Risk Taker Supreme: Is Daniel Day Lewis Too Good to be a Movie Star?*

He slept little at night. Often he awoke from dreadful dreams, his face sweaty, in savage temper and weary of life. But soon he would jump up and

stare into the mirror, reading the desolate landscape of those distraught features, examining it gloomily, hatefully, or smilingly, as if gloating over its devastation.

Hermann Hesse, *Klingsor's Last Summer*.

In truth, his . . .

Jack London, *The Iron Heel*.

. . . face was a mask, only the smoldering eyes reflecting the life within. The more active, clear and purposeful his inward world, the more disordered became his everyday life.

John N. Burk, *The Life and Works of Beethoven*.

Uneasily, unsteadily, he paced his rooms, the doors slamming behind him, pulled bottles from the cupboard, pulled books from the shelves, rugs from the tables, lay on the floor reading, leaned out of the windows, breathing deeply, rummaged for old drawings and photographs and piled floors and tables and beds and chairs in all the rooms with papers, pictures, books, letters.

Hermann Hesse, *Klingsor's Last Summer*.

An air of the dream clings to the place, a dream rising out of reality.

Arthur Miller, *Death of a Salesman*.

Even if I am . . .

Anton Chekov, *Uncle Vanya*.

. . . exaggerating in retrospect, one feels that the essential truth is told here.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

Recently, speaking of his first meeting with Masson (whose letters he no longer answers), Eissler said bitterly, . . .

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

. . . in a voice . . .

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*.

. . . marked by a sudden change of tone into a passionate minor key .

..

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

. . . "I realize now that there was something already wrong. He came up to me in the lobby of the hotel and said 'Dr. Eissler?' How did he know who I was?" But (as Masson points out) how could it have been anyone but Eissler? Who else would have looked like that? Eissler stands out from American analysts the way a lady's slipper leaps out at you in the woods. When I met him for the first time, in his apartment on Central Park West, I, too, felt a shock of recognition.

Janet Malcolm, *In the Freud Archives*.

The “pairing” of characters and plots throughout literature, especially dramatic literature, is common and expresses the dialectical polarities, the opposed forces, the ambivalences in all of human existence. Often the “mirrorings” are two sides of the same coin.

The prime source of such pairing is the Old Testament. Again and again there is the story of a pair of brothers locked in competition: Cain and Abel, followed by Ishmael and Isaac, (which inaugurates the special relationship between Jehovah and the Jews). There follow then Esau and Jacob, Reuben and Joseph and finally Joseph’s sons, Manasseh and Ephraim. From the New Testament, there stand Jesus and Judas. That this pairing occurs so regularly throughout history reflects the archetypal nature not only of the love and murder from brother to brother, but also of the relationship between these competitive brothers and God, the father.

Margaret Brenman-Gibson, *Clifford Odets: American Playwright*.

It is not very surprising that at twenty I was looking for a strong father figure to help. But at the time I was surprised and sensed early on something of the power of “transference.” It is rarely possible, when a human being is in deep need, to look upon somebody who offers help as merely another flawed human being with whom one is hoping to engage in a protracted conversation. A kind of wild idealization sets in, and we imagine the person in whom we confide to possess ineffable and valuable traits beyond those attainable by ordinary mortals. We ascribe value, and we project . . .

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

. . . an image of the world reflected by our silent interior . . .

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century* quoting Wagner’s Open Letter to Heinrich von Stein.

. . . onto this person that almost never correspond[s] with reality. It is a little like falling in love—powerful emotions are called forth.

J. Moussaieff Masson, *Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst*.

The more I thought over . . .

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*.

... these pages ...

Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*.

... the more I felt ...

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*.

... I was beginning to understand the process of mythmaking. I could see how when the need is great enough, a series of random events becomes infused with meaning; how in retrospect, days which were ruled by coincidence and chaos became coherent stages in a voyage of discovery.

Bob Simon, *Forty Days*.

Man lives by metaphor; his mind is ...

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

... a poetry-making organ ...

Lionel Trilling, *Freud and Literature*.

... and a myth-making and a history-making organ.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

We were all mythmaking creatures, it seemed, who created not only art but lives no less fictional, no less willed into existence, if only we knew it.

Arthur Miller, *Timebends*.

We weave our memories into narrative, from which we construct our identities, despite our faulty registration of what goes on around and within us. What goes on within and without our minds may be ultimately unknowable; yet sanity and survival depend on comparatively accurate registration of the outer and inner worlds. However relativistic and inadequate our senses and memory, there is a reality out there and there are absolutes. There was a past, however imperfectly we have registered it and however impossible it is for us to communicate it or recapture it completely. This contradictory dilemma is part of the human condition. Each human being spins a personal narrative, and yet we bear the burden of the inexorability of the past, or as the Arabs say of “what is written.”

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

For some years now I have been ...

Algernon Blackwood, *The Human Chord*.

... writing every day ...

Bob Simon, *Forty Days*.

—sometimes feverishly—

ExplorOz, *Land Rover Discovery*.

... as if I had awakened ...

H.G. Wells, *The First Men in the Moon*.

... from a nightmare, and I wanted to get it all down quickly. I wasn't worried so much about forgetting. I was worried about revisionism, that as ...

Bob Simon, *Forty Days*.

... my imagination receded behind me, ...

Leo Tolstoy, *Boyhood*.

... my mind would begin casting the experience in different lights.

Bob Simon, *Forty Days*.

We recover the past much as we go about recognizing a face, filling in a vague outline (the domain of "lost time") with the specific thoughts and feelings of the remembering moment. The form of these creative efforts is guided by the narrative tradition; as the vague outlines take on form and substance, they also acquire a coherence and representational appeal, which give them a certain kind of reality. Narrative truth can be defined as the criterion we use to decide when a certain experience has been captured to our satisfaction; it depends on continuity and closure and the extent to which the fit of the pieces takes on an aesthetic finality. Narrative truth is what we have in mind when we say that such and such is a good story, that a given explanation carries conviction, that one solution to a mystery must be true.

Donald P. Spence, *Narrative Truth and Historical Truth: Meaning and Interpretation in Psychoanalysis*.

I would like to inform my readers ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Many Years*.

... that I have told the truth ...

Eugene Sue, *The Wandering Jew, Book V*.

... in these pages—and ...

Diners Club International, *Terms, Conditions, Caveats and Small Print*.

If anyone knows anything contrary to what I have recorded, though he prove it a thousand times, his knowledge is a lie and an imposture; and if he refuses to investigate and inquire into it during my lifetime he is no lover of justice or of truth. For my part, ...

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*.

I don't know everything, but I am aware of much.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

Every human being must know something between everything and nothing.

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation*.

And certainly, . . .

Oscar Wilde, *The Happy Prince*.

I know in a way no other could know what it is like to be me.

Douglas R. Hofstadter and Daniel C. Dennett, *The Mind's I: Fantasies and Reflections on Self and Soul*.

In the end: Who knows?

James Norton, *Botan Rice Candy Stickers: The Quickening*.

. . . maybe I will . . .

O. Henry, *The Higher Abdication*.

. . . defer publication of this document until a later date . . .

London New Drugs Group—*Monthly Update*.

. . . until the time comes when it may safely venture into the light of day, or until someone else who reaches the same opinions and conclusions can be told: "In darker days there lived a man who thought as you did."

Sigmund Freud, *Moses and Monotheism*.

And here I may be allowed to break off these autobiographical notes. The public has no claim to learn any more of my personal affairs—of my struggles, my disappointments, and my successes. I have in any case been more open and frank in some of my writings (such as *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*) than people usually are who describe their lives for their contemporaries or for posterity. I have had small thanks for it, and from my experience I cannot recommend anyone to follow my example.

Sigmund Freud, *An Autobiographical Study*.

Now this long tale is finished, but before I close my book, I must say a few words . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Many Years*.

. . . a few more words . . .

Sigmund Freud, *An Autobiographical Study*.

In June of 1938, a few days before the Freud family left Vienna for London, Freud's friend August Aichhorn asked a young photographer, Edmund Engelman, to take some pictures of Freud's place of residence, so there would be a visual record of the locale where psychoanalysis came into being.

Bruno Bettelheim, *Freud's Vienna & Other Essays*.

And so it was that . . .

Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*.

. . . the good doctor's . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Secret Places of the Heart*.

... friend and confidant ...

G.A. Henty, *In Freedom's Cause*.

... August Aichhorn ...

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938*.

... trundled me off to Freud's house at Berggasse, 19, ...

Erica Jong, *Fear of Flying*.

... one evening ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Many Years*.

... after nightfall.

***Passover Haggadah*.**

When we arrived ...

Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*.

The doctor opened the door himself and greeted me very cordially, and I noticed immediately that his dark eyes and his face bore the marks of wisdom and kindness.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Many Years*.

Freud, ...

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938*.

... it was ...

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J*.

... explained to me, was already 82 years old, and had been quite ill for many years.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938*.

In his spacious library, where he served us coffee and cakes, he showed me his fine collection of small bronzes, including a lovely Rodin.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

... a statue of Victor Hugo ...

Monique Laurent, *Rodin*.

"These bronzes are my passion," he said.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

To the left and right of the door were glass showcases filled with hundreds of antiquities. These were set up in several rows; every bit of cabinet space was filled.

I had been aware of the fact that Freud was a collector of ancient art, for my closest friend was the son of a well-known antique dealer in Vienna. Once a week, Freud had made the rounds of the city's dealers. They, in turn, would

know what he was looking for and saved items for him. Nevertheless, I was amazed by the unbelievable number of art objects.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

In awe, . . .

Harold Bloom, *The Book of J.*

I stood, open-mouthed, incredulous.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

There was nothing of the popular Austrian Baroque or Biedermeier art; there were only antiquities of great age—Roman, Egyptian, Assyrian, and Etruscan. Wherever one looked, there was a glimpse into the past.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

His vast library and the quality of the books bore testimony to the fact that . . .

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

. . . Freud . . .

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages.*

. . . was a well-read man.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

There in the library . . .

Richard Harding Davis, *The Messengers.*

. . . were books relating not only to his profession, but also a large collection of classic literature, including works of Goethe, Schiller, Mark Twain, Dostoyevsky, and a large number of books on archaeology.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

As for me, . . .

Mark Twain, *Christian Science.*

. . . books written by . . .

Gene Stratton-Porter, *Her Father's Daughter.*

. . . Goethe, Schiller, Mark Twain, Dostoyevsky, . . .

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

. . . and all the other old masters—

Mark Twain, *Some Thoughts on the Science of Onanism.*

. . . remain treasured memories.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

The art of memory, with its rhetorical antecedents and its magical burgeoning, is very much an affair of imaginary places, or real places

transmuted into visual images. Since childhood, I have enjoyed an uncanny memory for literature, but that memory is purely verbal, without anything in the way of a visual component. Only recently, past the age of sixty, have I come to understand that my literary memory has relied upon the Canon as a memory system. If I am a special case, it is only in the sense that my experience is a more extreme version of what I believe to be the principal pragmatic function of the Canon: the remembering and ordering of a lifetime's reading.

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages*.

A lesson in . . .

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (Modern English Version).

. . . the deliberate exercise of recall in a well-furnished mind[:] . . .

Anthony Storr, *Solitude: A Return to the Self*.

. . . thoughts and remembrance aptly placed.

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (Modern English Version).

The greatest authors take over the role of "places" in the Canon's theater of memory, and their masterworks occupy the position filled by "images" in the art of memory. Shakespeare and *Hamlet*, central author and universal drama, compel us to remember not only what happens in *Hamlet*, but more crucially what happens in literature that makes it memorable and thus prolongs the life of the author.

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages*.

These thoughts recreate a powerful scene in the theater of your memory, and . . .

Clifford Notarius and Howard Markman, *We Can Work It Out: How to Solve Conflicts, Save Your Marriage, and Strengthen Your Love for Each Other*.

And suddenly you realize that the house of your own inside has wonderful furniture. Most of us don't create very much. So, to be able to find in our own house a company of the master spirits, the great spirits, Milton called them "the lifeblood of the master spirits," means you come home to a very full house, a very full house. Well, we've got to quote. We've got to quote. We've got to quote. We've got to tell a great story.

George Steiner Interview.

Well then!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

It turned out that . . .

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago*.

. . . Professor Freud, after considerable harassment that included a Nazi break-in at his home and the detention of his daughter Anna, had finally

received permission to leave Vienna for London, thanks to the intervention of high-ranking personalities and foreign diplomats.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

I learned that . . .

Jack London, *The People of the Abyss.*

. . . the Freuds would leave within ten days. The historic apartment and offices were about to be broken up for storage and shipment. It would be of utmost importance for the history of psychoanalysis, we agreed, to make an exact record of every detail of the place where it was born so that, in Aichhorn's courageous words, "a museum can be created when the storm of the years is over."

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

Freud was in a friendly mood and talked freely . . .

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud.*

. . . and lucidly . . .

Edith Wharton, *The Reef.*

. . . while I followed with a periodic "Ja-Ja."

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud.*

—Then . . .

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw.*

. . . suddenly . . .

Leonard Shengold, *Soul Murder: The Effects of Childhood Abuse and Deprivation.*

. . . in the middle of . . .

Arnold Schoenberg, *A Survivor From Warsaw.*

. . . talking about something absolutely ordinary . . .

Adam Phillips, *The Beast in the Nursery.*

The doctor became sad and serious. After a pause, he said in a low voice:

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

Everything is growing ever darker, more threatening, and the awareness of one's own helplessness ever more importunate.

***The Letters of Sigmund Freud and Arnold Zweig* quoting Freud.**

A clock strikes the half hour.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Der Rosenkavalier.*

Freud . . .

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud.*

. . . takes out his watch; shows it . . .

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Der Rosenkavalier.*

... to Aichhorn.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Office, Vienna, 1938.*

It was growing late.

Arthur B. Reeve, *The War Terror.*

"I hope," I said when I left, "that . . .

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud.*

... our project will be successful.

Sun Myung Moon, *The Path That We Tread.*

Freud was by this time however deeply immersed in his own past, and simply shrugged his shoulders.

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud.*

I could hardly sleep that night.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

Upon the following day . . .

Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

... I got up early in the morning, packed my equipment—two cameras, a Rolleiflex and a Leica, with a 50mm lens and a 28mm wide-angle lens, my light meter, and as many rolls of film as I could pack into my small valise. I decided to make my photo record as complete as possible, including the outside of the building and street. I felt that war was inevitable and that the building itself might possibly be destroyed.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Office, Vienna, 1938.*

I have never kept a diary and even if I had, it would have been lost with all the rest of my belongings in the two world wars. But, it is my good fortune to be endowed with an uncanny memory which allows me to trace my whole long life almost day by day.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Many Years.*

I remember that I was both excited and afraid as I walked through the empty street toward Berggasse 19 that wet May morning in 1938. I carried a little valise filled with my cameras, tripod, lenses, and film and it seemed to become heavier and heavier with every step. I was convinced that anyone who saw me would instantly know that I was on my way to the offices of Dr. Sigmund Freud—on a mission that would hardly have pleased the Nazis.

It had only recently stopped raining. The sky was still . . .

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

... thickly veiled by dark clouds . . .

The Correspondence of Sigmund Freud and Sandor Ferenczi, Volume 3,

1920-1933 quoting Freud.

... and the cobblestones of Berggasse were glossy and wet. The dark day worried me. I was afraid that there might not be enough light for good interior photographs of the Freud Apartment. Flash and floodlights were out of the question. I had been told that the apartment was under constant surveillance by the Gestapo.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

In the end there were no problems with plenty of light on hand, and care taken.

Richard Stacey, *Scale Model Aircraft Kit Review: MPM 1:72 HEINKEL HE-100.*

On the first night in my darkroom, I made a set of small proof prints and pasted them into an album intending to give them to Freud before his departure. Fortunately, all the pictures came out well, ...

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

... and confident that my task would be ...

Mark Landau, *Terrorism and the Consulate.*

... a genuine success ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

... I proceeded on the following day to pursue my room-by-room program of making a detailed photographic record.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

Here on the quiet page I'm master, just as I'm master in the darkroom, stirring my prints in the magic developing bath. I shuffle like cards the lives I deal with. Their faces stare out at me. People who will become other people. People who will become old, betray their dreams, become ghosts.

David Williamson, Peter Weir, and C.J. Koch, *The Year of Living Dangerously.*

Somberly ...

William C. Bullitt, Foreword to Freud & Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study.*

... on the second day ...

Jack London, *The Night-Born.*

... Freud, ...

E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime.*

... who was in the room ...

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years.*

... said that he had not long to live and that his death would be unimportant to him or anyone else, because he had written everything he wished to write and his mind was emptied.

William C. Bullitt, Foreword to Freud & Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

Indeed, ...

Adam Phillips, *The Beast in the Nursery*.

... he was as little able to know a fear for his future as to know a hope; so absent in short was any question of anything still to come.

Henry James, *The Beast in the Jungle*.

He was pacing excitedly back and forth.

Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

He said:

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

I have to go to England. You know that?

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (Modern English Version).

Well then, so be it.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Der Rosenkavalier*.

I am waiting, with ever decreasing regret, for the curtain to fall for me.

***The Letters of Sigmund Freud and Arnold Zweig* quoting Freud.**

At that moment I remembered that I had ...

Edmund Engelmann, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938*.

... with me ...

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Der Rosenkavalier*.

... the album I had prepared ...

Edmund Engelmann, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938*.

... the preceding evening.

Chaim Stern, *Gates of Freedom: A Passover Haggadah*.

I took it out of my valise and explained to Freud that the album was meant to be a souvenir for him to take along to England. He looked at it slowly, page by page, and picture by picture. Gradually, he began to smile—and then he smiled broadly and quite openly. Then, more seriously, he said, “Ich danke Ihnen herzlich. Das wird für mich viel bedeuten.” (“My deepest thanks. This will mean much to me.”)

I asked him whether I could take his picture. He graciously consented and invited me to proceed with my picture taking as I pleased.

Edmund Engelmann, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices*,

Vienna, 1938.

I smiled sadly.

Arthur Rubinstein, *My Young Years*.

He then sat down in front of his desk, opened a leather folder, and began to write with a fountain pen on a large sheet of paper. At first he sat rather stiffly, looking at the camera while I prepared to take his picture, but after a few moments he turned to his desk and became so engrossed in his work that it seemed the outside world had disappeared for him.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938*.

The image froze.

Philip K. Dick, *The Mold of Yancy*.

He and I were . . .

O. Henry, *After Twenty Years*.

. . . really almost reaching out in imagination—as against time—for . . .

Henry James, *The Beast in the Jungle*.

. . . the illusion that we can stop time, that something is permanent even if we are falling short . . .

Adam Phillips, *The Beast in the Nursery*.

. . . of recognizing that in reality . . .

Remarks of President William Jefferson Clinton in Announcement of the Annenberg Education Contribution (December 17, 1993).

“Words are the only things which last forever.”

Harold Evans, *His Finest Hour: Roy Jenkins chronicles the life of the prime minister who led Britain to victory over the Nazis*.

I did not see Freud again. He died in 1939 . . .

William C. Bullitt, Foreword to Freud & Bullitt, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*.

. . . worn out by prolonged illness, but spared the additional painful experience of living through another and more terrible world war.

Joseph Wortis, *Fragments of an Analysis with Freud*.

What followed is posterity and another story:

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

. . . the history of . . .

Sigmund Freud, *On The History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement*.

. . . a today removed from his own by a catalog of disasters more earthshaking than any he experienced in life.

Martin Gregor-Dellin, *Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century*.

For many years no sign existed on the house where Freud lived in Vienna. Taxi drivers who were asked by tourists to drive to the “Freud House” looked

blank. In 1953 the house was finally rescued for obscurity. The World Federation of Mental Health, with permission from the Austrian government, attached a plaque to the building saying, "From 1891 to 1938, in this house, lived and worked Professor Sigmund Freud, creator and founder of Psychoanalysis." The apartment, however, remained occupied by a tenant and was not accessible to the public. In November 1969 a "Sigmund Freud-Gesellschaft" was founded in Vienna with the objective of restoring the Freud apartment and founding a museum.

I went to Vienna right after the apartment had been vacated. It was thoroughly dilapidated and common looking.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

Endless suites of rooms, here and there the parquet flooring still left.

Boris Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago.*

I walked through the badly abused premises; little sign of their former dignity remained. The beautiful tile stoves had disappeared and had been replaced by ugly heating devices. I did not notice any major structural changes. But I was overcome by the emptiness of the rooms I walked through.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

Freud had lived here nearly half a century, but there was no scent of him left—

Erica Jong, *Fear of Flying.*

Now, in this old familiar room, it is more like the sorrow of a dream . . .

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine.*

I thought

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

. . . than an actual loss.

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine.*

Mentally, I set all the pieces of furniture in their place. I looked at the wall where . . .

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

. . . if I remembered right, the . . .

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

. . . couch had been and noticed, on the wooden floor, the outline of the couch . . .

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938.*

. . . the famous couch in Dr. Freud's office.

Harold Bloom, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages*.

A week later, before leaving Vienna, I went back to Berggasse 19 once again. Workmen had already started to put the offices and apartment into shape. The floor had been scraped and polished. The ghost of the couch had disappeared.

Edmund Engelman, *Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna, 1938*.